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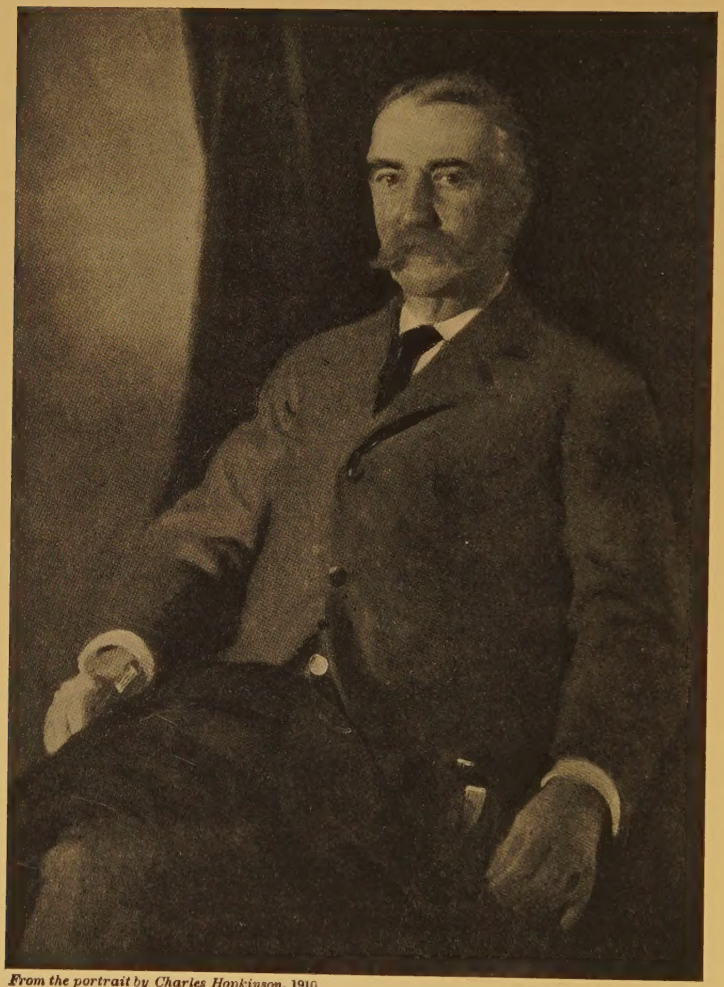
EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN

1891–1903



From the portrait by Charles Hopkinson, 1910

T. R. Sullivan

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN

1891–1903

St. Paul Library

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The journal of Thomas Russell Sullivan, from which the following passages are taken, was begun three years after he had given up business to devote all his time to literary work. During most of these years, up to his marriage in 1899, he lived at 10 Charles Street, Boston. The pleasant bachelor quarters, in which so much of his work was done, form the background of these pages.

L. W. S.

November, 1917.

NOTES ON MY OWN LIFE

Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away (James IV: 14.)

How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did existing circumstances modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavors and what efficacy rule over them; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? (Carlyle, on Burns.)

When a man delineates himself, he always shrinks from a complete confession. (Lewes: *Life of Goethe.*)

THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN

January 1, 1891. To the "Museum" to-night where Clyde Fitch's little comedy of "Betty's Finish" is now given. He has remarkable talent; his dialogue goes of itself; his young girl is simple and natural — usually. But there is a very slight plot encumbered with useless characters. The incidents are not always to the point, and the play does not make the effect it should. A *succès d'estime* — no more. It is not equal to the "Frédéric Lemaître" played here for the first time a month ago. But he is young, and will do better things.

Reading the "*Vie Littéraire*" of Anatole France to-night for the first time, I came upon a passage *à propos* of Rousseau which is almost word for word what I wrote last month for *Scribner's* "Point of View" concerning "Passports to Posterity," with Rousseau for my text. So like is mine to his, that one would swear I had read him and wrote from recollection. And yet I have not! It must have been "in the air," as Jack Wheelwright said the other day of a similar case. This reminds me of ———'s remark in old times. "If you get an idea, publish it *at once*, or some other literary 'feller' will be out with it before you!"

January 2. Neighbor Dwight, overhead, gave a tea this P.M. to Mrs. Cabot Lodge. Mrs. C. F. Adams, Mrs. Pratt, and Mrs. Bell among others were there. Mrs. Bell told a story of a Yankee quack who advertised an elixir to cure fits, consumption, hysteria, etc., etc., and last — "a lonesome stomach"!

Dinner to-night at Mrs. S. A. Bigelow's, to meet Clyde Fitch who seems cut up by the partial failure of his last play. I said what I could in praise of him, but told him also some of my adverse reflections, as I felt in duty bound to do. I was glad to hear that the management are not discouraged by severe reviews of it, but want his new piece which is said to be much stronger and will doubtless set him right again.

January 5. Charles Warren Stoddard arrived to-day from Washington to make Dwight a short visit. We sat up late in D's parlor telling stories. Stoddard as interesting as ever. A wonderful man, who seems to be in the nineteenth century by mistake; he has none of its activity, but an indolent charm that is not of the age, due, undoubtedly, in a measure, to leading so long a semi-monastic life. He is a talker of long silences, never aggressive even when he has most to say. There is very little in the world that he has not seen, and he remembers everything. To hear him discourse on men, women, and things in general is, in itself, an experience. He comes here now to tell of his life with Father Damien, on Wednesday evening at Boston College.

January 7. Joe Sargent and I went together to the reading of Catholic authors in the hall of Boston

College. This was arranged last spring by Boyle O'Reilly, some of whose poems were read by Hayes, the elocutionist. Other readers were Stoddard, Roche, Mrs. Blake, Miss Fuller, etc. The first gave an extract from his little book on the lepers of Molokai.

N.B. Dwight declares indignantly that Stoddard is by no means to be charged with indolence, that he is constantly writing for church reviews and obscure periodicals in which his work escapes public notice. His professorship at the Catholic University in Washington undoubtedly gives him little spare time for imaginative writing now, and from one cause or another all his early work has lapsed and is out of print, although some of it was much admired at the time of its publication. He declares that he is forgotten, and that the best-known magazines would not print his prose or verse, even if he were willing to offer anything to them. A mistaken and morbid view that one small success would correct in a younger man. Query: Will he ever overcome this disease, which, if not indolence, is indifference carried to the point of mental paralysis in all for which his talents seem to fit him?

January 25. The town has swarmed with celebrities of all ages, sizes, sexes, and ranks. We have had Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stanley again, with their suite, including Lieutenant Jephson, Mrs. Tennant, and Hamilton Aïdé, the last a fine specimen of the literary Englishman, an agreeable and interesting hail-fellow well-met, young in spite of years. Mrs. Tennant, a delightful woman who has known everybody and seen

everything, showed sometimes a strange tendency to conversational naïveté. "Poor dear Lowell! He lives in such squalor!" she said, after a visit to Elmwood. "What are you trying to be?" she asked me. "Is it a Walter Scott or a Charles Dickens?"

Stepniak, who looks, Aldrich says, "like the father of a negro-minstrel end-man," has come and gone. Likewise Richard Harding Davis, the young story-teller, and we have here now Lady Griselda Ogilvie, daughter of Lord Airlie, young, pretty, and Scotch. Her home is Airlie Castle, a few miles from Glamis, of the secret chamber, which is owned by one of her relatives. She denies the report that the secret is now revealed, and says when she wants to learn news of Glamis she applies to an American. She told me a legend of the castle to the effect that a former Lady Griselda Ogilvie followed her husband in the dead of night to the door of the hidden room, where, turning suddenly, he discovered her and led her away without a word. The next morning, her hands were chopped off and her tongue cut out. At intervals, her ghost still haunts the castle grounds, pointing to her mouth with bleeding stumps where the hands ought to be. The avenue of Airlie Castle is also haunted by a sheep with a human head. Who would not live in Scotland?

At the Tavern Club on the 23d, the lecture on "Darkest Africa" illustrated with lantern slides by the members, surpassed our highest hopes of it. Curtis Guild, Jr., the lecturer, came forth as a black Stanley in white duck. Then gravely took off all his clothes and delivered his lecture as a savage, in black tights

with a yellow codpiece and a necklace of bones. The drawings were all amusing and many were careful and artistic. Jephson, Stanley's aide, was present, the only guest.

Mrs. ——— spoke the other day of the self-conscious reserve said to be characteristic of Bostonians. Her friend, Miss ——— , would not for worlds perform a charitable act in public, lest she should thereby be made uncomfortably conspicuous; and she, herself, remembered once hesitating too long to lead a blind man across the street. He needed the service which she at last rendered, and then was ashamed not to have done it sooner.

February 6. Lunched to-day with Mrs. J. L. Gardner, in her boudoir, which might be called "The Chamber over the Gate." It is filled with rare and beautiful things from every clime. Above the wainscot is a frieze of portrait-heads, early Italian, thirty in all. A Dutch landscape, all gold and red and brown, is let into the wall over the fireplace. The hangings are priceless, — Chinese and Indian from imperial looms. A little Bartolozzi print in one corner once belonged to Byron. There is laurel from Arquà, a bit of San Francesco's miraculous tree, etc., etc. "Everything here is a remembrance," said the hostess, who was arranging orchids in a glass. Here we lunched, then went on to the concert where Scharwenka, the Polish composer, played a concerto of his own. . . . At night, the Cochrane ball, in their superb house.

February 15. *À propos* of the stage. Many years ago, I heard Mrs. Kemble read "Richard III," and her

rendering of it made, of course, the strongest kind of impression upon me. A long time afterward in speaking of this to Colonel Henry Lee, he recalled the fact that it was her last reading of the play in Boston. He thought she read it particularly well, and told her so the next day. She answered that she had never read it better in her life, owing, in part, she felt sure, to the circumstance that Garrick's gloves had been given her that afternoon. Colonel Lee has since reminded me that the gloves were supposed to be Shakespeare's. Garrick gave them to Mrs. Siddons, and so, finally, to Mrs. Kemble.[1]

February 22. At Mrs. George Duncan's met pretty Miss Violet Vanbrugh, an actress in the Kendal troupe, of "the quality," it is said. She is young, charming, and refined, — and engaged to a minor actor in the company. There were a dozen people, or so, present, all at her feet.

February 24. Saw the Kendals in "Impulse," much the best work I have seen them do. His performance of the Captain a very clever and interesting character study, carefully worked up from life. Miss Vanbrugh very charming as the weak and repentant heroine.

February 28. Supper to Kendal at the Tavern Club, H. M. Rogers presiding. H. L. Higginson responded wittily for Mrs. Kendal. Kendal himself spoke admirably. Curtis Guild, Sr., was amusing in his description of bygone actors. There was a pleasant letter from Henry Lee, and a stirring speech by Colonel Marshall, of Virginia, formerly on the staff of the Con-

[1] Now in the collection of H. H. Furness, Philadelphia.

federate hero, Lee. He sat between General Walker and Henry Higginson, both good fighters on the Northern side. I read some brief verses, dedicated to the chief guest.

March 1. Dined at J. L. Gardner's to meet the Kendals and their daughter, Miss Grimston. Dr. Holmes also present. After dinner, Mrs. Kendal in discussing gesture with the poet spoke more than once about the "heart line." Holmes said that was a new phrase to him. "And where do you draw the line then, Doctor?" Kendal asked. Holmes laughed heartily, and said: "Come to my physiological lectures, and I'll show you."

March 25. To-day Boyle O'Reilly's "Life," by Jeffrey Roche came, and I did nothing but read it. It seems to me an admirable piece of work, and laying it down at night I feel as if Boyle were in the room. Dear Boyle! What a stirring record he made for himself in his short life of forty-six years! He touched the world at so many points that his history since 1880 reads like the world's history. He had the soul of a hero, and the reckless act of his early youth for which he suffered penal servitude was an act of heroism — though wrong in principle, as he readily admitted afterward. I believe that it will come to be so regarded, and that his fame as a poet will increase rather than diminish. "Her Refrain" and "Love's Secret" and "The Fame of the City" will long outlive the generation that loved and admired the man. None who knew him at all could fail to do both, and to have known him intimately, as I did, is one of the privileges of my life. His memory

is never to be forgotten, his vacant place no one can ever fill. Farewell, kindest and best of friends! We shall meet hereafter, if there is any meeting beyond the earth. If not, then rest in peace, and may the earth lie lightly over you!

April 4. Papyrus night, and Alexander Young and Lawrence Barrett both to be remembered; but not feeling up to the mark, stayed at home and read in the "Faërie Queene" with ever-increasing delight, provoked thereto by Lowell's splendid Spenser Essay. How fine this, coming after the famous Despair scene in Canto 9 of Book 1.

> "What if some little payne the passage have,
> That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave;
> Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
> And layes the soule to sleep in quiet grave?
> Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
> Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

What I have written of Boyle O'Reilly reminds me of our first meeting at a Papyrus dinner in March, 1880. He then wore his hair long, with a full beard untrimmed, and I remember perfectly how like a wild man he looked when he rose far off near the head of the table to read one of his shorter poems, "Heart Hunger," I think, — in those low, musical tones which, some one said once, would make the worst verses that ever were sound like Shakespeare's. After the dinner, we had our first talk and I found him anything but a savage. One kind speech of his about some forgotten work of mine almost made me cry. In that month he cut his hair and shaved his beard forevermore, and when he sat down opposite me at the next dinner look-

ing ten years younger, instead of saluting him I asked who he was. How he laughed and shouted when we were introduced over again!

Late in that same year, coming here one day, he said; "My dear boy, it is time for you to read at the Papyrus. Give us something next time." But I had only one thing to show him, which, as I explained, I was afraid to try. "Let me see it," he said; then looked it over and asked leave to read it for me. I gladly agreed, upon his promise not to reveal the writer's name. The verses were too long and too feeble for the subject, and have never been printed, but he read them for more than their worth — then broke his word, and announced my name. But I had already got even with him, by making my *début* in the little "Here and Hereafter" written in his honor and now printed in his "Life." As I sat down after this effort in much tribulation, I felt a hand gently touch my shoulder. It was poor Dr. Joyce who had taken the trouble to cross the room to give me this encouragement.

All this happened on the night of December 4, 1880. On October 4, 1890, I read "Here and Hereafter" again in the same room. Joyce had long been dead, and O'Reilly had just died. . . . One little incident I remember about the longer effort on "Fame." Boyle, before reading it, had asked leave to change one word. I had written "tiny" which he turned into "mystic." Long afterward, he said suddenly one day; "Sullivan, I was wrong;" "'tiny' was better!" Of course, one word did as well as the other in the circumstances. The change forward and back did not make strength

of weakness. But I record this to show how kind and considerate he was toward the minor author, of whom he would joyfully have made a poet had such a thing been possible. . . .

Here is another remembrance of him, never yet recorded. He took me one night to call on Walt Whitman, who was then passing a few days at a small hotel in Bulfinch Place. We found the old fellow correcting the proofs of his new edition of the "Leaves of Grass," afterward published only to be suppressed. One or two other men came in, and as the room was small, we all adjourned to the Revere House, and sat round the table in the Papyrus parlor, drinking, discoursing, and listening. We begged Whitman to recite some of his own verses. This he would not do, but gave us instead with fine effect Tennyson's "Ulysses" and a translation from Henri Murger. Then we talked of poetry and poets, of work generally, of the struggle for life, like that of ants in an anthill. And Boyle, pushing back his chair, stood up, and said; "Yes, and do you know that in every anthill some few of the ants — half a dozen, say, no more — are born with wings. At first, they never dream of it, they work away at the earth with the others, burrowing and storing food. Then one day, they spread their little films of gauze and go up, up, up, — they don't know why, but they keep on all the same, — soaring, soaring into the blue sky. And they are done with the earth, they never come back to it any more!" I remember perfectly how he stretched himself to his full height as he said this, how his eyes sparkled, how he made the suggestion of the

long flight with his uplifted hands. He seemed for the moment to have forgotten us completely. And one matter-of-fact man there was somehow startled into saying, as he finished, "Boyle, is that true?" He came back to earth at once in a loud fit of laughter and made no other answer. But all the rest of the time he chuckled over the absurdity of that literal question. I have always meant to write this down (it happened years ago) and I am thankful that I have done so at last. It gives me, and it has always given me, extraordinary pleasure to recall this little thing, so gentle, so charming, so characteristic of the man in every way.

April 12. William Winter writes in the *New York Tribune* that Mansfield's play of "Beau Brummel" was not written by Clyde Fitch, to whom the authorship of the play was formally attributed at the time of its production, last spring. Why, it may be asked, if he was not the author? Winter does not state, but he asserts that Mansfield wrote the play with Clyde Fitch for "amanuensis."

April 25. Meredith Nicholson, the young Indianapolis poet with whom I have corresponded, was in town for a few days. He passed the morning with me; then Dwight lunched with us at the Union Club. He seems to be a fine, modest fellow, anxious to do good work. His position on the staff of the *Indianapolis News* gives him an opportunity to see something of men and he has plenty of time before him to take things leisurely. Would I were as young! Youth has slipped away, I know not how, but I know now that it has really gone forever. Two hours with this boy have brought it

home to me. How I must hurry, to say all I want to say before the end! . . .

April 28. Took Nicholson down to Nahant for a look at the ocean, which he has seldom seen. The wind was blowing hard offshore, so that there was absolutely no surf, but the day being fine and warm we sat for some time in a sheltered spot near Pulpit Rock, and I became interested in watching his interest. He thinks "Eastern men very self-contained." Certainly, for a twenty-four-year-old, he, himself, shows great self-command both in speech and in his writing. But, as he says, he "must go to work and educate himself."

May 1. A letter from Apthorp in Paris came to-day, a most interesting account of his life there. He hob-nobs with Sarcey, Coquelin, Zola, Langel, works in the Library of the Français, and attends rehearsals, etc. "Envy me!" he says, and I do — to the pea-green point.

May 2. At the Papyrus met for the first time George P. Baker, new member, a young instructor at Harvard, one of Barrett Wendell's friends. He came to my rooms afterward with DeWolfe Howe, and we had a long and pleasant talk. He is studying dramatic art seriously and intelligently with a view of working at it, himself, later on. There is good stuff in him.

May 6. To see the new realistic play of "Margaret Fleming," produced by the Hernes at Chickering Hall. This has been brought out at the request of Howells, Tom Perry, Barrett Wendell, and many other distinguished signers of the Articles of Faith. B. W. sent me there, insisting that both play and performers were

remarkable. "The best piece of American dramatic work yet given to the world, upon the whole." In spite of this, I thought the play very thin and commonplace, dull beyond description, and badly acted. Henry Rogers, who went with me, was of the same mind, and we came away after the great situation of the third act, when the heroine, in sight of the audience, prepares to suckle her husband's illegitimate child. A small audience of perhaps one hundred souls applauded vigorously the earlier scenes, but received this strong one with depressing coldness. To me it seemed false in sentiment, and my gorge rose at it. Two acts were frittered away with the exposition of household minutiæ, the engaging of a new servant, a doctor's visit, a footbath with a real tin tub, etc., etc. If this be art, God help us!

May 9. The critical returns of the "Toledo Blade" are now all in, and the verdict, on the whole, is highly favorable. *The Critic* and the *Boston Advertiser* pass it over in silence; everywhere else it is praised, sometimes at length. So I am well out of my small worry about the story. It is extremely hard to put a just value upon such reviews. One ought to remember always that the opinion expressed is the product of a single mind, not of a judicial committee, and so neither be set up nor cast down by the judgment, however high and mighty it may be. I sometimes think that those writers are wise who never read their book-notices at all. Yet, even so, their friends must always be ready to come to the front with praise or blame. And why should the written word be harder to bear than the spoken one?

The hints of real value in the customary "brief mention" are few and far between, no doubt, but I have come upon them occasionally. So for the present, it is best, perhaps, to keep both eyes and ears open with an equal mind. . . . With Arlo Bates, this afternoon, to the Waverley Oaks — still an ideal place, unspoiled by any improving hand. The wild apples were in full blossom, and the ground was bright with violets and anemones. The big trees are still leafless, but none the worse for that. At every season they are objects of wonder and delight. The oldest, according to Agassiz's estimate, must have lived a thousand years. The Norsemen undoubtedly knew it, and the Megatherium may have nibbled at its branches. We fall and die and are laid away in the earth, and this thing grows stronger for our decaying generations. The wonder is that the sadness and mystery of the unknowable do not overwhelm us utterly, bringing our small ambitions to the dust before their time. But for the beauty of the world to which we all contribute, sooner or later, in spite of ourselves, I think we could not help remembering to remember and should be haunted by these speculations always. We stayed out there an hour, and I unfolded to A. B. my scheme for a National Theatre, of which I wrote in last December's *Scribner's*. He promised to make an editorial upon it. The plan only needs another Henry Higginson to set it going. It will surely be brought about here or in New York some day, though perhaps not in ours. Bates's "Book o' Nine Tales" is published to-day in very attractive form. It is a collection of short stories, reprinted from the mag-

azines, together with certain interludes of semi-dramatic scheme. The stories are original and varied — some of them fine: "A Strange Idyl," "The Tuberose," and "John Vantine" are all remarkable.

May 10–11. Passed these nights with Ingersoll and Clayton Johns at John L. Gardner's in Brookline — a delightful place. The flowers in the spring gardens are all in blossom, and there is a hillside sown with tulips, springing up singly through the grass, that is the prettiest sight imaginable. Met there young George Byng (to be Lord Strafford) and his friend De Mauny, both unaffected, good fellows. The former's father is an Equerry to the Queen, and B. himself was once her page. The family wish is to marry him at the earliest possible moment, that he may proceed to the begetting of an heir. Meanwhile, he is allowed an annual £4000 subsistence. Some of his stories were childlike and bland. This, for instance: An old woman of rank, the family friend, always on the lookout for scandal, asked him one day where his father was. "He is living with a widow in Berks." "I expected as much!" she answered, drawing herself up in high indignation. (N.B. Windsor is in Berks, and the "widow" was the Queen.)

May 16. Once again to "Margaret Fleming," being urged strongly to see and hear it all. Liked the acting somewhat better, but not the play. As before, it bored and depressed me, yet certain of the audience (by the way, chiefly composed of women) were seeing it with joy for the third and fourth time.

May 17. Bates's editorial on "A National Theatre"

appeared in the *Courier* of to-day. It reproduces our talk at Waverley. A great scheme, ultimately to be carried through! But neither his words, nor mine, nor any words will do it. It wants a man and a purse, both big, that's all.

June 3. To see "Love's Labour's Lost" given to-night for the first time in Boston, by the company of Daly's Theatre. A most interesting and delightful performance, suggesting the work of the Théâtre Français in its completeness of detail. There was abundant applause from a divided house, one half of which was bored to death, however; for the play could touch only those who care for Shakespeare, and were content to forego excitement and listen to the words. Such listeners could detect the great comic creations of Shakespeare's later years foreshadowing themselves in the lines of Biron, Armado, Rosaline, and Costard — pleasure enough, for one evening, one would think. Fortunately, this part of the audience carried the night, and made it memorable. Even in Paris, "Le Misanthrope" is played only upon occasion. To enjoy Molière and Shakespeare thoroughly, one must have made certain sacrifices, and bring to the theatre coinage in the brain as well as in the pocket.

June 7. Mrs. Homans to-night told me a most interesting tale of a state prison convict, a bank robber, who will be free in October, after serving his term of fifteen years (eighteen years, with three off for good behavior). He is a man under forty, with more than average intelligence, George Clark by name. He was happily married, his wife having no idea that the

"business" for which he absented himself had to do with crime. At their last interview, when the sentence had been pronounced, he said: "Forget me, this offence of mine divorces you. I have passed out of your life. If you live to be a hundred, I shall never intrude upon you again. Go home to your father, and remember that I can do you no further harm." For a year his wife wrote him letters which he never answered. She then came to Charlestown and made repeated attempts to see him, but he would not consent to an interview. Returning to her father's house, she again wrote him, at regular intervals, for another year, he still refusing to acknowledge the letters. Then she ceased to write, and since that time he has heard nothing of her. He has rejected all advances of the Prison Commissioners, and in all his fifteen years he has received no visitors at all, until the other day, when the Warden said: "Clark, your term is nearly over. Can you think of no one you would like to see?" After a long silence, he answered: "I will see Mrs. Homans." She went at once to the prison, saw him, and asked: "Why did you send for me?" "Do you remember what you did for old Tom, the cripple, six years ago?" "No." "Well, he was so bent over with rheumatism that he could not lift his eyes from the ground, and you threw yourself upon the floor, and talked with him so, to let him see your face. I was detailed to whitewash the room; I saw you do it, and I said, 'That's the woman for me.'" He then told Mrs. Homans the story of his wife. She begged him to trust her with an address of the father-in-law or some friend,

promising to make inquiries. But he only shook his head, and said "No," firmly. "Don't you care for your wife, then?" "I love her more than anything or anybody in the world." "Then let me get some news of her." "No, I cannot do it. When I am free, I shall go as far away as I can, — to Texas, probably. I told my wife I should never trouble her again, and I never shall. . . ."

June 20. To the Grand Opera House, where Alexander Salvini is now in the fifth week of his engagement. The play was "Monte Cristo," which he has just added to his repertoire. He improves, and needs only to acquire restraint and to overcome a certain stiffness in emotional passages, to be a great actor. Now and then he has fine instinctive touches, which are his father's own. His entire first act of "Monte Cristo" was admirable. Later on he was rough and unequal, but, as he said afterward himself, he has not yet found his level in the part. His season has been an extraordinary popular success. The theatre was crowded to the doors, and he is applauded again and again, — often in his worst moments. After the play, took supper at the Adams House with him, and two actors of the company, Royle and Henderson.

July 1. Dined at J. L. Gardner's in Brookline with Ralph Curtis, Jephson the explorer, and Clayton Johns. The famous Japanese irises, in their flooded bed, were in full blossom, and made a superb show. The bulbs were first treated in this manner, which is common in Japan, against the advice and even the entreaties of our leading horticulturists, who have

now come round, and are making similar iris beds of their own. Their argument was that the Japanese method would not do in this climate, but Mrs. Gardner's exhibit so far surpassed all others that the Horticultural Society awarded her a medal at the special meeting. Curtis, having been round the world, is now on his way home to Venice. His account of the temples of India and Burmah, the faultless manners of the Japanese, the last sensations in the high life of London and Paris, is very entertaining. He sees things with an artist's eye, and can describe what he sees. . . . Jephson is a type of marked individuality, grave, reserved, English to a high degree. But one always leaves him with admiration and a desire to know him better.

August 9. One year ago this morning, Boyle O'Reilly died. The dead do not return, or he would have been in this room long before this. Stoddard came in the morning, and talked delightfully of old Papal Rome and of his life there, with an amusing description of Biscaccianti, a broken-down *prima donna*, whose acquaintance he made at that time. Am reading with immense delight the Journal of Sir Walter Scott, published in full last year. Familiarity with it would be a liberal education, it is so crammed with good thoughts about books and life in general, and there are splendid suggestions for work, and stimulants to make one's own better. How fine, for instance, this: "I must take my old way, and write myself into good humor with my task. It is only when I dally with what I am about, look back, and aside, instead of keeping my eyes straightforward, that I feel these cold sinkings of the

heart. All men I suppose do, less or more." Yes, some, more — very much more.

August 11. Stoddard, who strongly admires the "Anatomist," now sheds light upon the cause of that admiration by presenting me with an unacknowledged book of his called "The Troubled Heart." Apparently, my implied respect for the symbols of the Roman Catholic Church impressed him, for the work is a tract designed to show the gradual process of his conversion. Does he hope, then, to convert me? If so, he little knows his man. I respect all forms of the Christian faith, but have yet found no creed of man's devising that I can accept fully. Nor is my heart "troubled" in consequence. I trust myself and my future to hands Divine without fear.

August 12. Lowell died this morning at the age of seventy-two. "My noble kinsman" was my first literary idol, and my admiration for him grew with years. He first taught me to know Dante, and in his prose and verse I find new beauties and inspiration every day. He never saw me without some pleasant allusion to our distant cousinship, but I did not go to Elmwood, and we rarely met. So far as I know, he never read one line of my work; if he ever did, he probably thought it trivial. How much a word of encouragement from him would have signified to me! Why do not older men give this word oftener even if blame be mingled with it? Of our great writers only the youngest, Aldrich, has ever made the sympathetic sign, but he has said and done much in the friendliest way. Lowell, perhaps, demanded more of me, and did not find it. No

matter; I loved and honored him, all the same. His is a glorious figure, — "the cunning'st pattern of excelling nature," — and it is gone. . . .

August 14. With Cousin R. to Lowell's funeral in the college chapel. Finding a great crowd we retreated to the gallery, where, a long way off, we heard the service without seeing Mr. Brooks and Mr. Lawrence who conducted it in the simplest Episcopal form. The hymns were well sung by four men without accompaniment. Holmes, Curtis, Eliot, Norton, Howells were among the pallbearers. The trees rustled against the open window in the gray light of a very dull day, until suddenly, just at the end, there came a burst of sunshine through the leaves. *The Nation* has a very full review of Lowell's life, admirably written. I hear on all sides much discussion of his place in literature. A waste of words; for how can we judge of that or compare him with others free of prejudice? It is enough to say that he is among the greatest and that much of his work will live long.

August 17. Wrote yesterday, and to-day, "Vapor that Vanisheth" for *Scribner's* "Point of View." I do not record these things, usually, though five have been printed this year, and there are two more in hand. This last is based on Scott's extravagant estimate of Joanna Baillie. It takes nearly two days' hard labor to produce one of these little things, averaging six hundred words. But Burlingame likes them, and they are undoubted helps to facility of style. So it is perhaps well to go on with them a while longer.

August 27. A letter from Meredith Nicholson en-

closing some verses about his morning at Nahant last spring. One of the joys of writing is through one's work to make an acquaintance such as this. His letters are full of "modest doubt, the beacon of the wise," and they are written in English admirably free from journalistic defects. If by hard labor he can only acquire the things he lacks, *il ira loin*. I hope he has it in him.

August 28. Major Louis Cabot, who has lately arrived at the Profile, talked to-night of Dr. Hagen, the entomologist, whom he has assisted in investigating the immature states of the dragonfly. Hagen, who is now seventy-five years old, has had a stroke of apoplexy and these researches have stopped, there being no one learned enough to continue them. H., the most eminent man alive in his branch of science, was brought to Cambridge by Agassiz, and though, afterward, the highest scientific post in Berlin was offered him, he declined it, preferring to remain with us. . . . In starting the Museum at Cambridge, one of Agassiz's pet ideas was to have each case made a complete history of the subject. Hagen fell in with this scheme at once, and after much labor brought him a case showing a certain moth in all its stages. Agassiz, deeply touched, looked at this perfect realization of his idea in silence, but a tear fell from his eye upon the glass. Hagen felt that no higher reward could be given him, and told the story afterward with the greatest pride. "That is the sort of sympathy," said Cabot, "that he does not find in Cambridge now."

August 29. On this day, the birthday of Holmes,

whose work he admired more than that of any other living writer, my brother Henry died — two years ago in Paris. He was the most unselfish man I ever knew, or am ever likely to know, and his unselfishness showed itself in the small things of life as well as the greater ones. When I first went into Boston society, I could not afford to buy a dress-suit, and he was too poor to give me one. So, for a year or two, I wore his, often, no doubt, when he wanted to wear it himself. Just at that time he moved to Salem, and the *habit noir* went back and forth between us every few days. He always called it "our dress-suit." As a rich man, he was generosity itself, always thinking of his brothers and helping them, making them more presents than they would accept, doing many a kind thing to others who had not the smallest claim upon him. His manners were faultless in their gentleness and courtesy. "The perfect gentleman is gone," said one of his intimate friends at the news of his death. His wit was delightful, his sense of humor the very keenest; and here is a tale of his army life showing his strength of character. The incident occurred in 1862, when Henry was only twenty-one years old, and it was told me by Edward Cabot, his lieutenant-colonel. In camp his company had been complained of for "larking" at night after the lights were out. He determined to stop this, and, one night, ordered the men up and put them through the manual for half an hour. As they went back to the barracks, some one in the ranks said, loud enough for him to hear, "The captain has had enough of this himself, I guess." He turned at once, marched the

company back into the field, and gave it another half-hour's drill. There was no more trouble, after that.

. . . A long letter from Salvini to-night — the first in many weeks, our letters this year having strangely miscarried. He is busy upon his recollections in three epochs: *Infanzia, Giovinezza, Virilità,* first to be published in the *Century Magazine.*

September 10. After a busy day in Boston, came to New York by the Shore Line Express, arriving at 11 P.M. Allen, the architect, whom I have hardly seen since 1876, when we passed a summer in the same house, had the next chair to mine, and we dined together, making the journey pass very quickly with talk of old times. I am at the Hoffman, in a room overlooking 25th Street and Broadway.

September 11. "Here begins the pantomime." Went at twelve to the Garden Theatre and saw four acts of "Nero" [1] very carefully rehearsed. The play is wisely cast, and the actors are well on with their work, but the effect of it in their nineteenth-century dress was, on the whole, depressing to me, and I came away with many misgivings. Part of it seems "stagey" and "talky," and I fear that the story, while it has plenty of action, will fail to interest the public. The first act, which is all mine, seemed decidedly the best, from personal reasons, perhaps. Would it were over and all well! . . . At night, I saw Mansfield in "Beau Brummel" for the first time. As an artist he is admirable. The whole performance was clever and interesting.

[1] *Nero.* Tragedy in five acts by T. R. S. For the circumstances of composition, see pp. 32–33.

September 12. The rehearsal to-day ended abruptly with a sensational bit of unpleasantness. We were well on in the fifth act, and Mansfield, always nervous, had been more agitative than usual, so that everybody was thoroughly tired, when Sternroyd, the good-looking young Englishman cast for Phaon, failed to take up his cue. "You are not paying attention, sir," said Mansfield. Sternroyd seemed unduly annoyed at this reproof, and protested that he was paying attention, and that the usual cue had not been given. He said this in a tone of great vexation. "Well, don't speak like that!" said Mansfield. If Sternroyd had only kept still, there would have been no further trouble, but unluckily he lost his head, and said, "I speak as you spoke to me." Then followed a conversation something like this: —

M. (*sharply*). "What! What do you mean by that?"

S. "I mean just what I say."

M. "I can't take such an answer. I shall discharge you from the company."

S. "But you can't discharge me. I have my contract —"

M. "We'll see whether I can't. You are discharged. Leave the theatre at once."

S. "But, Mr. Mansfield, —"

M. "Leave the theatre!"

S. "If I go, it will be to sue you for my salary."

M. (*losing all control*). "You shall never have a cent. I'll fight it, tooth and nail. I'll leave the country, rather than pay you. I'll give up 'Nero,' — everything."

S. "Very well, Mr. Mansfield —"

M. "Stop talking, and go. You are no longer in the company."

This went on for a few minutes longer; then Sternroyd flung down his part and, saying that he should bring an action on Monday morning for two years' salary, went out at the stage door.

Mansfield (*soliloquizing*). "That settles it. I shall play no more in this country. I shall not produce 'Nero.' I shall disband my company, and go to London on a two shilling salary." (*To the stage manager.*) "Mr. Graham, notify the manager that the company will be disbanded at the end of next week. I have done with the American stage."

Thereupon, he strolled out of the theatre, and this with "Nero" billed at every street corner in New York, and the tickets already on sale. Though the absurdity of his resolve was quite evident, he left consternation behind him. Miss Cameron and Miss Sprague, pictures of despair, rushed off to find Price, the manager, and patch things up, if possible, with Sternroyd. And I went away by the stage door, alone, leaving the actors huddled in a corner of the stage, alarmed and speechless. . . . To the Lyceum Theatre in the evening, where Sothern and his company gave a fine performance of the "Dancing Girl," by Henry Arthur Jones. A strong, absorbing play, brutally cynical, but interesting in its story developed by original, well-defined characters. The moral is too well pounded in, perhaps, but that, if a blemish, is a minor one. The play is a splendid work.

September 13 (*Sunday*). Neither saw nor heard anything of Mansfield all day. Lunched and dined at The Players', meeting there among others James R. Osgood and George P. Lathrop. My evening was curiously varied. With Lathrop, first, to the Café Bartholdi, where he gave me in great detail an account of his conversion and that of his wife (Rose Hawthorne) to the Roman Catholic faith. "You ought to come over," he said. And then tried to show me why. I showed him why I could not; and so the talk grew more and more serious, until he was called away. I then went to the concert in the beautiful Madison Square Amphitheatre, where Seidl and his orchestra played superbly. Then I met John Dufais, Dr. Donaldson, and Sherlock Andrews, going with them afterward to the Calumet Club, where Dufais put me down. We were joined by Bonsal, a witty cosmopolitan, formerly correspondent in Paris of the *New York Herald*. He knew Boulanger intimately, and gave us the secret history of his downfall. Constans, it appears, told one of B.'s friends on a certain night that the man on horseback would be arrested, court-martialed quietly, and probably shot before morning. The threat might never have been carried out, but Constans wished Boulanger to run away. He fell into the trap and left for Brussels, with his mistress, that same evening by the fast express. Bonsal followed him a day or two after, and says he never saw a man more depressed in spirits. Boulanger felt that he had done the wrong thing, but did not dare to remedy it. He lacked, Bonsal said, that *courage de deux heures de matin* which would have enabled him

to face the situation, and, having made a mistake, to pick up the broken pieces and mend the matter. Bonsal talked most entertainingly of his Paris life, and told a very funny tale of an abortive international duel in which he was one of the seconds. The affair was finally called off by *arbitrage*, because of the remarkable gallantry of all who took part in it. We sat in the club listening to Bonsal until nearly 1 A.M. . . . "Nero" is still advertised to the panting public, all over town, for the night of the 21st. I am curious to see what will happen at the rehearsal hour to-morrow. One thing seems clear, poor Sternroyd has burned his bridges, and is out of it, for which I am very sorry, for he acts well, and is, I think, a good fellow.

September 14. Went to the theatre at the usual hour, and, seeing Sternroyd on the stage, asked Miss Cameron what the situation was. "Oh," she said, "Mr. Sternroyd apologized, and has been taken back." But when Mansfield arrived, he and Sternroyd spoke together for a moment in an undertone; after which Sternroyd once more left the theatre. "He wishes *me* to apologize," said Mansfield, "and I have told him to trot along." The rehearsal went to-day more smoothly, and I saw the last scene for the first time. After it, at luncheon, talked with Fuller, dramatic critic of the *Boston Post*, who is at work on a play drawn from the novel "Henry Esmond." I have always believed there was a drama in "Esmond," and at one time had seriously thought of attacking it myself. Did, therefore, what I could to encourage Fuller in his scheme. He wants to offer Mansfield the play, but I doubt if it

could be made to suit "His Royal." Esmond, I fear, must inevitably, in any version, be overshadowed by Beatrix. . . . The part of "Phaon" in "Nero" is to be played by Lander, a former member of the company. . . . Dined, as usual, at The Players' — with the poet Stedman, who was gay and amusing. "All the good Boston painters are moving to New York," I complained. "Of course," said Stedman; "where the body is, there will the eagles be gathered together!"

September 15. The *monde théâtral* is all stirred up about the *affaire Sternroyd*. Interviews with him and Mansfield are published in all morning papers, making very excellent *réclame* for "Nero." Sternroyd's action seems to me hasty and foolish. A word, yesterday, might have reinstated him, but it is too late now. . . . A reporter of the *Boston Record* writes asking for my views of Life and Art, a statement of my daily habits, my antecedents, whether married or single, etc., etc., and last, but by no means least, gossip about "Nero." Declined with thanks this opportunity for indecent exposure, on the ground that the writer should be known by his works, and with the details of the *cabinet particulier* the public has nothing whatever to do. . . . Mansfield has begun to build up "the business" of "Nero," trying effects and experiments with all his strength of invention. Herein the player triumphs over the author, and shows of what stuff he is made. His final scene is wonderfully strong already, and it will gain, doubtless, every day. . . . Dined to-night with the Signora Irma Marazzi-Diligenti and her husband, Italian players who brought me a letter from

Salvini. Her mother was a Canadian, and she speaks English very well. Her plan is to star throughout the United States acting in English a repertoire which includes "La Tosca," "Marie Antoinette," "Mary Stuart," etc., etc. It seems rather a hopeless outlook, since she comes without a great European reputation, but she may be divinely gifted. She has, at least, a good, sympathetic voice, singularly like Ada Rehan's. We dined at Morelli's Italian restaurant, and saw there Louise Thorndyke, the last wife of Boucicault, in very yellow hair and décolleté mourning.

September 16. The rehearsal to-day again closed prematurely with a touch of tragedy not in the manuscript. "Nero," bending over the body of Acte, wounded himself with a pin, lying in wait for him somewhere in her garments. He rose in a storm of wrath, and said he would n't die, would n't do anything. Poor Acte was penitent, but nothing could pacify him, and when I came away they were still at daggers drawn.

September 17. Moved over to The Players' this morning, having at last secured the much-desired room. To-day is *un jour blanc*, there being two performances from the repertoire. To-morrow, at eleven, the scenic rehearsal for the sets, the effects of light, grouping, etc., but no words.

September 18. Intolerable midsummer heat, which it is to be hoped will not endure until Monday. At eleven, began the scenic rehearsal, and when I left at four, the fourth act was not yet "struck." The scenery is sufficient without being the best that ever was. The set for Acts II and III is disappointing. The Golden

House of Act IV is better, and but for the conventional stage banquet, would be really very fine. A distressing episode occurred at luncheon, which I took, standing, at a neighboring café. The proprietor, knowing I had come from the theatre, inquired about "Nero," and when I was non-committal, said: "I hear the properties and scenery are immense, and that the piece ain't worth a damn." I thanked him for his courtesy, and left without revealing my unfortunate identity. . . . The new thunder made especially for "Nero" is a failure; it sounded like the slamming of blinds; and we are to resort to old devices — a "thunder sheet" and drum. Thermometer to-day, 87°; humidity, 95°. Much too hot to-night for the theatre, so went again to Seidl and his orchestra, hearing Wagner played magnificently, and also the music of "Cavalleria Rusticana," the lovely new opera of Mascagni. This was the hottest 18th of September in twenty years. . . . In a talk with Dan Frohman, manager of the Lyceum Theatre, he agreed with me that a play's popularity is not to be gauged by the demonstration of a first night. He added very shrewdly that its effect upon a Saturday night audience is a much safer test. "If your play pleases the house on the second and third Saturday evenings," said he, "its success is undoubted." . . . Sent to Signora Marazzi a box for Monday night.

September 19 (*Saturday*). To the theatre at eleven, for which hour the rehearsal was called. It did not begin, however, until after one, and it lasted until five, being correct as to costume, make-up, and every detail. The stage banquet was in better shape, except as to

one poor cold turkey, which rolled down to the footlights at a tragic moment, much to the Emperor's rage. The only spectators were Dr. Smith (a friend of Mansfield) and Frost, junior critic of the *Tribune*. After following the performance and its effect upon these two, I could not help thinking: "If this piece ain't worth a damn, I'm a Dutchman!" But I did not say this, even to myself. The public, the public is the thing. . . . In the evening to the Casino, where a translation of Strauss's "Indigo" was very well given in a crude, Yankee way.

September 20 (*Sunday*). Still very hot, more's the pity! In the morning, Arthur Dodd called for the plot and other data about "Nero." He is to represent the *Boston Post*, and send the paper a long telegram after the performance. I gave him all the facts, and here, perhaps, it may be well to record them briefly. My admiration for Pietro Cossa's "Nerone" suggested the idea of translating it for Mansfield. But when I came to re-read it in connection with Gazzoletti's "Paolo" (in which Nero also figures), I found that neither play would be at all suited to an Anglo-Saxon audience. I then searched the chronicles for suitable material out of which to make a play of my own. Result: the idea of a conspiracy in the Emperor's household, and the poison scene, which should suggest the sudden death of Britannicus. The tale of Agrippina's amulet pointed to its use, and when by a natural sequence of thought I had put poison into the serpent's skin, the first act (which is original in construction, incident, and almost every syllable of dialogue) shaped itself.

In Act II, I follow out my own story of Charis and her lover and my own thread of conspiracy, using, however, one short scene from Cossa — the astrologer episode. Act III, again, is nearly all mine — the conspiracy fails, Acte flings her torch, which is *my* torch; Grembo and his ring, also, are of my invention. In Act IV and V, I return to Cossa, and translate his verse into English prose pretty literally, making such changes as my own story and the prophecy about Galba (used nowhere else) render advisable. Thus, Cossa first, then Tacitus, Suetonius with a slight mixture of Gazzoletti render the gruel thick and slub. And my own share, the labor of six months, is, after all, not inconsiderable. . . . To-night at 8.30, the final rehearsal. All went very smoothly until the middle of the fourth act, when the lights were wrong, and Nero, storming until all was blue, ordered down the curtain. After a *mauvais quart d'heure* for the gas man, it was rung up, and the act began all over again. The play finished splendidly, the "business" grows apace, and Mansfield seems really to be working out a great creation. Let us hope it may prove so in the public eye. A small audience of perhaps a dozen, including the actresses Plorrs-Day and Johnstone-Bennett, attended the rehearsal, and were loud in their expressions of delight, but "the profession" are proverbially bad judges. The play finished about midnight, and Dr. Smith took me with him to his house, where we had brandy and cigars until 1.30 A.M. of *the* day.

September 21 (*Monday*). *Si alza il sipario!* To-night, one of the hottest I ever knew, Nero's crimes and mis-

demeanors slowly unfolded themselves before an audience that was large but not overflowing. Decidedly apathetic at first, but rousing itself now and then to give Mansfield his recalls. There were some inexcusable blunders of stage management, one of which nearly wrecked the fourth act, but Nero saved the situation and pulled the scene through. His fifth act was finer than ever, and he was called out at the end. But he said it was the worst first night he had ever known, and calls the play a failure. I cannot judge yet; it is too soon to try the case, yet I fear a *succès d'estime*. There is no relief to its prevailing gloom, and the gloom is not sensational enough to please the average theatre-goer. Joe Sargent, Waldo Lincoln, and Lincoln Kinnicutt came on for the performance, and sat with me. They were interested, and loud in their praises of play and actor. That as a matter of course — they were behind the scenes, so to speak. Others must say it, too, or it is not proven. And so — *cala la tela*. Another first night, with all its hope, its tremors, its agonizing doubts, is over, leaving the problem half-solved. It was not an absolute fiasco, and to-night no more can be determined.

September 22. The papers disagree. According to some, "Nero" is an odious play, second only in repulsiveness to "Titus Andronicus," and Mansfield's acting monotonous and comical. The *Times*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, *Evening Sun*, speak well of it, praising actor and play highly. The *World*, *Mail and Express*, *Commercial Advertiser*, *Telegram*, are abusive, very, and the *Evening Post*, whose word I value most of all, is in-

different. This is a bad sign, and the house to-night was very thin. There is, plainly, no real interest in the matter. Curious, that the word about a play passes from mouth to mouth so quickly. "Is that worth seeing?" "No," some one says, and, presto, a whole city knows it.

September 23. A day of conflicting emotions. In the first place, the *Boston Transcript* contains a withering notice of the play. That, in a paper with whose editor I have always had pleasant relations, quite used me up — not that I minded an adverse verdict, but the tone of it seemed to me unnecessarily disagreeable. But Harry Hodges, who saw "Nero" last night, thought it "beautiful — a thing to live." And Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*, was more than enthusiastic about play and actor, and rushed behind the scenes to tell Mansfield how he felt. Then, meeting me at luncheon, he took the pains to encourage me about it, in the strongest way. This, helped by a better house, loud in its applause, to-night cheered up the star, and when I left him, he said, "The piece may run into a success." If only the unnatural heat would abate a little, but it is fiercer than ever! Found, to my surprise, Alex. Cochrane at the theatre this evening. He, too, liked it, and said so. . . . Thus, beginning the day in the depths of despair, I was almost cheerful when night came. But we are in the public's hands, and still no one can foresee the issue. . . .

September 24. . . . Here are some amusing notes left over from the "Nero" rehearsal.

Nero (*to Menecrates, commenting on his makeup*). "You are much too handsome."

Menecrates. "Oh, the Romans were n't so dusty in the matter of looks."

When Phaon gives Nero the dagger wherewith to kill himself, the Emperor, finding blood upon the blade, asks his follower to wipe it. Phaon, at one of the rehearsals, did so, using his tunic for the purpose.

"No, no, do the thing artistically, old man!" said Nero, and stooping wiped the blade upon the wolfskin carpet at his feet, with a fine gesture, which Phaon caught and has since repeated. . . . The disaster which ruined Act IV on Monday was the non-production of the myrrhine cup, a trick one of painted wood, counterfeiting iridescent glass, arranged to shiver into atoms at a touch. Nero has a long speech about this treasure, and, when it failed to turn up, he was forced to use a goblet caught up from the table, which of course would not break at all. Such a piece of carelessness on the part of the stage manager can hardly ever have been matched. It upset Nero completely, and injured the subsequent scene inexpressibly. . . . Back to Boston to-night, in the Fall River boat, with Alex. Cochrane.

September 26. Found much interesting correspondence awaiting me here, which occupied nearly all of yesterday. One stranger writes for a position in a theatrical company, another begs me to dramatize a story for him. And from Edina, Missouri, come title-pages of all my stories, upon which I am to write my autograph. This would not be worth recording but for the singular naïveté of the accompanying letter, in which it appeared that the writer's happy marriage

was the outcome of a discussion concerning one of my stories — "Out of New England Granite." "We would like to see how you look, Mr. Sullivan," he adds; and I sent him the autographs and my photograph, too. One could not comply with such a request every day, but autograph hunters do not disturb me very often, and I have less contempt for them than some of my fellow writers express. After all, the request for a signature is a compliment, and it is so small a thing to grant! "*Comment refuser?*" said Salvini once, when he was asked why he always yielded to the demand. And he often sent out fifty autographs a day. Oddly enough, he has lately given me one for a brother writer, who always refuses his own to a stranger, but who asked me to obtain for him Salvini's. To be sure, the cases are not quite parallel, since my friend applied through me. But I could not help smiling to myself at his application, all the same. Up to Joe Sargent's Worcester house, to pass Sunday. Bought in the train an *Evening Transcript*, discovering therein a New York letter from Brunswick (Miss Gilder) praising "Nero" to the sky. This strangely reverses the judgment of the paper on the 22d. Can it be that the editor does not read his correspondents' letters?

September 27 (*Worcester*). After church, to-day, went to Miss Lincoln's to see Vinton's portrait of her brother Waldo, just finished. It is a capital likeness, and a good picture, too. . . . In the afternoon we took a long ride toward Holden and Mount Wachusett. There was a golden light on everything; the chestnut burs were just opening, and the wild grapes had begun

to take on autumn colors. But the heat is still intense, and we have had no rain for many a day. . . . The Signora Marazzi has written me a long letter about the first night of "Nero." She liked the play, but thought it was *assassinato*, and found but one part adequately performed — the slight one of Phaon. It is droll enough to see how the good doctors differ. This time, they are all by the ears.

September 28. To Boston by the early train. The *New York Herald* has a long notice of "Nero" in its issue of yesterday — likewise the *New York Critic*, and both highly approve the play, but the former finds Mansfield's acting all wrong, the latter all right. Who is to arbitrate? How is the poor audience to know which way to be moved?

September 30. The world was startled this afternoon by the news of Boulanger's suicide in Brussels, to-day, at the grave of his mistress, Mme. Bonnemain, who died last summer. It is hard to realize that this man was once the terror of France, so completely has he been forgotten since his flight into Belgium. But I shall never forget the excitement caused in Paris by his election to the Chamber of Deputies on January 27, 1889. I was then living at 11 rue de l'Arcade, near the Madeleine, and, dining at a remote café on that night, tried to walk home along the Boulevard, which an excited crowd made impossible for a mile or more. Boulanger's name, posted at every corner, was in every mind and on all lips. His party had tremendous strength, and it seemed as if another *coup d'état* were really impending. Then, in the following summer, all

suddenly changed. He was tried for conspiracy and convicted by default, having fled to Brussels.

October 5. To-day, at noon, left town for a visit to "Wodenethe," Winthrop Sargent's beautiful place at Fishkill-on-Hudson. Mr. and Mrs. Powell Mason and Mrs. John Phillips, also guests of Mrs. Sargent, took the same train. At Hartford we changed into a "local" and crawled along, an hour late, arriving about nine o'clock — of course, long after dark. We had a merry supper in a huge, old-fashioned dining-room, and I went immediately to bed in a cozy bachelor suite on the ground floor.

October 9. After luncheon by train to Tarrytown, where we took carriage and drove to Sunnyside at Irvington. The house is still occupied by the nieces of Washington Irving, who lived there with him. They are relatives of Miss Van Buren, and, as she had given notice of our coming, we were received with great cordiality by Miss Kate Irving, the elder of the two sisters, a pleasant, lively little woman, seventy-five years old, but much younger in manners and appearance. Her sister Sarah was ill, and we therefore did not see her; but Miss Irving showed us first a beautiful portrait of her uncle by Jarvis, and then took us into the study, remaining much as Irving left it, with his table on which still lie the books he used, a tile from the Alhambra, and other souvenirs of him. The house itself, Wolfert's Roost of the tales, was built in 1654, and restored by Irving in 1835. As we came away, Miss Irving took us to the ivy from Melrose Abbey (given to her uncle by Mrs. Renwick, — Burns's "blue-eyed

lassie," — who had it from Sir Walter Scott) and cut a slip from it for each of us. We departed reluctantly, for the afternoon was full of October sunshine, and the house and grounds must have been at their very best. The visit left a strong impression never to be forgotten, and as the door closed on the bright little old lady, who bears a marked resemblance to the Jarvis portrait, I felt very sorry not to stay longer, since I should never see her again, in all likelihood. After this, we drove to the old cemetery, saw Irving's grave and the queer Dutch church close by, and so back to the train, from which we watched the fine sunset flooding the mountain and the river with yellow light all the way to Wodenethe.

October 17. With Frank Watson this morning, at his request on his round of visits in the surgical ward at the City Hospital, the special object being to cheer up a poor Italian who speaks no English, and who lies there desperately ill, isolated by his nationality, even from the narrow world around him. He was most despondent, and said that it would be better to die than live on as he is living. He has a terrible disease of the bone, very hard to cure, if it can be cured at all. He is a native of Salerno, and spoke with a mixture of what seemed a Neapolitan dialect, so that, not understanding all he said, I fear I was of very little use. I saw other sad cases, some of them too painful to think about, and came away in a state of profound depression. The life of the streets seemed poor and trivial. I felt as if we were all hopelessly selfish, and that the doctor's profession was the only one to follow, in view

of all the suffering in the world. . . . F. W. says that with his hospital patients he dares not, as a rule, let his thoughts go beyond their special need of the moment. They must be "cases," no more, or he could never stand the daily strain.

October 18. Lunched to-day with Mrs. Homans, who goes away on Saturday for a long stay in Europe, passing the winter in Rome, and probably remaining abroad at least a year. I don't like partings, and felt as if I wanted to imitate my new friend B., who sailed for Europe the 3d of this month. The night before, calling upon me, he suddenly rose and rushed away, saying, "Don't move; I want to remember you as you sat in your chair." Mrs. Homans and I, however, shook hands and said good-bye in the usual way. Her absence will leave a blank in my life that only her return will remove. Since we first met in the year 1881, at the New York Academy, during a performance of Salvini's "Othello," she has been the warmest and kindest of friends, a gentle critic, always intensely interested in my snail's progress and in its practical results. There is no one at all like her; she is a marvel of alertness and activity, the most energetic of philanthropists, knowing how to do good, and *doing* it. She is younger, too, than most young women, and yet she will be sixty next year.

October 23. With Frank Watson again to the Italian's bedside at the City Hospital, the point being to obtain his consent to an operation for removal of a portion of the diseased leg bone. He agreed, upon being assured that amputation was not intended, but

requested that Watson should shake hands upon it as a guaranty of good faith. This Watson did, giving, at first, his left hand, which the patient would not accept. His case is a very hard one, for the cure will be slow at best. But he seemed in better spirits than on my former visit. Upon Watson's inviting me to see him perform an operation in the theatre, I went, remaining near the door in case of accident. But, rather to my surprise, I stood the thing very well, and stayed all through. The case was one of skin grafting, strips of skin being taken from the thigh with a razor, and transplanted upon the calf of the leg, which had been badly crushed in an elevator accident. The experience was new and interesting in all its details.

November 5. With Jeffrey Roche to T. H. Bartlett's studio in Quincy, for the purpose of seeing his bust of Boyle O'Reilly, which is still in the clay. We thought it surprisingly good. It has strength and dignity, and with an admirable likeness reproduces Boyle in one of his happiest moods. Bartlett has been at work on this for a long time. He has used all the photographs he could get hold of, but the death mask has helped him more than anything else. It is decidedly the best portrait of O'Reilly that I have seen. Roche made some suggestions for improvement, and Bartlett attempted to carry them out then and there. But he threw down his modeling tool at length and said he could only work when he was alone.

November 7. A pleasant Papyrus dinner, largely attended. Walter Crane, the English painter, was the chief guest, and another painter, Simmons, was also

present. Jeffrey Roche read extremely well a new ballad founded upon the Armstrong fight in 1814 with the British fleet in the harbor of Fayal. My contribution consisted of the few lines of verse from the fourth act of "Nero," which is to have its first Boston production on Monday next, the 9th. The Club, according to the ancient custom, drank my health, and wished me well. So do I!

November 10. An immense audience at the Globe Theatre saw and applauded last night the first performance of "Nero," which from a corner of one of the upper boxes I watched — alone. There is probably no time when a bachelor dramatist longs for a wife so much as during the trial of one of his first plays. So many things might be said to a wife that can't be said to a friend! How many appeals for sympathy might be made to her, how many kind, encouraging words she might speak in return! The strain last night was almost unbearable, and I came away from the theatre worn out. Yet the play was kindly received there, and tenderly handled, on the whole, by the critics to-day. Mr. Clapp, *Advertiser*, thinks it necessary to begin by saying that I am not a Marlowe or a Webster — or words to that effect. The play is not the work of a master! Why need he have feared that the public went expecting to see an "entire and perfect chrysolite"? But after this, he gilds his pill with sugared things. Copeland, in the *Post*, likes it and says so. Likewise Apthorp, in a very friendly article with certain grave qualifications. This, by the way, makes the *Transcript's* third point of view. The house called

Mansfield out many times. Altogether, I am well out of it, thank Heaven! One amusing thing delighted me; and that was the unqualified admiration of John Stetson, the rough war stallion who manages the Globe. He called it "great," he would n't "change a line of it," and he "listened to it all, too."

November 14. Two performances of "Nero" to-day, the last in Boston, for next week Mansfield plays the repertoire. Saw it this afternoon from the back of a stage box. There was a large house. Mansfield gains in the part, undoubtedly, with each performance. At night, theatre crowded to the door.

November 15. The Sunday papers this morning are filled with "Nero's" praises. Even Wolfe, the sharp censor of the *Gazette*, says, *well done!* — for the first time in his life about any work of mine. So it is over, and "Nero" departs for other cities, with fair prospects, at least. It is hard to believe that this is the same play which two months ago met with such very faint praise from the New York critics, and was called beforehand, "not worth a damn." Its early date helped to kill it there, and this was, to all intents and purposes, its first production. . . .

November 17. Have been reading Barrett Wendell's "Life of Cotton Mather," an advance copy of which the author sent me. It is admirably done, of course, with many extracts from Mather's diary, and Sewall's. M. seems to have been sincere in his unaccountable bigotry. That is Wendell's view, and he justifies it. Those days were dreary ones in New England, and C. M. did not help brighten them. But he had a hard,

bitter time of it, and left, until now, an ill name behind him. . . .

November 21. My birthday, the forty-second. Dined at Abbott Lawrence's, with a large company of old and young. Mansfield revived "Jekyll and Hyde" for his last performance, to an enormous house.

November 25. To-night a Tavern dinner, the first of the season, largely attended, and after it, fine music under the direction of Nikisch. . . . From Arlo Bates, his new volume of poems, — "The Poet and His Self," — which contains much good work, and strikes, I think, a higher note than any he has touched before. A. B. is a rapid worker, and gains perceptibly in power. Every step he makes is an advance, and he is still young.

December 5. Governor Russell attended the Papyrus dinner to-night, for the first time as a member. The speeches and literary contributions took a political turn in consequence, and the effect, on the whole, was commonplace and dull. . . . Later at the Tavern, a supper to Paderewski, the great Polish pianist and composer, whom the critics call greater than Rubinstein. He played for half an hour or so, with half-closed eyes, possessing himself of the piano in leopard-like fashion, to toy with it and make it perform miracles, at which the men went half-wild. He is a thin, Albino-like person, with hair of reddish gold, standing half a yard out, all over his head. Some one in consequence has named him "the chrysanthemum." This barbaric headgear seems to be his only affectation, for his manners are extremely simple and those who know him best like him best. His age is about thirty.

December 6. At Mrs. Josiah Quincy's to-night a Miss Armour from Mobile, Alabama, sang very sweetly. The poor girl is totally blind, yet her fine, black eyes had no unusual look, and I should hardly have discovered her misfortune if I had not been warned of it. I talked with her for some time, and found her a model of cheerfulness and patience, happy in her musical accomplishment, and determined to make the best of her darkened life. She was not born blind, and therefore knows perfectly well how the world looks, and I could feel in my talk that this was an immense comfort to her. I went afterwards to Apthorp's, whose Sunday evenings, now famous, are resumed. They were much missed last year, while A. and his wife were in Europe. Beer, tobacco, the "literati" and "tutti-frutti," pretty and agreeable women, make a fine combination when mingled in just proportion, as the Apthorps know how to do it.

December 7. The Italian mail this morning brought a bright letter from Mrs. Homans, and a long, affectionate one from Salvini, who acknowledges my theatrical data, urges me to write an introduction to his "*Ricordi*," and embraces me for the success of "Nero." . . . With Bob Grant to the first performance of "*Thermidor*," by Sardou, but not in his best manner. Its strong situations are smothered in historical detail, and the effect is tedious and unpleasing.

December 8. My brother John at dinner to-night told an amusing story of Isaac O. Barnes, the Boston wag, and the Marquis of Westminster. The two met on a small steamer in Scotland, and Barnes, incau-

tiously, turned to the Marquis, who was standing near, and asked him a question. "By what right do you speak to me without an introduction?" was the answer. "Ask the Captain." Barnes apologized, and then talked with the other passengers, told stories, and made himself most agreeable. The Marquis became interested, drew nearer, and finally, falling into the trap, actually asked Barnes a question. "By what right do you speak to me, sir? I don't know you. Ask the Captain," retorted Barnes in delight. "You have taught me a good lesson," the Marquis instantly replied. "I am called the Marquis of Westminster. There is my card. Pray give me yours, and do me the honor to dine with me in my house." Barnes accepted this *amende honorable*, and, later, the Marquis entertained him.

December 15. To New York at eleven, finding in the train Cliff Watson, who dined with me afterward. At dinner Watson gave me a very interesting account of Lincoln's assassination. He was one of the audience in the theatre, seated very near the stage, in full view of Lincoln's box. A very slight sound made him look up, then the President fell forward on the box rail, and Mrs. Lincoln fainted. A struggle followed, after which Booth fell, carrying down with him the crossed flags, but not speaking the words so often attributed to him, saying nothing in fact. As he hurried across the stage, one of the audience, just in front of Watson, jumped from his place across the footlights to follow him, but only rushed into one of the side scenes, thrust out by an accomplice. Miss Keane came forward and told the

audience that she had recognized John Wilkes Booth. Very quietly and slowly the people dispersed. Watson had often met John Wilkes Booth at gymnasium, where they exercised together. At 11.30 to the Lotos Club for Bronson Howard's supper to Charles Gayler, the senior American of the Dramatic Guild. Between thirty and forty had accepted, and were present. Howard made a cordial host. Gayler's reminiscences of the stage were very interesting, and many of the others spoke well with valuable hints and suggestions of the way to deal with managers. It was a long affair. I left the table a little before 5 A.M. and they kept it up until daylight.

December 18. A call from Aldrich, who sat and talked for an hour in a cheery way. It is pleasant to think that he cares enough for me and my work to do this. I never see him without gaining something from his good spirits and high artistic standard.

December 20–24. Housed, with Dr. Sumner in attendance, until this Christmas Eve, when I was released to attend the Tavern Club's annual dinner. This year the night was devoted to a very careful reproduction of an Old English Christmas, under Curtis Guild, Jr., as Lord of Misrule, with Arlo Bates as Court Jester. The bringing in of the Yule Log, the Yule Dough, the Boar's head, the Wassail, the Fool and Plough and Mummers, all figured in their place and time. There were old glees sung, old "quips and wanton wiles" indulged in after the Elizabethan manner. The success of the thing, which is undoubted, covered Arlo Bates, who organized and arranged it all,

with honor and glory. His Jester was a triumph. I left at eleven o'clock, while the fun was at its height, very tired, but otherwise none the worse for the laugh.

December 31. Woke up practically well and able to begin work again. So ends this lazy, restless year, in which I have accomplished very little. "Tom Sylvester" is still unfinished, and beyond a few "Points of View," I have no complete work to show for all these twelve anxious months. Their principal event, so far as I am concerned, has been the production of "Nero," a piece of composition that belongs to the year 1888. 1892 must be more prolific, or I may as well "burn my books." And this journal! Looking back upon it, I find a very slight, superficial part of myself, expressed in its attempted record. A dull, dry chronicle of trivial things, — no more, in nine days out of ten, I fear. What fire I might have put into that tenth day, given the skill, the frankness, and the courage! A man is always a man, and therefore an interesting and valuable human document if he could be properly engrossed. The meanest has his passions, his aspirations, his hours of strength and weakness which expressed would make him live and breathe even on paper. But I shrink instinctively from the "complete confession" in more directions than one. Consciously, I have revealed a little; unconsciously, no doubt, much more; but one must be gifted with second sight to know myself from this year's record. In this year of our Lord 1891, I have toiled much, dreamed much, worried much, idled much, and often permitted the fiend, anxiety, to clog the ink upon my pen. But like Iago's

service to Roderigo; "it hath not appeared." At the age of forty-two, I lack experience in all things, painfully in the art of picturing myself on paper. Well, in 1892 I shall be a little older. It is one in the morning, the old year has gone out already, and here am I, with all my imperfections on my head, pitched topsy-turvy into the new one.

"The future, and the present, and the past,
All I remember, feel, and hope at last,
All shapes of joy and sorrow as they pass, —
Find but a dusty image in this glass."

Longfellow, "Life," 1838.

1892

January 1 (*Friday*). Between twenty and thirty cheerful spirits, under the leadership of Mrs. Tom Iasigi, gave the Apthorps a surprise party to-night in mask and domino. We furnished them with music and supper, making the night very lively as well as hideous. The host and hostess behaved admirably, being duly surprised, and accepting the tribute as though they liked it. But exactly how genuine a surprise it was, one cannot say. The best disguises were those of Miss Lavallée and Mrs. Gray, who baffled the men for a long while. The curious tendency to silence, which always overcomes Anglo-Saxons in mask, prevailed here. It requires experience and quick wit to make the successful domino.

January 18. Sent to *Scribner's Magazine* my new short story called "Under Cover of the Darkness," which I finished on Friday last. The attempt to write the sentimental and the weird in one tale has given me no end of trouble, and is, I fear, none too successful. I shall not be surprised to get the manuscript back again; — but only the editors know!

January 26. Burlingame likes "Under Cover of the Darkness," and will print it in an early number. *Dio mercè!* . . . Sat between Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Arthur Cabot at the dinner given by Mrs. Sam Warren to Mrs. Wetmore, of New York. The guest was formerly Miss Elizabeth Bisland, and made the tour of the

world in seventy odd days, for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, afterward writing a series of articles about the journey, which, according to Mrs. Deland, are full of clever description. She is an attractive woman, still young. Wetmore, the husband, is a Harvard man of Warren's class ('75).

January 27. Joe Choate, the New York lawyer and wit, was entertained to-night at the Tavern, with the Tavern President, Professor Norton, in the chair. Long, elaborate speeches, all good, and some remarkably so, were made by the President, Judge Lowell, President Eliot of Harvard University, Darwin Ware, Henry Higginson, and the chief guest, who talked for nearly half an hour without giving us a dull moment. According to some of the men his speech lacked heart, and it was certainly anything but sentimental. He fired off a good deal of brilliant sarcasm at the learned professions, and being of New England birth, did not spare New England. Yet I thought it, on the whole, the best after-dinner speech that I remember. For a moment he was wisely serious, in saying that a cheerful temperament counts enormously for worldly success. The truth is as old as the song of Autolycus, but too many men forget it.

February 2. At the Beebes' musical to-night met an impressive Mrs. Pattison, who said, when I was presented to her: "I am a stranger, and you must take me in, — but you'll find it difficult, for I'm the wife of a Philadelphia lawyer." Later, looking about the room, she said: "I should know from the atmosphere that I am not in Philadelphia." "Why?" "It is an

atmosphere of adoration." "And don't you adore each other in Philadelphia?" I asked. "No," she explained; "in Philadelphia we adore each other's butter and our own ancestors."

February 4. Dined with Sturgis Bigelow in honor of Mrs. Cabot Lodge, who has come on from Washington, — Miss Fairchild, Dwight and T. Adamowski, making up the party. After dinner Bigelow showed us heaps of his treasures in Japanese gold carvings and embroideries. Every corner of his house is crowded with rare and beautiful things. In the dining-room is a full-length portrait of Napoleon, painted by Lefèvre, in 1812, for some foreign court. He stands before the throne, dressed in the imperial purple and train of ermine, his right hand holding a sceptre. On a table below is the open Code, and Bigelow showed us that the hand was originally lowered and pointing to the book. An extended forefinger and part of a sleeve may still be made out clearly. One can fancy the emperor coming in to admire himself when the work was done, and demanding this slight change in the pose. How little he would have imagined that in a few short years he would serve only to decorate the wall of an American, the least of many curios!

February 8. Mansfield returns to New York on the 15th for his spring season, the announcements of which are already made. On the 23d he brings out a dramatic version of "Ten Thousand a Year," until then playing all the parts in his repertoire, except "Nero." That play went so well here with press and public that Bostonians still congratulate me upon its unqualified suc-

cess. The fact is, however, that Mansfield has played it but six times in his three months' tour, twice in Philadelphia, once in Baltimore, three times in Chicago, ignoring it elsewhere. This treatment is certainly disappointing, and, from my point of view, quite unfair. Were I to remonstrate, he would undoubtedly say, "There's no money in it!" — and I have no evidence with which to contradict him. The position is somewhat strange, but I can only treat it philosophically and accept congratulations when they come, feeling, all the while, that the play is probably shelved forever. "Nero" was ill-starred from the outset, and I must be grateful for the praise of the few and forget the dollars that it might have coined (perhaps) under other auspices. Oh, vicissitudes! This not only means that I must employ my time in writing short stories to eke out my income, rather than in finishing "Tom Sylvester," as I wish to do, but it also proves the truth of the barkeeper's prophetic warning, "The piece ain't worth a damn!" . . . With Dwight to see Miss Marlowe's Juliet. We had braced our minds for disappointment in the difficult passages, but the performance was a well-rounded one, and she struck the true tragic note in the later scenes, which were played with exquisite taste and great discretion. If not a triumph, it was a delightful thing to see, — much the best that I have known of her doing. Romeo of Taber was more than good, but we suffered from an impossible Mercutio, whose untimely death, for once, was not regretted.

February 15. Joe Millet called in the evening, and,

at my request, gave me a detailed account of his recent adventure, of which I had heard. He is at the head of a photogravure company, and one of his assistants accidentally swallowed a bit of cyanide of potassium, which would have killed him within five minutes but for Millet's presence of mind. M. instantly gave him a large dose of iron in a solution of acetic acid which stood by for developing purposes, thereby turning the cyanide into Prussian blue, which is harmless. He had but a few seconds to recall to his mind this chemical change, but he was equal to the emergency, and saved the man. "It was just luck," he said. "I was never so frightened in my life, except once, years ago, when a band of hostile Indians chased me on the plains." After the man had rallied, Millet, fearing danger from the antidote, went out and found a doctor. "What should you give a man who had taken cyanide?" he asked. "I should give him *up*, for nothing could save him," was the prompt reply.

February 16. Lunched with the Aldriches, meeting Miss Marlowe, who proved to be very simple and charming in her manners, not "all actressed up" as my brother Henry once complained that Adelaide Neilson was. "Like any other young girl!" said one of our party afterward, forgetting that to be three years on the stage without impairing one's *beauté du diable* is a triumph in itself.

February 18. Saw Miss Marlowe act again in "Cymbeline." The play has not been given here since the Neilson days, a dozen years ago, and the house was crowded to suffocation. The Imogen brought back

vivid memories of her great predecessor, glorious in many things, and in this one faultless. To the great scenes with Iachimo and Pisanio, Miss Marlowe was quite inadequate. But she read her lines well, and, as usual, her good taste and the charm of her presence carried her through. We had a good Posthumus and an admirable Cloten, an Iachimo who did not offend, — and the whole performance was extremely interesting.

February 20. In the middle of a dull, rainy afternoon came Dwight with the good news that the appointment of Librarian to the Boston Public Library is undoubtedly to be his. This relieves him of grave anxiety, and gives the city the best of all possible candidates for the place.

February 21. Rehearsal at the Tavern Club of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy," as condensed by Barrett Wendell for performance on March 4, in which an unimportant part has fallen to me. A queer experiment, the result of which is extremely doubtful, but the chief performers take hold well. . . . In the evening to Henry Higginson's, where a young Miss Wentworth made what was practically her début as a professional singer. She is a pupil of Marchesi, and though evidently more than nervous, produced a very good impression. Had there an interesting talk with Mrs. Agassiz about the old days in Cambridge, when Longfellow, Lowell, Felton, Agassiz, and others were serving their terms as college professors. Life was simpler then than now. They dropped in at each other's houses after faculty meetings for in-

formal suppers, which were merry and brilliant. All times when old are good, but some are better.

February 22. Service of music in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge, in commemoration of Lowell, whose birthday it is. Cherubini, Palestrina, Bach, Schubert, and Gounod were drawn upon for a choral service of about an hour, finely given. The scene, of course, recalled that of the funeral on August 14, 1891, in the same place, the distinguished company assembled there being much the same. The winter twilight waned almost to darkness, and the splendid music was very solemn and impressive. It was a touching tribute, admirable in its simplicity. . . . A long, cheery letter from Salvini, explaining his silence, all his own this time. His *memorie* are finished; he has been founding a new society for relief of poor actors, making the first subscription himself of ten thousand *lire*. He says no more of going to London, and seems to think that his acting days are over.

February 24. Was surprised and somewhat amused at receiving from the Harpers, the current number of their *Weekly* containing my little article on "The Sunday Crowd in our Museum of Fine Arts." This was written at the time (April, 1891) when the obstinate trustees still kept the Metropolitan Museum of New York closed on Sundays. But in May, 1891, tremendous pressure from thousands of New York citizens having been brought to bear on them, they passed a favorable vote, and the Metropolitan Museum has since been thrown open to the public every Sunday afternoon. My paper (a short argument on the popu-

lar side) was accordingly shelved, and its publication now seems pointless. A full-page illustration of our Renaissance Room, by Garrett, accompanies it. . . . Dined to-night at Mrs. Gardner's. Miss Fairchild had already seen the Museum article, and comforted me by saying that it could not have been printed at a better time, since there was fear that the trustees inclined to discontinue the Sunday opening of the Metropolitan, owing to a question of expense.

February 28. At Mrs. Apthorp's, Mme. Joachim sang German *Lieder* to the great delight of the crowded room. She has just arrived here for a series of recitals, and this was her first appearance in Boston.

March 1. Music and more music! — this time at the house of Mrs. Montgomery Sears, who had the better part of the Symphony Orchestra, with Nikisch to lead. Paderewski gave the host a pleasant surprise by appearing suddenly and asking leave to play, which he did in his best manner. . . . Dwight was unanimously elected Librarian of the Boston Public Library this afternoon, the salary being increased from $4000 to $5000 per annum for his sake.

March 4. "The Maid's Tragedy," produced to-night at the Tavern, was triumphantly successful. Though the acting was merely that of intelligent amateurs, there were absolutely no hitches, and the great situations passed with something like professional smoothness. The large audience of club members was not only interested from first to last, but very enthusiastic. Its temper helped the thing amazingly. We had feared that there would be more or less "guying"

at some points of the very outspoken dialogue. Instead of that, all listened breathlessly, and the murder of the King, admirably conceived by John Heard and Edward Robinson, made a profound impression. Wendell had written a prologue in blank verse, which he recited simply and well, and his vigorous interpretation of the soldier brother in the play was really fine. To him justly belonged the honors. He was loudly recalled at the end, and toasted very cordially at supper afterward. Our stage was hung with superb old tapestries, and all the costumes and accessories were carefully considered, handsome and appropriate. Altogether, we are well out of it. As this is the first known revival of the play in fifty years at least, our cast is worth recording: —

King	John Heard, Jr.
Amintor	Arlo Bates
Melantius	Barrett Wendell
Evadne	Edward Robinson
Strato	T. R. Sullivan
Diphilus	R. C. Sturgis
Dula	J. T. Bowen
Lady	I. Braggiotti.

March 12. Reception at the St. Botolph to our new Librarian. Burlingame and other friends came from a distance, and the members turned out well. The gallery was hung with the work of Louis Ritter, whose short, sad career ended last month at the City Hospital. One by one all our painters are taken from us by death or removal to New York. H. O. Walker, returning thence for a few days, has opened an exhibition of his recent work at the gallery of Doll & Richards. It is

more than admirable, of a kind to command attention anywhere. A "Pandora," a "Fortune and the Boy," and an exquisite little portrait of his sister-in-law, Miss Marquand, are all splendid and important works.

March 14–21. Housed with a heavy cold, which seems to have had something akin to *grippe* in it, making me not seriously ill, but extremely uncomfortable. During this week have occupied myself with three books: a translation of the "*Ranayana*," delightful beyond measure; Lockhart's "Scott," most wonderful of lives, with its superb reproach of the great man's untiring industry, though the depression of its closing chapters is too keen for the reader who carries a load of *grippe* on his back; and the latest book of Francisque Sarcey, "*Souvenirs d'Age Mur*." This last is more than charming to one who, like me, has an affection of long standing for the old "paysan de la Seine," as he calls himself. I never have met him, and have seen him only once — at one of his *conférences* of the Salle des Capucines. But for years I have followed his *feuilletons* in *Le Temps*, here and on his native heath. What he discusses, in his familiar, confidential way, matters little. His humorous philosophy, his frank egotism, and above all, his sound common sense, are very hearty and human. The spirit of the Boulevard breathes through all the *gros bourgeois* writes in his style of apparent simplicity, where the art of suiting *le mot* to *la chose* is so cleverly concealed. This time he professes merely to give an account of his lectures, — their rise and progress, method, delivery, etc. But

that is the least of it; he really throws sharp light upon many a weakness of life and character, never forgetting his own, and his descriptive power is great. There is, in this volume, an account of his reception and entertainment in a small Belgian town, which stands out like a masterpiece of Teniers or Jan Steen. He is the ideal journalist and critic of all that sweeps within his ken. Its range is not the widest, he is confessedly *myope*, prejudiced, and wanting in the higher graces of cultivation. But in honesty, freedom from ill-nature, and fearlessness that is lovable, Sarcey is richer than all his tribe.

March 26. This afternoon Henley Luce and I stood up through a superb performance of "Faust" in the great hall of the Mechanics Building, which, crowded to its utmost capacity, must have contained 6000 souls. Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Lasalle, and Miss Eames were the chief singers, — the best cast in the world. It was the last day of their fortnight's season, and the excitement of the immense public was indescribable. There were actually twelve recalls at the final fall of the curtain. . . . In the evening a supper to the De Reszkes and Lasalle at the Tavern Club. The great singers proved to be the most genial of companions, entering fully into the spirit of the place, and (unsolicited) giving us song after song when we adjourned to the garret. The members present were naturally half mad with delight. It was one of those fortunate nights that sometimes occur at the Tavern, and nowhere else, — great, even among these.

April 1. Annual *Narrenabend* at the Tavern Club,

where was produced an original operetta (music by George Chadwick, libretto by Arlo Bates) called "A Quiet Lodging." This and the whole night went gayly. There were seventy men or so present, all in costume, as usual. The most successful get-up was that of Frank Sturgis, who came as Paderewski, startlingly like the great original. . . . Joe Sargent is ordered to Lakewood, New Jersey; can't go alone and begs me to act as escort and companion, which I shall probably do.

April 17 (*Easter Sunday*). This gray day finds us still at Lakewood, leading the same placid, monotonous life which began on the 7th in so comfortable a way. The events have not been startling. After the first few days the tone of the hotel became less Jewish, and the number of its inmates dwindled with the waning season. The house holds from 700 to 800 souls. When we arrived there, there were, perhaps, 300 in it, — now there are scarcely 200. Mme. Patti-Nicolini came and went in our first week, with a retinue which included a courier, dog, and husband. The little troupe, of which she was the central figure, held itself less aloof than we had supposed it would, but there was nothing "troupy" in its line of conduct. On the other hand, we were struck by their good manners, and quiet, unobtrusive ways. It was pleasant to look at Patti's trim little figure, still young, for all its years of wear and tear. *The* singer of the world since 1855! Trained from childhood to care for public applause, and nothing else, as she told Jean de Reszke, and he told Mrs. Gardner the other day, and now, nothing

more to come but the end. They must have found Lakewood a trifle slow, and, in fact, they stood it only for a matter of three days or so.

May 7. Took Dwight to the Papyrus dinner, rather doubtfully, remembering the poor quality of the last one. Fortunately, this night found the club at its very best, and my guest was delighted. Roche read a war poem to be delivered next month on the field of Gettysburg. It had some very stirring lines, and was strong in its simplicity. R. Grant read admirably a chapter from the unpublished number of his "Married Man." There were songs and other things, including an old-fashioned Papyrus debate, with its delicious disregard of law and order. Walter Gay has sent me from Paris a photograph of his salon picture for '92 — "La Messe." An exhibition of his most recent work is now going on at the Botolph, a superb showing that includes "La Charité," "Le Plein Chant," and other important pictures. The first was painted while I was in Paris for the exhibition of 1889, and from day to day I watched it grow. It won a medal, but the picture just before it, "La Bénedicité" was bought by the state and hangs in the Luxembourg, — a rare honor to an American. I remember that Besnard, famous among modern painters, called "La Charité" *un triomphe des grises.* Walter has now all the rewards that France is likely to give him, except one. He is *hors concours*, and the great medal of honor is not granted to foreigners. The exception that may yet be his in time is a decoration.

May 12. Dr. Woodworth gave Dwight, who leaves for a two mouths' outing in Europe this afternoon, a

parting lunch at the Union Club. Governor Russell and I the only guests. Russell very lively, quoting Tom Reed's definition of a statesman, "A successful politician who is dead!" and saying other witty things. Somebody referred to John Holmes (brother of the poet), and he reminded us of the famous reply to one who told H. that he ought to get married, and so live more comfortably: "Yes, if I had a better half, I should get better quarters." Russell spoke of Attequin, an old Indian chief, who used to fish on the Cape with Daniel Webster. When Webster killed a big one, he would lay it out on the bank and harangue it. When the sport began he made his Indian guide drink with him, "for luck." A little later they drank again, "to change the luck."

May 26. A "complimentary testimonial benefit" this afternoon to Miss Annie Clarke, who retires from the Boston Museum after thirty years' service on that stage in old parts and young. The performance lasted over four hours, and was made up of detached scenes and acts from many plays. The audience was very large and responsive. A ceremonial adieu, at the end, with the company assembled upon the stage, cleverly managed, touched the house before and behind the curtain. . . . My books, of late, have been the "Life of Laurence Oliphant," published last year, and Bourget's "*Sensations d'Italie.*" The former seems to me a mere "document in madness," in spite of the author's desire and effort to make it otherwise. It is a curiously interesting book, but at the same time a very irritating one. The story is full of gaps and reservations, and I

laid it down with a feeling that the truth about Harris and his "mystics" had been but half told. Bourget's "Italy" is a traveler's journal dealing with by-ways on a new and original plan. Three of the places he describes — viz., Foggia, Bari, and Brindisi — I remember very well, and it has interested me much to compare his notes with my remembrance. But he is a scholar, artist, and philosopher, and his book is reflective rather than descriptive. Decidedly, a book to own, re-read, and ponder. . . . Tilden returned last week to his beloved Japan for another year.

June 4. To-day being Saturday and cool after nearly a week of intense heat, I let work go, and passed it out of doors. Went in the morning to Cambridge, chiefly to see that the Memorial flag had been duly placed upon Henry's grave at Mt. Auburn. To-day our little patch of ground in the highest part of the cemetery seemed the most beautiful spot on earth. May the wide prospect be left unmarred, and those who pass that way hereafter see only beauties in it! A queer sensation comes over one who stands in his own place, and thinks that just there the turf will be cut and the myrtle bed grow thick and blossom over him. A few will come for a while to look at it, crossing to it from the path to stoop and pull up a straggling weed. Then the last friend will sleep, too, and only strangers will go by, and no one will leave the path for your sake any more. It seemed no hardship to sleep there to-day. May I be lucky enough, when my time comes, to lie in my own place, under Henry's maple tree! This year the birds have built in it, as I hope

they will build always. . . . In the afternoon I went out to the Waverley Oaks, and prowled about under them for an hour alone. There were orioles and robins in plenty, singing with all their might, the barberries were in blossom, and the yellow lilies, too, in the pond. Violets, purple and white, and the little flower that looks like Solomon's seal, but *is n't* it, cropped up everywhere. Here is a place that each summer I fear to find encroached upon and injured, but no improvement has touched it yet. R. Grant came and talked awhile in the evening. I have the presentation copy of his "Married Man," which the Scribners have just put out in good shape; an entertaining book, already well received.

June 15. Dined at the Brunswick Hotel informally, with Walter Gay and his wife, who seem as happy as one could wish. We compared notes and amusing reminiscences of the old Paris days. Mrs. Gay, alluding to my stories, said she thought "Maestro Ambrogio" much my best piece of work. I was glad to hear this, having long been of the same opinion. But the critics, generally, I believe, rate both "The Lost Rembrandt" and "Out of New England Granite" higher, while the New York *Nation*, when it reviewed the seven tales, selected for special praise "The Rock of Béranger."

June 17. In this connection, writing to myself, I run the risk of taking that important person too seriously, by a record of the way in which my daily work is done. Sitting up late, I rise late, too, and breakfast about nine. Finding or fancying that I find a morning

walk a disturbance in the process of grappling for ideas, I now never go out before noon, but, after reading the morning paper, study for a half-hour or so, usually at a language. Just now I am reading Heine's prose very slowly and carefully, investigating each word that I don't know by sight. Then, between ten and half-past, I open my portfolio and begin the agony, which lasts until luncheon time, — about one o'clock. In this uninterrupted morning-spell, all my best progress is made, and, though I often work for an hour or two in the afternoon, the task is really done before eating, — my breakfast being of the French order, very light. My daily average of "copying" is very small, particularly at the beginning of a thing, before characters and construction have crystallized. I have done in a day twelve hundred or even fifteen hundred words, but such strides are rare. If I do five hundred I am very lucky; three hundred to three hundred and fifty make a very good day for me, small as it seems. But these words once set down are final. I rarely have to re-write. My late afternoon is for exercise; my evening, before eleven, is often not mine. After that hour, until bedtime, I get in my general reading, falling to at that as much earlier as possible. This reading is sometimes connected with what I have in mind — a mere search for subjects, or consultation of authorities. But oftener it is pure recreation. At this moment I am dabbling in eighteenth-century literature, reading "Evelina" and "Cecilia," Mme. D'Arblay's diary, the memories of Mme. de Gontaut. So passes my day, and then "the night cometh."

June 24. Made a pilgrimage this afternoon with my cousin, Richard Sullivan, to the Russell tombs, in the picturesque old graveyard at Charlestown. These ancestral monuments bear dates of the seventeenth century. Richard Russell and Maud, his wife, were laid away there about 1650, on the summit of the little hill from which there was a fine view of the town, river, etc. Now, it is all shut in by houses, like a bit of old London.

June 25. Charles Warren Stoddard, in vacation, arrived this morning well and happy. I was copying "To Her" when he called, and so came to read it for his approval, or the reverse. Result, of course, wholly favorable. Yet encouragement at such a moment is sometimes a good thing — from the right man. J. B. O'R. used to pat me on the back and criticize, too, not too severely. God bless him, in whatever world he may be! . . . In the afternoon went to H. L. Higginson's house at Manchester for Sunday. Nikisch and his wife were there, and we had much delightful music. Notably, one song of Schumann to Heine's words, "*Ich grolle nicht*," etc. The two nights and the day went like smoke.

June 27. A line from Stoddard, to say that the Scribners have just agreed to reprint his "South Sea Idyls," which will appear in this new form next October. *A la bonne heure!* This is the spur he needs.

July 15. An experience, interesting if not altogether amusing, has, for the last fortnight, been mine. Frank Lee, my successor in office at 40 State Street, was taken ill in June of malarial fever, and having been

asked to fill his place for the rush of work that always comes for the end of the half-year, I accepted the invitation, returning on the 28th ult., to the desk which I left in January, 1888. Nothing had changed, my hand had lost none of its cunning, and I took up the burden as if it had been dropped for an hour instead of four and a half years. My "engagement" was for ten days, but the work has increased so much that I cannot leave it until the 20th, and then only with the pledge of returning for a few days in August. Of course I have been cordially welcomed, and treated with high consideration, "*als Gast.*" But the hours are long (9 A.M. to 10 P.M. usually), and in spite of the shekels which drop into my pocket with a very musical jingle, I shall be ready to go back to *this* desk when the time comes. The "Street" hailed me with derisive joy, thinking I had come to stay; then, after learning the facts, regarded me with a mild surprise, as if I were, on the whole, an improper person whom it would be well to cast off permanently.

August 1. Dwight has come home, and has plunged into his work at the Library with great vigor. He returned laden with Italian souvenirs, *intagli*, brocades, photographs, bric-à-brac of every kind. He has taken me all over the new building, on which the beautiful Saint-Gaudens sculptures are just unveiled. The marble arcade in the great court is half done, and the whole thing begins to take shape. It will be a splendid monument. . . . R. Grant's "Married Man" has reached its tenth thousand. Good!

September 11. Work — work — work! And to-day

I have finished "The Man in Red," a short tale about the evil genius of the Tuileries long ago. I came upon mention of him in a note to one of Béranger's poems, and after much fruitless search for a fuller account, have been forced to work him up in my own way to an encounter with Marie Antoinette. This has entailed hard study of the "period" — the architecture of the palace, manners, costume, etc., which *must* be accurate in the main, or the thing would lack *vraisemblance*. . . . Whittier, the good and great, has died at a ripe old age. His last poem, very touching and beautiful, addressed to Holmes, was published a month ago. Now begins the usual futile discussion of the dead man's place in literature; the speculation as to the probable endurance of his work, etc.; items for the daily press to be glanced at and forgotten. The year 1992 will have its own supreme court of criticism to pass judgment without our help. I met Whittier but once, ten years ago, at a crowded reception, but have a very distinct and pleasant remembrance of his unpretentious geniality and simple charm.

October 1. Am reading the "Memories" of Dumas père, with much enjoyment; all the more, undoubtedly, that I come to them with "The Englishman in Paris" fresh in my thoughts. The ten volumes are long and rambling, but they contain a wonderful amount of human nature to the square inch. When Dumas describes a man, the reader is made to see him, and through every page shines the kindly, merry, happy-go-lucky spirit of the narrator, generous in his praise, gentle in his reproof, accepting prosperity and adver-

sity with an equal mind. His courage, his persistent energy and unflagging industry, are all splendid. It has been particularly interesting to me to read his account of the first performance of "*Henri III et sa Cour*" (February, 1829, the year of Salvini's birth) at the Théâtre Français. In February, 1889, I saw the revival of this play at the same theatre. Fèbvre was the Duc de Guise, Mounet-Sully the Saint-Mégrin. Scenery and costumes were of a splendor that would certainly have astonished the author, and the play made the success of the year.

October 22. Find on my return home a modest and friendly letter from the story-writer, Bliss Perry, acknowledging one from me in which I tried to tell him how much I liked his work. In point of publications, at least, his hand is younger than mine, so I took the initiative and scraped acquaintance. He writes an admirable style, clear, simple, and most refined. His last story, "Lombardy Poplars," is a little masterpiece. "Nothing helps so much as a word from a fellow-workman," he says in his letter. And of my own case, also, this is true.

October 24. A letter from Ralph Curtis, the painter, from his Palazzo Barbaro, in Venice, — particularly pleasant to me because called forth by his approval of "Jack-in-the-Box," which he had just been reading. This story, I find, many people did not like, and some of my constant readers have not hesitated to tell me that it is dull and commonplace, falling below my usual level. Yet the editors thought just the reverse! Moral: one can't please everybody, least of all him-

self. . . . Going this afternoon into a strange florist's (Doogue's) the proprietor, after inquiring if I was n't I, begged to be excused for telling me how much he liked my work. "I know 'Cordon' and the 'Lost Rembrandt' all by heart," said he. So the bitter and the sweet alternate, till one does n't quite know where one is. . . . A merry call upon Mrs. Homans, who has just come back from her year in Europe. . . . Here is an amusing case of misconception: Sullivan, the champion prize-fighter, was defeated in September by Corbett, at New Orleans, and my former gondolier, Giorgio Tagliapietra, reading an account of the fight in the Venetian paper, *L'Adriatico*, wrote to ask Miss Mary Felton if this were the same Sullivan he served in Venice. If so, he desired to express his warmest sympathy; in short, he was, "*molto dispiacentissimo.*"

December 3. To-night the Papyrus Club, with Benjamin Kimball, the president, in the chair, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its formation in 1872. It was a very large attendance, including many old members, who returned this night only, as guests. The literary entertainment naturally inclined to reminiscence, and was made extremely interesting. Our twenty years were divided into four periods, wittily described by Underwood, Hovey and Rogers, Harris, Browne. Chase, the secretary, read a series of extracts from the old reports; Jeffrey Roche, a charming poem called "When the World was Young." Others read, talked, sang, and made the night merry. My own contribution opened the ball, immediately after the passing of the loving-cup, in verse, "The Hall of Rameses."

December 4. A pleasant line from Burlingame, asking me to look at the original Manuscript of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," in the Harvard College Library, with the idea of writing "at least a 'Point of View' upon it."

December 10. Gave up my morning to the Thackeray Manuscript which proved to be of remarkable interest. It was given to the library, last May, by Leslie Stephen, through Professor Norton. Seven of the thirty-four "Roundabouts" are missing, but the leaves are very carefully mounted, apparently by Thackeray himself, since the paging, table of contents, and various notes, are in his hand.[1] The articles are written on small leaves of note-paper, bearing various stamps, — the Athenæum and Garrick Clubs, the *Cornhill Magazine*, his own addresses in Onslow Square, and Palace Green, etc., — and the text is much worked over, corrected, and interlined. I took the printed book out with me to make comparisons, for which Mr. Winsor, the librarian, courteously gave me every facility. I at once discovered that the last paragraph of "De Finibus" is missing, though there is no note to that effect. And I remembered a line of one of Dr. John Brown's papers which shows why it is gone. Mr. Winsor asked me to note this fact upon the margin, and, when I came away, we put the book aside for my future reference. I must go at least once more before attempting the article.

December 12. To-night an amusing and interesting dinner to the constructors of the World's Fair Build-

[1] Not in *his* hand, but Sir Leslie Stephen's, Mr. Norton says.

ings, in Chicago, was given at the Tavern Club, Mr. Norton presiding. Excellent speeches were made by Richard Hunt, Frank Millet, Charles W. Warren, Martin Brimmer, Henry Higginson, and others, after which photographs of buildings, sculpture, and decoration were shown with a stereopticon. Hunt's speech opened with a touching incident. In introducing him Professor Norton had made a reference to his dead brother, William Hunt, the painter. The architect rose, to tremendous applause. "Gentlemen, —" he began, then choked, and stood for some time trembling and silent, with the tears rolling down his cheeks. "I can't help it," at last he burst out: "my brother, — damn it, gentlemen, the most poetic man I ever knew!" The talk was largely descriptive, but the praises of New England and Chicago made a kind of antiphonal chorus. All the men assured us that this was the first recognition of their work at the exhibition, made outside of Chicago itself. The artistic guests numbered about twenty.

December 16. Pass nearly every morning in the Harvard Library with the "Roundabout Papers." Today I called upon Professor Norton for information and advice about the article. He seemed not only to approve the scheme, but to see possibilities of interest in it. He suggested, too, that I might find the Manuscript in the library available in a similar way. . . .

December 17. A splendid night at the Music Hall, where Beethoven's Eighth and Ninth Symphonies were superbly given by the orchestra under Nikisch, in commemoration of the composer's birthday (Dec. 17,

1770). Afterward Grossmith, the English comedian and singer, was informally entertained at the Tavern, and gave a monologue performance in his peculiar, clever vein.

December 20. Mr. Winsor took the Thackeray Manuscript with me to the photographer's, and there we spent an hour or two, while experiments were made for the reproduction of two passages of text and especially two faint pencil drawings. The negatives promise well. . . . To-night Dwight and I dined with Mrs. Homans. D. had never before seen her, and was, of course, fascinated and charmed. After dinner I turned the talk to Thackeray (without, however, letting out the small secret of my manuscript-article). I wanted Dwight to hear her stories about Thackeray's visit to America, which I knew and remembered. She began by showing her large photograph of him, taken in New York, then went on to describe his wonderful voice as "the finest she ever heard." "Better than his?" I asked, pointing to a photograph of Salvini. "No," she admitted, "not so fine as that, of course. But second only to Salvini's." Mrs. Homans (Miss Lothrop) was a young girl when she knew Thackeray, and her reminiscences about him have a youthful charm about them. Like Orsino's song, "they dally with the innocence of love, like the old age." They have never been printed, certainly, perhaps are not written down at all, so I will write them here, for want of a better chronicler.

When Thackeray came to America for his lectures in the early fifties, he brought letters to Dr. Lothrop,

who lived then in the old Brattle Street Church parsonage on Court Street. The first time he dined there, pushing back his chair after dinner, Thackeray said, "I suppose this is the moment when you Yankees put your feet on the table." At this strange speech there was a pause of breathless indignation, and then my hostess said, "In that case, Mr. Thackeray, the mantelpiece is the only place for yours." Now, Thackeray was very sensitive about his figure which was peculiarly awkward; he was not only very tall, but very high-waisted, so to speak, and his legs were absurdly long. He accordingly turned purple with rage, and retorted: "Miss Lothrop, that is the first rude word spoken to me in America." "Very well, Mr. Thackeray," said she; "if you go on as you have begun, the American girl will not let it be the last." He made no reply, the subject was changed, the evening went on. But the next morning, very early, his card was handed in "for Miss Lothrop." She went down and found him in the drawing-room. "I have come," he said, "to see if you are ready to apologize." "Apologize? For what?" "Why, for your rudeness to me last night." "Oh, with pleasure, if you will begin by apologizing to me." But he would not, and though their acquaintance continued pleasantly, the first little tiff was never quite forgotten, and they were never the good friends they should have been. "Of course we did n't really quarrel," she says. "How could we? He was in and out of the house nearly every day, *l'ami de la maison!* He would read to me from his books. 'Which shall it be this morning?' he has often said —'Pendennis' or

'Vanity Fair'? But we could not quite 'get on'; and I foolishly declined, in consequence, to take that long journey, under his escort, which he mentions in the 'Brookfield Letters.' He irritated me terribly at times, and yet, at others, no one could be so amusing, so delightful."

He had been invited to take supper with the Lothrops after one of his lectures, and, mistaking the night, he turned up unexpectedly. Mrs. Lothrop had gone to bed; but Miss Lothrop was in the drawing-room, entertaining one or two younger visitors. As no supper was provided, and the invited guests were not assembled, it was necessary to explain the situation, and Miss Lothrop did so, at the same time begging him to stay and make a picnic of it. She summoned her mother, who presently appeared, and the two conversed apart in whispers about food, while the main conversation still went on. "Oysters?" "Oh, yes! there are plenty." "Beer?" "I think so!" etc., etc. When they went into the dining-room, Thackeray, who had very quick ears, repeated the appropriate "aside," as each dish was served. "Oysters? Oh, yes! Plenty!" "Beer? I think so!" much to the joy of the company.

Once, after a lecture, he said: "To-night I suffered inconceivable torment." "How?" "I have a cold, and had forgotten my handkerchief. It shall not happen again." At the next lecture, accordingly, as soon as he reached the stage he drew out his handkerchief, flourished it pointedly, and put it back. Then, as the lecture proceeded, he drew out from different pockets in quick succession, *seven others*, glancing down from

time to time at the Lothrop party, who were in fits of laughter.

Here are two little instances of the other quality — the irritating one. Between his first and second course of lectures, the Lothrops moved from the old parsonage into a newer house in Chestnut Street; not a fine house, by any means, but of course modern. When Thackeray paid his first visit, Miss Lothrop and her mother came down together. Instead of the warm greeting they expected, he gave them a sarcastic look, and said: "Well, Mrs. Lothrop, I expected to see you in a turban and bird-of-paradise plume, in keeping with all this finery." . . . A certain Mrs. ———, whom he had known well and liked in London, he declared he had now thrown over, because for years she had seemed to lead the happiest possible life with her husband, who, in reality, had treated her brutally. "All these years she deceived me," he said; "she is no longer my friend." "Then God forbid that you should ever be a friend of mine!" said Miss Lothrop. One cannot help believing that here, knowing her outspoken ways, he assumed a part merely to draw her out. At any rate, he told the story afterward to a Philadelphia friend, with her comment. . . .

His sensitiveness in the matter of figure seems not to have extended so far as his broken nose, to which he often alluded playfully. Once, talking with Mr. George Ticknor (who, on the contrary, was very sensitive about his own similar disfigurement), he said: "Well, let us drop the argument; why should two broken-nosed old codgers like you and me worry about this?"

These little glimpses of Thackeray seem to me most vivid and interesting. Mrs. Homans, with some sadness, implies in him the defect of vanity. But his charm, with her, outweighs all defects. "I was a child to throw away my opportunities of knowing him better. He remains for me," she says, "a wonder and a delight!" . . . I have a long, delightful letter from Salvini, the first installment of whose "*Ricordi*" appears in the current *Century*. Its editor, Gilder, never referred again, by the way, to the little introductory chapter descriptive of Salvini's home life, which he wished me to write. I am glad of this, for in spite of S.'s apparent acquiescence, I know that the task would have been a hard one to perform without violating the laws of hospitality or good taste. The recollections deal, so far, with his very early stage life, his father, and his master, Modena. They are of extraordinary interest, and written in a half-confidential, simple style, which the anonymous translator seems to catch very well.

December 26. Bitterly cold Christmas weather which always puts me into the best of spirits. H. C. Lodge called. He is here about the vacant United States Senatorship, to which he seems more than likely to be elected. So may it be! We dined together at his mother's, then went to a new play by Pinero — "May-fair." It is really a translation of an old Sardou comédie, — "*Maison Neuve*"; interesting, and fairly well performed. After this, we went round to the Union Club, and talked of "Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses" over a hot fire, cigars, and brandy and soda, until 2 A.M.

December 31. Finished to-day the Thackeray paper. So ends "the failing record of the dying year," to quote from that masterpiece of contemporaneous dramatic literature, "The Black Crook." Although I have turned off a fair amount of work in it, old '92 does not close for me in a very enlivening way. My second volume of short stories is done, and will, I hope, appear bound up next June. My long novel is out of the way, still in Alden's hands. But the little glow I felt at the end has passed, and of its future and the verdict upon its future, I have grave doubts. Financially, my life is one from hand to mouth. I save nothing, and work body and soul to keep out of debt — a woeful struggle! Always there is the fear of being forced to bury myself in the wilderness, and live on oatmeal there alone. This and other things make a mournful background, while I cut capers and laugh, wholly at ease in the eyes of the world; compelled to say nothing when a New York acquaintance writes me that I am "a prince and *enfant gaté* of Fortune," as one did the other day. Well, I am determined not to complain. Let the big years do their worst, and we shall see how I can bear what they bring! About this journal, I don't know. Sometimes it seems to me an affected conceit, mere posing. The pose is never very high and mighty, and the whole thing is slight, superficial. I have not learned the trick of the depths. Yet, perhaps, some descendant (alas! not of me) may find, long hence, his moments of amusement in it. If so, my time and trouble in writing here will be well repaid. *Addio*, 1892!

1893

January 2 (*Monday*). Worked all day, yesterday, at copying the Thackeray article, which I sent Burlingame to-day. The *Book-Buyer* is out, with my little sketch, unsigned, of R. Grant, and also three or four pages of "Personal Preferences," to which innocent if rather absurd game of twenty questions, some of us were invited to contribute answers. Harris (Uncle Remus) has one good line about his "ideal state of happiness" which he describes as "a cold night, a hot fire, and 'taters in the ashes." . . .

January 9. A pleasant dinner with Dwight in Longwood at H. S. Howe's. Our host showed us some of the treasures of his fine library, which contains many rare things — a little Elzevir Terence, once Milton's, with his autograph; a set of Montesquieu that belonged to the poet, Gray; books of Rachel, Mme. de Pompadour, Dickens, Thackeray, etc., etc. We had a somewhat spirited discussion over the authorship of Shakespeare, Howe inclining to the belief that there may be something in Sam Cabot's new alleged discoveries of a Baconian cipher running through them, while D. and I refused to be converted. Cabot, it appears, admits that the sonnets were written by the author of the plays, but thinks that the many allusions in them to Shakespeare and his actor's life are a part of Bacon's deep-laid scheme to delude the public of his day. He, Cabot, has been investigating the matter for several

years, and means, a little later, to publish the results, which he already finds conclusive.

February 10. A luncheon to-day at the house of Mrs. Homans to Francis Wilson, the actor. An agreeable Philadelphian of quiet, unassuming manners, and very little to say about himself. He tells a story well, is an ardent book collector, and suggests the stage only by a dead-white complexion which looks as if he were too little in the sun. He has been playing here for three weeks in a translation of the opéra-bouffe, "*Le Grand Casimir*," — as always, to huge houses.

February 12. In the current *Century* comes the second installment of Salvini's "Recollections," in the course of which he tells the long story of his adventure with the spy, and what came of it, much as he once told the same thing, privately, to me. I wrote it down at the time in one of my notebooks, and find that the two accounts correspond in almost every particular.

February 24. Miss Amelia Fisher, once a popular actress, and for more than forty years William Warren's landlady, died yesterday in the old house, number 2 Bulfinch Place, at the age of eighty-five. I saw something of Warren during the last ten years of his life, and went sometimes to the house, dining there on one or two occasions. Lodgings were often let to the more distinguished of the older players who came to town, but Warren seemed to be the only constant resident. At table he sat at the end, carving and doing the honors. Miss Fisher, who was a merry soul, very alert, with bright eyes and agreeable manners, sat at his right on a piano stool, being too short for a chair, she

said. Her brain, like his, was crowded full of stories concerning the stage, and I remember their table talk with greatest pleasure. After dinner, on off nights, Warren sat in a big armchair by the fire, smoking his pipe, for an hour or so, and was then at his very best. On one of these evenings, he brought out a scrap-book dating from the dark ages, full of old play bills and other stage memoranda. Miss Fisher, whose memory was wonderful, made him an admirable second as he discoursed of these things. I remember coming suddenly upon the likeness of an old actor in the part of Peninddock. "In what play does he figure?" I asked. "Why, don't you know? The 'Wheel of Fortune'!" she said instantly, thus recalling a forgotten comedy, that has certainly never been given in my time. In 1878 Warren created the rôle of Perrichon in my translation of Labiche's play, making a decided hit in it, and it was at that time that our more intimate acquaintance began. In 1880 he created Ravenglass in "Midsummer Madness" (written by W. W. Chamberlain with me). The authors were called after the second act, and coming suddenly upon Warren behind the scenes, I ventured to hope that all was going well. "Ah!" he said; "wait till to-morrow. We can't tell who is governor until after election." . . .

On the 28th of October, 1882, two performances were given at the Boston Museum to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Warren's first appearance upon the stage. The plays chosen were the "Heir-at-Law" for the afternoon and "The School for Scandal" in the evening. My brother Henry saw both perform-

ances, and with him I followed Warren's incomparable Sir Peter for the last time. No other of my day (and I have seen many at home and abroad) ever, to my mind, deserved to be mentioned in the same breath with him. It was the masterpiece of this accomplished actor, a performance mellowed by time and very highly finished, with great subtlety and charm. It had one strong, pathetic touch, not even attempted by others that I remember, in the little passage about his will, just before the screen scene. Everything, that night, was in Warren's favor and he never played his great part better. At the end he made a very simple and graceful speech, after which all the actors, grouped around him, sang "Auld Lang Syne." From the theatre I went directly to Miss Fisher's, where a supper was laid for about twenty guests, in the old kitchen. Warren's niece, Mrs. Rice, sat at the head of the table, but Miss Fisher could not be induced to join us. "No," she said, laughing, "I am your pretty waiter-girl!" When supper was over, there were speeches, a poem by William Winter, and the presentation of a loving-cup from certain brother-actors. This cup and Warren's pipe are now in the Players', at Gramercy Park, New York. We had a merry night, and did not break up until a very late hour. How little any of us imagined at that moment what a storm was brewing! At once began the trouble which ended in Warren's premature retirement from the stage, and, it may be, even hastened his death. The main facts are these: —

At the first suggestion of a memorial performance, a number of Warren's friends were formed into an hon-

orary committee, mainly to distinguish this benefit from his usual yearly one. My name was upon the list, and, as it happened, I was one of those who waited, informally, upon the manager, Mr. Field, for the discussion of certain details. At this interview the question of Mr. Warren's compensation came up. The reply was: "Mr. Warren and I understand each other perfectly. You may leave that subject to be settled later between ourselves." This plausible answer silenced the questioner, the matter was dropped, and not introduced again — a fatal mistake. This interview took place long before the date fixed for the benefit. And a few days later, as was afterward discovered, the manager said carelessly, "Mr. Warren, I suppose our usual benefit terms will be satisfactory to you in this instance." As carelessly, Mr. Warren replied, "Yes." When the day of performance drew near, it became evident that the interest was extraordinary, and that the tickets could not be sold at the box office in the ordinary way. An auction sale in the theatre was therefore arranged, with marvelous results. The tickets brought enormous premiums, the gross receipts for the two performances amounting to over $7000. Nothing more had been said to Mr. Warren about remuneration, and he, not appreciating the new aspect of affairs, made no further allusion to it. When the settling day came, the management, on the annual benefit basis, handed Mr. Warren a check for $3500 in round numbers. As the expenses could not have exceeded $500, this settlement left the theatre $3000 in pocket for a benefit to the man who had been its

bright, particular star, for upwards of forty years. Warren then saw, too late, the ingenious trap into which he had fallen, and protested. "Ah, but you accepted our terms," was the answer. The actor said no more at the time, and kept his own counsel. But on Sunday, November 5, 1882, he called upon Mr. Field at his house on Beacon Street, and reviewing the whole situation, asserted that this treatment was unfair. "These friends paid their auction premium out for me," he said, "not to enrich your treasury." "Ah, but you have accepted our terms," Mr. Field replied. Then followed a long, stormy scene. The actor finally departed, to lay the matter before the committee, and the manager told him to go where he liked and do as he pleased. Warren came straight to the committee, who proved to be of one mind, and that Warren's. An indignation meeting was called, and a long and bitter correspondence began. The management, refusing to make any concession whatever, maintained its position, and in the end triumphed. To avoid a public scandal, the committee, with Warren's full acquiescence, decided to drop the matter. The story, however, and the sentiment of the entire community, the whole theatrical world, in fact, turned against the theatre. Just before the end came, I went to Mr. Field, upon my own responsibility, and explaining to him how high the feeling ran, begged him to reconsider his determination not to yield. He replied that he could do nothing. "I am the scapegoat here," he said. "My associates will not budge one inch, and I, alone, must bear the blame." In explanation of this speech, it should be

said that the theatre was owned in shares by a single family (the ———s) and a few outsiders, of whom Mr. Field is one. I went away, plainly showing him that I was upon Warren's side. My own fortunes thus became curiously involved with the actor's, as will presently appear. Warren, still desiring to avoid gossip, played his engagement out, and did not withdraw from the theatre until the close of the season, in May, 1883. For several years I had maintained business relations with the Museum as translator and playwright, with a long list of dramas which were constantly revived, subject to royalty. A few days after Warren's retirement, all my manuscripts were sent home, without a word, and my connection with the theatre, thus broken abruptly, has never been resumed. But for this it is probable that I should have been always a dramatist, or, at any rate, chiefly known to the public by my work for the stage. It is true that a year earlier, owing to my little Club play, "The Cat's-Paw," I had, at James R. Osgood's request, begun upon my first novel, at which I worked intermittently. When I was no longer a *persona grata* at the theatre, I devoted such spare time as I could command in the afternoon and evening to this book, which was finished and published by Scribner (the Osgood firm having failed just as the manuscript was ready) in 1885. As for Warren, during the remaining five years of his life, he lived on at Miss Fisher's, a stone's-throw from the theatre, and in all that time he never saw it again, even refusing to pass its doors in the street. Idleness never agreed with him, and it was evident to all his friends that he was

slowly failing. So ends this depressing little story, of which the announcement of Miss Fisher's death has today reminded me. The committee was composed of men like Henry Lee, H. S. Russell, and H. C. Lodge, and it was Mr. Lee who conducted the correspondence.

March 6. To New York by the midnight train, to confer with the Scribners about my new volume of stories which they have agreed to publish in May.

March 7. In the evening saw for the first time Eleonora Duse, the Italian actress now playing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre with her own troupe, in her own tongue. The plays were "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Locandiera" of Goldoni. Came away persuaded of her great charm, though the parts, both slight, gave her too little opportunity for proof of sustained power.

March 8. In the evening saw Duse once more in Sardou's "Fedora" — a superb performance. She is original and fine in the best way, without rant or sensational effects. She has a very mobile and sympathetic face, and though her voice lacks the rare quality of Bernhardt's, it is used with extraordinary skill. Moreover, the fire of genius shines through her, making the audience breathless at critical moments. Like Salvini, she belongs neither to the *veristi* nor the *idealisti*, but is a law unto herself, rising above the mechanism of the schools. I left the theatre convinced that her art was of the highest order, and that I had seen one of the great actresses of the world. Came home by the midnight train. . . .

March 11. Wrote to Aldrich for permission to print his name upon the fly-leaf of my new volume.

March 13. Aldrich replies as follows: —

March 12, 1893.

Dear Mr. Sullivan: —

It will be a great pleasure to me to have my weather-beaten name linked to such fresh and delicate work as "The Man in Red," in the last *Scribner's*. I speak of that in particular because I was sitting in my den, yesterday, and actually reading the story and thinking how full of charming color it was, when your note came to me. But you had better reflect before you inscribe my name on your jib-sheet, for there's many a roving, low-rigged craft that will instantly give you a broadside on that very account.

If you are in the neighborhood of # 59 to-morrow (Monday) afternoon, between 3 and 4 o'clock, will you not look in on me?

Faithfully yours,

T. B. Aldrich.

Calling, in accordance with this, a pleasant talk followed, in the course of which Aldrich advised me to strike out a clause from "The Red Man." The passage occurs at the moment of his meeting with the queen, and it reads thus in the magazine: "Then, *with a low chuckle, a leer of hideous delight*, he turns again and steals on through the shadows."

A. thinks the words I have underscored "too strong," and so I at once decide to omit them. He gave me the proof of a story of his, "The Chevalier de Ressegnier," in which he has turned his own acquaintance with the Reign of Terror to account in the happiest way. The tale is soon to appear in the *Century*.

March 16. Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, who had edited so skillfully the Variorum Shakespeare, read "The Merchant of Venice" to-night, before a small company at the house of Mrs. Homans. The mere effect seems remarkable, since he is so deaf that he cannot hear his own voice, which, however, is of great depth and range. The reading was, in fact, uncommonly fine, all the more that it was interrupted occasionally by little footnotes of comment, which were both interesting and suggestive. His Shylock seemed to be based upon that of Booth, with whom Furness has long been intimate, and, now and then, he recalled Fanny Kemble in a striking way.

March 17. A pleasant dinner with Mrs. Fields, in honor of young McIlvaine, the London publisher. Sat next Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, who was, as always, most charming. Robert Grant and his wife were the only other guests. After dinner we studied the walls of the dining-room, which are hung with many interesting portraits and autographs — among them that of Sir Philip Sidney, a fine specimen, almost priceless. . . .

March 29. Dined to-night with Sam Cabot at his house on Edgehill Road, Brookline. There were no other guests, his object being to give me an exposition of his discoveries *in re* Bacon *vs.* Shakespeare. Accordingly, after dinner, we had a séance of three hours. I could hardly have been expected to throw my Shakespeare over in this brief period, and I certainly did not. As Cabot intends to print his researches and their conclusions in a book, it is scarcely worth while to set

them down here. He believes that "Love's Labour's Lost" and "Cymbeline" are shot through with cipher, and that the key to it all lurks in the latter play (Act V). Also, that the cipher was introduced by Bacon when the Folio of 1623 was prepared for the press; that the publishers' letter prefacing the Folio alludes to it in more ways than one; and that it has a Rosicrucian significance, as well as one purely political. Taking the carriers' talk in "Henry IV" (Part I), he finds the mention of Charles's Wain, of the Boots (Boötes), and the "jordan" full of meaning. The latter he considers a direct allusion to Giordano Bruno, who was not only a Rosicrucian, but Lord Bacon's friend. And so on, indefinitely, with all the conjectures of a decipherer, and all the patience, too, for he has counted all the words in the part of Posthumus, which number 3450, and his copy of the Folio facsimile is scored with signs and numbers. The results, so far, seem to be most vague, though he is much encouraged by them. But while there is something pathetic to me in a man's willingness to run a scalpel through the living and breathing creations of Shakespeare, I cannot deny that the evening gave me many curious sidelights upon the history of his time. I am also quite willing to admit that there was something very strange and enigmatical in the wording of the Folio preface. So, without emphasizing too much my incredulity, I await his developments, which may startle the world.

April 5. The talk of the town for many weeks, viz., the Renaissance Festival in the Museum of Fine Arts, has justified itself to-night. Fifteen hundred souls

took part in it, and the effect was certainly very brilliant and beautiful. The courts of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Henry VIII, the Pope Pius II, and Henry IV, were all superb. There was a long procession closed by the Tavern Club's troupe of German mercenaries, and as we walked slowly through the rooms and galleries, the display of lights and coloring on all sides was bewildering. A committee of painters, headed by Gaugengigl and Joe Smith, has supervised the dresses with an eye to correctness of detail. The difficulty was that, with the overwhelming crowd, neither time nor space proved adequate for inspection of detail at all. One caught a glimpse of a splendid whole, and the three hours of it left but a confused impression when the night was over. . . . A Frau Bernstein of Berlin asked permission to translate "To Her" and "The Man in Red" for a periodical published by the *Deutsche Verlagsaustatt* in Stuttgart. Of course I accept the compliment. An empty honor is an honor still.

April 9. At Mrs. Apthorp's "last evening of the season." The splendors of the Festival were renewed in little, hostess and guests wearing their attire of Wednesday. Here the details showed to great advantage. The rooms were filled with walking Titians, Rembrandts, and Paris Bordones; silver and gold brocades glistened, and jewels sparkled in reckless profusion, the men for once making as much display as women in the matter of dress. "Why should it not always be so?" the latter asked with one voice, forgetting that our conventional black gives them the best of backgrounds, which they would be the first to

miss if we disported ourselves habitually in silk and velvet of gay hues.

April 11–15. Duse, the Italian, makes her Boston début in a very subtle and charming performance of the "Dame aux Camellias," which at once captures the town. All this week the theatre has been crowded to the doors. The excitement runs high, and the admiration is all but universal. My impression of her great power grows stronger at each performance. It is genius controlled in the rarest way. I have seen no actress at all resembling her, except the late Aimée Desclée, who used to draw all Paris to the Gymnase in the early seventies. She died young, or to-day her fame would be world-wide. Duse looks like her, to begin with, and has the same delicacy of style, if not so wide a range of voice. Duse has probably been before the public longer than Desclée, and her wider experience tells in her favor. Yet still she is not old.

April 16. A small breakfast at Henry Higginson's in honor of Duse. Ten souls all told, including Mrs. Agassiz, the Gilders, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The actress very simple in her manners, with no tendency to pose. A pale, dark, delicate little woman who can be but a year or two over thirty. French was the language spoken, and she spoke it remarkably well. She talked freely of many things, of Italy, in general, and Venice in particular, of her plans for the future, etc., but said very little about her art; except that, inclining to Shakespeare, she had played Juliet and Helena (in "All's Well that Ends Well"), had studied Lady Macbeth and abandoned that part definitely

as unsuited to her, after seeing Frau Valter in it at Vienna. The Shakespeare rôle she would choose of all others, is Katherina in "Taming of the Shrew." By force of contrast I was reminded of my small acquaintance with Sarah Bernhardt when she first visited this country, a dozen years ago. Sarah, *la divine*, had then adopted an artistic pose out of which she never dropped for a single instant. I called on her to say farewell, by appointment, on a certain Sunday afternoon, and found her, in white satin with a huge apron tied over it, *modeling in clay!* Her works of art, so called, were carted about with her from city to city, and publicly exhibited during the engagement. Nothing of this sort is draped about the Duse for advertising purposes. She has no social ambitions, and scorns to make use of *réclame*. But she seems to be a nervous invalid (she came late to our breakfast and would eat nothing) and to have the caprices and eccentricities of extreme ill-health. My acquaintance with her, in all probability, here begins and ends.

April 20. To-night, after a short illness, died William Sigourney Otis, leaving a place that will long be kept vacant by a host of friends. His fine qualities were of that rare order which may be summed up in one word, — lovable, — and it is impossible that he could have had a single enemy. Handsome, genial, brilliant, witty, amiable, with a charm that attracted, at once, the merest chance acquaintance. He is snuffed out, like a candle. Dead at thirty-six, leaving a widow singularly alone in the world, with no children! The awful mystery is never so baffling as in a case like this. Why so

great a gift, for the infliction of pain that is incalculable?

April 25. A letter from Salvini answering one in which I spoke of the Duse. He says: "You have dwelt lightly upon her defects in sounding her praises. She is, undoubtedly, a skillful actress, and considering that she labors under natural disadvantages, she deserves all the more credit. Nevertheless, deficiencies exist that cannot be conquered. Her voice is harsh, and her movements lend themselves only to certain parts. But when the day of these modern themes and their hysterical passion is over, what will be left of the Duse? Mind, I speak critically of her art, and were she Chinese or of any other nation I should judge her dispassionately just the same. Shall I quote to you from my last lecture? 'Art stands alone, and is Nature's daughter, and as Dante says, "*e quasi nipote a Dio*"!' Now, I find that Duse, in her art, is not even distantly related *a Dio!* She is a skillful actress who has had the judgment to make herself a specialist, but who will soon go out of fashion. Perhaps I am wrong, and I hope so, but I fear that I am right."

This interesting opinion is expressed unreservedly to me, and I neither quote it nor in any way allude to it in the scene "wherein I play in." But I translate the passage for the possible reader of another age and day, who may turn these pages when the marvelous voice of Salvini is forever silenced, and the gentle Duse, herself, is dust. It will have its interest and value then, as an unpublished word of Garrick or Talma would to-day.

May 2. With J. Sargent, Jr., to see "Shore Acres," a comedy by James A. Hearn, of "Margaret Fleming" memory. The author plays the leading part in this piece, which has run for nearly a hundred nights. With many puerilities and dullnesses, it is, at times, theatrically strong and effective, and is an immense advance over his weak imitation of Zola and Ibsen, which so fluttered the hearts of the "come-outers" a year ago. . . . The May number of the *Atlantic Monthly* has a clever, unsigned paper on William Watson, the English poet, by my young friend, DeWolfe Howe, who is soon to be the *Atlantic's* assistant editor. The same magazine also contains an interesting memorial of Fanny Kemble by Colonel Henry Lee. In this he tells the story, quoted from him in this journal, February 15, 1891, concerning Shakespeare's gloves.

May 20. Find upon my table a letter from Robert Louis Stevenson (dated Samoa, April 17) making an inquiry about the sale of his last year's novel, "The Wrecker." He also asks me to tell him "how I have sped with Mansfield." From this latter gentleman, by the way, I have heard nothing since January 1, when he sent me a small check from Philadelphia. Hence we conclude, as the divines say, that *ce pauvre Nero est mort — bien mort!*

May 21. Lunched with Mrs. Gardner, other guests being Mrs. Bell, Dwight, and Thiébaut, the French Consul. Mrs. Bell extremely amusing on the subject of the Christian Scientists. "These people should remember," she said, "that the mind has already ample work in dealing with love, jealousy, envy, hatred, and

malice, and all the other passions. Why should it be forced to saddle itself with the stomach-ache, too?" Thiébaut was shut up in Paris during the Commune, a boy of fourteen, and he recounted his experiences in a very interesting way. He saw the court-martial and summary execution of many communards, and was in the procession of peacemakers fired upon in the Rue de la Paix, on the 18th of March. His companion was shot down at his side, and he was spattered with the blood. . . . After luncheon D. and I drove to Brookline with our hostess, and took tea in the lovely spring garden. The house is in process of reconstruction, which will take a month longer. A fine music-room has been added, to be furnished entirely with old Venetian things, the conservatory has been enlarged, etc., etc.; all within was in hopeless confusion, but, without, the tulips nodded in the grass, and the air was sweet with lilac blossoms.

June 1–4. The grippe, my old enemy of last winter, has fastened upon me again, and I have been put to bed by Dr. Sumner, with our good servants, the "Medusæ" as Dwight calls them, in attendance. No record of 10 Charles Street would be complete without some mention of Jacques Medus, the faithful ex-Zouave who has been the concierge and factotum of this house for more than a dozen years. His humorous philosophy is second only to Sancho Panza's, and he has had a wide outlook upon the world. In youth, he served as a soldier at home and in Algiers, and was often on guard at the Tuileries. Then, many years ago, he drifted to America and became a servant in one of

the old Boston families, marrying one of his fellow-servants, an Irishwoman. After some changes of place, the two were put in charge here in 1879, and here they still remain, the best of honest souls whom it is a pleasure to see about. J. has never mastered the English language, and prefers always to converse with me in his native tongue, which he speaks characteristically with many proverbial expressions and quaintnesses. "*Voici vos lettres d'amour, Monsieur,*" is his morning greeting when there are letters; or, "*Pas de lettres d'amour!*" when the mail brings me nothing. Of one who is slow he says: "*Ah! je lui enverrai chercher ma mort!*" He garnishes his talk with strange oaths, and, having a keen sense of humor, lends picturesqueness to the least of daily household incidents. He is troubled now because of my small appetite, looks at my *grand déjeuner* with sad contempt, and says: "*Vous devez mettre ça dans un de vos romans.*" "*C'est une idée!*" I answer. "*Pourquoi pas,*" he adds, "*ça remplit!*" He is a walking bluebook of fashionable life, and there can be no marrying or giving in marriage in Boston that does not bring down upon my head a flood of reminiscence concerning the antecedents of the high contracting parties. All hail to Monsieur James and Madame Sarah! Without them our path would be far thornier than it is.

June 7. Edwin Booth died early this morning at his apartment in the clubhouse of The Players', New York. For a long time he has been slowly failing, and it became evident, a year or two ago, that he would never act again. Books have been written descriptive

of his art, and many more, perhaps, are yet to come. He gained the front rank in his profession at a comparatively early age, and is sure to be remembered as one of the world's great Shakespearean actors. Certain parts like Hamlet and Iago became absolutely his, so that it is difficult to read the lines without recalling his interpretation of them. In face, voice, and figure he was rarely gifted. He had grace, power, restraint, a faultless diction, — and his equipment lacked only tenderness to be complete. I saw him in all his great rôles at least once, — in some of them innumerable times, and owe him many hours of the keenest pleasure. The vigor and the distinction of his finished art were wonderful. My personal acquaintance with him is of the last ten years. When he lived in Boston, I went sometimes to his house in Chestnut Street, and found him a delightful host, and in a small company a most agreeable companion. In the world he had a way of shrinking into himself that gave him a reputation for shyness and reserve. On one occasion I was present at a breakfast given by him to Salvini, — in the spring of 1886, I think, — the other guests being Howells, Aldrich, and Alexander Salvini. Here, he was at his best. We sat long over the table, which was decorated with the Italian colors, and before we left the room Booth rang for his small grandchild, who came in the nurse's arms, wearing the red, white, and green of Italy, to be introduced to Salvini. The last time I saw Booth act was in 1890, at the Boston Theatre, in the part of Richelieu. Since that time New York has been his home, and we have met only at The Players'. Now

he comes back to us for his long sleep at Mt. Auburn. *Requiescat in pace.*

June 10. Brief notices and friendly acknowledgments of my second volume multiply. And the book is said to be selling well here. What "well" means I have yet no means of knowing. Aldrich has written me a long, kind letter, summing up his impressions, which are favorable. Among other things he says: "'The Man in Red' is my favorite story; it seems to me to represent you more fully than any other single story; I mean represent your best qualities as a story-teller, — color, strength, delicacy, and invention, meet here." He also thanks me for what he calls "my affectionate inscription" of the book to him. All this brings that little glow of pleasure, which, after all, is the poor author's best reward. . . . Augustus Hemenway gave the Tavern Club a fête at his beautiful place in Canton. A similar affair took place there last year, but this of to-day was even more successful. The afternoon and evening were perfect, neither too warm nor too cool, and the men turning out in great force gave us a very lively four hours of it.

June 28–*July* 3. Visiting at John L. Gardner's house in Brookline. Other guests, Alfred Collins, the painter, and his wife, the Misses Shattuck, Clayton Johns, and Dwight. The weather very fine, and the Japanese iris bed in its glory. Collins rises at 6.30 daily to paint the irises, and I work two or three hours in my room before the luncheon time. The new Venetian music-room dedicated, on July 1, by Johns and Loeffler, the latter driving over from Medfield for the purpose.

As to sound, it proves to be a complete success, and its decorations are wonderful. . . . The popular subscription for a new music hall in Boston has been filled. The sum needed — $400,000 — was all raised in ten days, — an extraordinary thing, considering the very disturbed state of financial matters throughout the United States this summer.

July 17. News came that the Glen House at the White Mountains was totally destroyed by fire last evening. So take flight in smoke many pleasant associations of play and work. For in one of its rooms I wrote the whole of "The Tincture of Success," the end of "The Man in Red," and many pages of "Out of New England Granite," the "Anatomist," and "Tom Sylvester." The Glen is, to my mind, the finest point in the mountains, and I have passed there delightful days in more than half the autumns in the last twenty years.

August 8. To the funeral of Ned Bynner, who died last Saturday, the 5th. He has been gradually fading away with consumption for two or three years. His death will be keenly felt. He was a good friend, a most genial and delightful companion, witty, charming. His literary work was brilliant. "Agnes Surriage" showed a rare talent for weaving history into the form of a novel picturesquely, and it made him famous. "The Begum's Daughter" and "Zachary Phipps" are equally good in their way, and a little colonial sketch called "Penelope's Suitors" is remarkable in its skillful treatment. He lived with an unmarried sister, and my old friend, Professor Watson, in a house on

the Bussey Institute grounds at Forest Hills. There he lay this morning, in the room where we have often laughed together. "The rest is silence." May I, when my turn comes, deserve so well to be remembered!

August 9. Thiébaut this afternoon gave Dwight and me an account of his uncle, Baron Fumel, who died in 1869 at the age of seventy-five. His abode was a house with garden adjoining at Versailles, on the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, where he devoted himself to horticulture and scientific researches. He was a Voltairien, married to a *dévote* whom he treated with formal respect, in figure tall, handsome, stately, very eccentric in his manners and dress. He wore his hair so long that it swept over his shoulders, and, one day, heating a nail, he bored with it a large hole in one of his ears, ever afterward wearing there a heavy diamond ring. He was a stickler for etiquette, and exacted many demonstrations of the respect he considered due to him. His nephew, for instance, was always obliged to rise when the Baron entered the room, and, on Sundays, serve his elders at their meals, eating nothing himself until they had finished. One Sunday morning, while his wife and nephew were at mass, the Baron paid a visit to a surgeon near by, who was making an autopsy. His brother savant presented him with the subject's head, which he carried home; and, desiring to macerate it at once, he took possession, without the cook's knowledge, of the largest kettle in the house, used habitually for the *pot au feu*, carrying it out into the garden, where he filled it with hot water

and lime and deposited the head therein. The cook, as it happened, was a new servant — a peasant woman; and the Baronne, coming home from church, descended to the kitchen to see if all was going well there. "Where is the *pot au feu?*" she asked. "In the garden, madam, where it seems that Monsieur le Baron has placed it. I found the kettle there, and have put in all my vegetables, but it has a very queer taste. I do not understand it." The Baronne pursued her investigations, and when the truth was revealed, the cook, naturally, had a fit of hysterics.

Toward the close of his life, the Baron one day grafted a rose while his nephew looked on. "When this blossoms, I shall die," he said; "you will see." And the prophecy, in fact, came true, the Baron being taken ill suddenly while the rose was in bloom, and dying in a few hours. On his deathbed, he called his nephew to him, and giving him some verses addressed to the rose, added to them his last instructions. "When I am dead, you will close my eyes, yourself, — let no one else do it, — and you will take from my breast the little silver heart I wear there, and keep it in remembrance of me." This Thiébaut did, and he still has the heart-shaped locket, which contained a withered flower.

August 11–14. In Gardiner, on the Kennebec River, at the house of my old friend, Harry Richards, whom I have not seen in a dog's age. He has the most charming of wives, and six interesting children. In an old house just out of the village they lead a quiet country life, of which I had a very pleasant glimpse. Mrs.

Richards writes industriously and successfully, her stories for children selling particularly well. She has a new one in press, besides a volume of historical sketches, and the recollections of her childhood and of her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. We paid a visit to the old Gardiner place, — Oaklands, — where I spent a week in February, 1887, obtaining material which I used in 1890 for the "Clerk of the Weather." It is little changed, and I found the wonderful river views as fine as ever. I came away, confirmed in my belief (a comical one for an urban *vieux garçon* to record) that marriage is the only state, and envying them their happiness and their quiet acceptance of the cares no mortal is without. They have had their full share.

August 17. My young poet-friend, Meredith Nicholson, of the *Indianapolis News*, has turned up for a few days' visit. I took him this morning over the new Public Library, where we happened to find the architect, McKim, who went about with us, Nicholson naturally pleased with all he saw, and especially with the beautiful court, which is now finished. In the evening we dined at the Tavern Club, with the *Atlantic's* assistant editor, DeWolfe Howe, who has just become a member.

August 19. A visit to Concord, the first I have ever made, to my shame be it recorded. Nicholson's visit here was its occasion, and he, Dwight, and I, went up together, dining at the Thoreau House, after going over the historic ground. The scene of the battle, its two monuments, the weird old Manse by the river,

and the graves on the hilltop — "the hilltop hearsed with pines" — made a deep impression upon us all. We found our time far too short. The small marble headstone, under which sleeps the great American romancer, is marked only *Hawthorne.* Emerson lies under a huge boulder of quartz, uninscribed. The simplicity of these memorials is in perfect accord with the place and its heroic associations. The quiet beauty of all the landscape is enchanting, and man's hand has touched it tenderly. On our way home Nicholson and I stopped for an hour at the Waverley Oaks, which looked their best in the full splendor of summer foliage. There was no one about, and the bright afternoon, with its slowly lengthening shadows, closed a memorable day fittingly. At home, on my return, I found the first proof-sheets of "Tom Sylvester."

August 24. Nicholson, after seeing Portsmouth, the Isles of Shoals, and York Harbor (for a word with Charlie Stoddard), returns to-day to his home in Indianapolis. I am impressed by his modesty, his high ideals, his determination to do only good work, and to hasten slowly therein. He will be twenty-seven years old on the 9th of December. When I asked him why he did not print a second volume of verse, his answer was that he thought it best to wait a few years, and weed out from his work all that fell short of the mark. He confided to me some of his plans, among the rest one for a short tale to be called "The Supreme Test." I encouraged him to work out the idea, which is one of fine possibilities. He said: "Why won't you take it?" I replied, of course, that it was his material, urging

him to go on with it, and this he promised to do. He seems to have excellent critical judgment, and handles English remarkably well. I emphasized the importance of study; with a little more of this, and with the experience that is sure to come with the next ten years, he must, I believe, make his mark. Meanwhile, his best energies are wasted in editorial work. Not wholly wasted, though, since this form of writing gives him practice and facility.

September 5–9. At Beach Hill, John L. Gardner's house at Pride's Crossing, meeting there the Parisian novelist, Paul Bourget, and his wife, who are here upon a voyage of discovery, having arrived in New York scarcely a week ago. Bourget proves to be a man of forty-one, but looking younger than his years. He has strong if somewhat heavy features, which light up wonderfully in conversation, so that no likeness of his face in repose can be said to do it justice. His manners are not only agreeable but very sympathetic. He is a deep thinker, a delightful talker, highly cultivated, as his stories and essays proved long ago. His admiration for Shakespeare is unbounded, and we discussed the four greater plays continually. His glimpses of modern French writers were extremely interesting; Maupassant, for instance, whom he knew intimately, he described as an enigma, still unsolved. M. left no letters, and no one really knows the secret of his life and death; nor did he ever permit any one to look behind the mask he wore habitually in his dealings with the world. Bourget has his own idea of what lay beneath it, but no means of knowing if this idea

approaches the truth. B. seems to be the least vain of writers, yet when we were alone he talked of his own books freely enough, answering questions and clearing up doubtful points in a highly instructive way. "*Cosmopolis*," he said, was written in six months, "*Une Scrupule*" in four days. The latter is based on an early experience of his own in the Latin Quarter. Montfanon, the strongest character of the other book, is pure invention, but the closing remark of Mme. Steno concerning her daughter's eyelashes was actually uttered under similar circumstances. The affair between Dorsenne and Alba is also literally true, but the girl of real life waited two years before destroying herself, and she did not choose the unusual means of death employed in the novel. Bourget seems to be a good Catholic, and, on one occasion, as we sat over our whiskey and tobacco, he expressed his strong faith in a future life. He has been married but three years, and the "*Sensations d'Italie*" were the outcome of his wedding journey. Mme. Bourget, who is only twenty-five, was born in Belgium, but has Austrian blood in her veins. She speaks English faultlessly, is beautiful, refined, charming. "How did you learn our language?" we asked. "From my English nurse," she answered. Thiébaut went to Beach Hill with me, and later came Dwight and Clayton Johns, who were all fascinated by these distinguished strangers. Bourget is now writing a short story for *Scribner's*, and will surely give us later his impressions of America in some form, for he intends to stay in the United States all winter.

September 11. To-night I passed in the old farm-house on Heard's Island in Wayland, where Robert Grant and his family are established for a month. The place has an unusual literary flavor, for Miss Heard and her sister, who keep the house without servants, were intimate friends of the poet Parsons, who spent much of his time here. He died a year ago, but many of his books and pictures are left, and his name is a kind of watchword. . . . "The Opinions of a Philosopher," Grant's sequel to his "Reflections of a Married Man," is just published by the Scribners in good shape. It is extremely brilliant, with all the go (and so, I trust, the sale) that distinguished the former book. Here are some notes about Bourget, which it occurs to me are worth recording. He thinks the Italian, Carducci, the finest living poet of Continental Europe, and thinks but lightly of the new French school of *Symbolistes*, as I am glad to know. While I was at Beach Hill he read Richard Davis's "Gallagher," and admired the story immensely. "Do you know it?" he asked Thiébaut; and upon a negative reply, told the tale in French delightfully, almost word for word.

September 15. To-day at Thiébaut's request I lunched at the Somerset Club to meet the Admiral Sallandrouze de Lamomaix, who has put in here with his flagship La Naïade and the French fleet. I sat between two of the commanders, Testard, a Brestois, and Ferrant from Luchon, — men just beyond middle age, and, like all naval officers of high rank, most agreeable. The Admiral himself is a big fellow, over six feet in height, of distinguished appearance and

bearing, with a very merry twinkle in his eye. I was forced to decline his invitation to *la messe* on board the Naïade Sunday morning, much to my regret. Mrs. Gardner and the Bourgets were among the guests. These three, together with Dwight and Thiébaut and myself, met again at the club for dinner, Mrs. Gardner being the hostess. Mme. Bourget, sitting next me at table, told me that the "*Sensations d'Italie*" were dictated to her by her husband at a hotel in Palermo. And Mrs. Gardner gave me a most interesting account of the meeting between Bourget and Holmes at her house. The old Autocrat, who has just weathered the adulation of his eighty-fourth birthday, repeated his own "Last Leaf" to the Frenchman, and then (Bourget having missed certain of the words) went through it again and gave him as "encore" "The Chambered Nautilus." As the newspapers say, "there was not a dry eye in the house" when this little scene was over. Bourget was, of course, particularly struck by that famous fourth stanza which Abraham Lincoln so often quoted: —

> "The mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has prest
> In their bloom,
> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb."

After dinner our little party adjourned to 10 Charles Street. I had not expected this sudden invasion, and the proofs of "Tom" were scattered all over tables, chairs, and sofa. Mme. Bourget, who corrects her husband's, wished to see if mine were like his. So

I handed her one sheet, and passed another to Bourget, choosing for him, purposely, Tom's walk along the Seine with Jonas Buck, which is certainly one of the best descriptive bits in the story. He read it all through slowly and carefully; then said: "*C'est très exact.*" Dwight opened his rooms, and we moved about between the two, smoking, talking, and laughing. Then Bourget and I were left for a while alone. We talked of books, and I spoke of the pleasure his "*Terre Promise*" had given me. He criticized it as lacking proportion, then took from the table "*Cruelle Enigme*," which I had just been reading, and said: "This was my first book, but I like it better." They stayed late, and the ladies in departing, appropriated my two copies of "Stories of Italy" (containing the reprint of my "Anatomist") sent by the publishers today. One more pleasant association for this small *salon!* One need but live long enough to have all the men he cares for, and who care at all for him, file past his household gods in turn. They "come like shadows, so depart"! Here my dear brother Henry sat and laughed over the reviews of "Roses of Shadow." Here poor Boyle O'Reilly paced up and down, approving the Niagara scene as I read it to him from the manuscript. Here in the green armchair Salvini recited lines from "*Paolo*" and "*Francesca da Rimini.*" "*Io t'amo, Francesca, io t'amo, e disperato è l'amor mio!*"

Here, too, he studied the ghost from "Hamlet" in my Carcano, when he played the part for the first time in his life with Edwin Booth, and drew a caricature of

Dante which hangs upon the wall. How well I remember his first visit to these rooms. I had decorated his portrait with a great wreath of laurel. We went away to dine together, and when I came back, late at night, alone, the laurel had fallen and lay upon the floor. Here Aldrich had often come, — and Howells, too. Indeed, H. once told me that a certain bachelor's room in "The Minister's Charge" was drawn from this. So they come and go, but I remember.

September 27. Dwight and I went to-night to see a revival of "The Black Crook." The spectacle tawdry and poorly done, the language as fine as ever. Where could the late Charles Barras, otherwise unknown to fame, have taught himself lines like these?

"I strive to think, but thought is chaos!" "The greed of gold is in his eyes, the lust of gold is rising in his soul, the path to-*wards* it ends in sudden death, — Ha! Ha! he's mine!"

"If with the iron tongue of clamorous time, now trembling on the midnight verge, the wail of no lost soul breaks on the air of hell, let him be summoned!"

"There's blood upon the face of the moon! Our Queen's in danger!"

October 4. Mr. Wingate, editor of the *Boston Journal*, writes to enquire my opinion as to my favorite work, and asks for a brief statement of the circumstances of its production. This, of course, for purposes of publication in common with similar notes of other writers. I have answered him as follows: —

BOSTON, Oct. 4, 1893.

My dear Sir:

Your enquiry of yesterday reminds me of an old belief that an author's judgment of his work rarely agrees with that of his public, and I have reason to think this true in my own case. My preference is for a little tale called "Maestro Ambrogio," in which the attempt and the deed seem to me to correspond more closely than in any other work of mine.

My first note of it is as follows: "Fantastic short tale to account for the smile of Mona Lisa, that recurs in all the female portraits of Leonardo da Vinci. Scene, Florence, — just before L. left it for the last time."

This note was made in the year 1884, after a morning in the Louvre. But the story was not written until 1888, when a stanza in Longfellow's "Palingenesis" suggested a motive for its plot. It was published in the July number of *Scribner's Magazine* for that year, and afterward reprinted in the first series of "Day and Night Stories."

In regard to the pleasures of composition, I believe that these, great as they are, can never be unmixed with pain. The line carved upon the broken Icelandic oar, "Oft was I weary when I tugged at thee," may occur to every man who looks back upon work in which he has tried to do his best. But without the conflict there is no victory, and the glory of conquering difficulties that seem for a time insuperable must always be the author's highest reward.

C. E. L. WINGATE, ESQ.,
Boston Journal.

October 9. And now comes one of the rare moments that give a glow to literary life. This morning I received the following letter from Leslie Stephen: —

22 HYDE PARK GATE,
LONDON, S.W., 29. 9. 93.

Dear Sir: —

I have read an article of yours upon the MS. of the "Roundabout Papers," and am much pleased that it has been examined so carefully and with so much interest. It occurs to me that one or two facts may be worth mentioning.

You say that the Table of Contents is in another hand resembling Thackeray's, and that there is also a passage in a third handwriting. The Table of Contents was written by me, when I had the book bound. The MSS. had been lying about loose until that time. The third handwriting will probably be either by Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, or by a secretary whom he employed for some time.

I do not think that my handwriting really resembles Thackeray's (I wish it did!) except in being small and generally upright. Thackeray, by the way, wrote two distinct hands, changing arbitrarily from one to the other — generally the upright, in which, I think, all the "Roundabout" MSS. is written: but sometimes a very different sloping hand. His writing is easily imitated, I fancy from its neatness and regularity. And I have reason to know that there has been a complete trade of forging Thackeray's MSS. A set of fictitious letters was published not long ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and happily shown conclusively to be forgeries. Some professed originals of "Roundabout Papers" were bought by a collector of my acquaintance, who was an old friend of Thackeray's. He told Mrs. Ritchie this, when she had to explain to him that he had been cheated. I am glad, therefore, that the MS. which I sent to Harvard is beyond suspicion, having never been out of the hands of the family.

The dictation suggests another point. You give an instance of Thackeray's care in inventing a fictitious name. It is, however, curious that he corrected so little in later years. I possess part (all that is preserved) of the original MS. of "Vanity Fair." This one chapter, at least, has gone through three modifications and a considerable part of it is finally omitted. But in later life he seems to have written slowly but definitely. There is a MS. of "Esmond" now in Trinity College Library at Cambridge, of which about half was dictated. "Esmond" is certainly one of his most finished works in point of style, and it is, therefore, remarkable that the final form seems to have been given at once.

"The Roundabout Papers" were, as you say, written at the Club, or in his own study, or wherever he happened to

be, and though he made various changes, as you noted, I think that, on the whole, they must also have been substantially written offhand. He made, that is, no second copy, though probably the "Papers" were simmering in his mind for some time.

I fancy that these little facts may be of some interest to one who has studied and appreciated Thackeray's writing so well, which is my apology for so long a letter.

Yours sincerely,

LESLIE STEPHEN.

I have written at once to thank the writer for this recognition, which, in the circumstances, is extremely gratifying to me.

October 10. A letter from Salvini, dated 228 West 34th Street, New York, informs me of his intention to stay on a few days there before proceeding to Chicago. . . . A telegram from Alessandro, dated Toronto, makes the formal announcement of his marriage last Saturday at Cleveland. Took the midnight train for New York with the double purpose of paying my respects to Salvini, and of talking over affairs with Scribners'.

October 11. The train this morning left me stranded at Melrose, in the suburbs of New York. This owing to a bridge accident on the Harlem River. I made my way into town by various overcrowded suburban railways, with enormous discomfort, and at last reached The Players', where I am established in one of the Booth rooms, now devoted to club purposes, on the third floor. The housekeeper showed me the parlor and bedroom in which Booth lived and died, on the front of this floor, overlooking Gramercy Park. The

rooms are to be kept, as a memorial to Booth, precisely as he left them. After breakfast, went up to Salvini's lodging, where he received me most affectionately. We lunched together at Riccadonna's, and I found him looking well and young for sixty-four, and in the best of spirits. Goodnow, the Boston banker, who is Sandro's "backer," came in and invited us both to a performance of Leoncavallo's "*Pagliacci*" to-night at the Garden Theatre. After luncheon, went down to the Scribners', where I passed the afternoon. "Tom" is to be issued on the 28th, in cloth only, at $1.50 retail. My statement that this would lead to a sale of six hundred copies was received with a grim smile. A pleasant surprise awaited me in the proofs of some charming drawings made by Sterner, to illustrate "An Undiscovered Murder." This all the pleasanter from the fact that the artist did them at his own risk, choosing the story from a group handed him in the galleys by the magazine editors. His realization of Sebald and Madame de Berghe is quite perfect, and a small drawing of the old man alone in the candle-light is very strong. These things and the story will appear early in '94. Salvini and I dined alone at Riccadonna's. The place was crowded, and toward the end of the dinner, just as Goodnow came for us, an unknown admirer discovered Salvini, insisted upon paying him tribute, and, bringing his wife to our table, showered us, as it were, with champagne. An intrusive and absurd performance; yet there was something touching in its naïveté. It was more than three years ago that Salvini made his last public appearance in

New York. The great man's memory outlives his life beyond Hamlet's limit without any building of churches! The old *impresario*, Da Vivo, made the fourth in our box at "*I Pagliacci*."

November 21. 1893. My forty-fourth birthday. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

November 21, 1894. After a year's lapse: I resume this journal, suddenly interrupted by the strange illness which makes this year for me *une année terrible*. On October 13, 1893, I woke at The Players Club in New York with what seemed a slight affection of the left eye. Neither then nor later was there any pain in it, but merely cloudiness of vision. I read and wrote during the following week, as usual — then consulted Wadsworth, the Boston oculist who stands at the head of his profession, and was informed that I had developed an organic disease of the choroid membrane, and must stop all work immediately at the risk of total blindness. The acute stage of the disease lasted all winter. At the end of February I sailed for Genoa, in the Augusta Victoria, touching at Gibraltar, Algiers, and Naples *en route*. Passed the month of March, 1894, in Cannes, April and May in northern Italy, June in France, July in Devonshire, August again in France, sailing for home September 1st from Havre in the Bourgogne. All this time I was forbidden to read, but allowed to use my eyes in other ways. Could visit galleries and distract myself with the sights of travel. In Paris I put myself into the hands of Landolt, a high authority, who confirmed Wadsworth's judg-

ments, but held out no hope of absolute recovery. This was no more than I had expected, conscious as I remained that the gray cloud upon the eye had undergone no change. The pursuit of health that never came ended at last, and upon my return, Wadsworth at once informed me that the eye (practically worthless in reading and writing) would never be any better. Fortunately, my right eye remains as strong as ever. It has now been gradually broken to harness, and seems fully able to do the work of two. So may it be! I am here at my table, writing as of old, but under what changed conditions?

"*Who is't can say, I am at the worst? I am worse than e'er I was.*"

November 28. Sent Burlingame to-day the manuscript of a new short tale "Ars et Vita," begun on the 9th inst. and finished yesterday. This is founded on Walter Gay's experiences with the sculptor, Grégoire, who, with Walter's help, won a medal after thirty years of hard work, unrecognized, — and then died! Walter some years ago made a capital portrait of the man at work in his studio, and gave me the picture as a parting present, hence the story, which I have had long in mind.

December 3. Dr. Holmes died in October, just after my return home. About the same time, a week or two before this event, Aldrich paid me a farewell visit *en route* for Japan. He said: "I have just passed a delightful reminiscent morning with Holmes, and when I left he followed me to the stairs, and begged me to come again soon, 'for,' said

he, 'it is a very thin bit of twine that attaches me to the earth.'"

December 17. News from Samoa that Robert Louis Stevenson died suddenly there on the 3d inst. of apoplexy. He was hardly forty-five, and what a loss to the world! His last little book, "The Ebb Tide," is a masterpiece. His entire shelf, in fact, already stands among the classics. Few men are recognized so speedily and so justly; yet his beginning was very difficult. How my little acquaintance with him shines out now. The pleasantest of pleasant memories!

December 18. Burlingame likes and accepts the little "Ars et Vita." Thank God, that my eyes and hand have not quite lost their cunning.

December 31. The year 1894 goes on uneventfully. My hopes for the future are dim, indeed, yet it is a better year ending than the last. I have one good eye, at least, and am permitted to use it. I began on the 3d an Italian story about the queer mountain town of Barga in Tuscany, which should be finished, but alas! is little more than half written. I sit over the fire alone thinking of this, and of my months of illness. The fire dies down, the chimes ring out, "*Corraggio! Corraggio! Senza Corraggio non c'è virtù!*"

1895

January 1. The news of Stevenson's death is unhappily confirmed, and I am moved to record here some remembrances of my association with him. When, in 1886, I undertook to make a drama out of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" for Mr. Mansfield, who saw the theatrical effect of such a dual rôle, I wrote to Stevenson, asking his consent to the scheme. He replied at once, granting permission, and wishing me success in what he felt to be a difficult undertaking. The play first saw the light, in Boston, on the 9th of May, 1887. It was an undoubted hit, and I wrote again to the author of the story, giving him a full account of the first performance. In the summer of 1887 he left "Skerryvore," his Bournemouth home, forever, and came to the United States, bringing with him his wife, mother, and stepson, Lloyd Osbourne. We met first at Newport, where he was visiting the Fairchilds. Upon calling, I was taken to his chamber, where he lay in bed, reading and smoking cigarettes. It seemed to me that I had never seen so strange a figure. He was not only very thin and very pale, but had an uncanny look in his bead-like eyes; and his long, brown hair hung around his face like strings. He received me most courteously, sat up in bed, and wrapping himself in a red silk blanket, began to talk. Our interview lasted, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, and I went away strongly impressed by his friendli-

ness, his unaffected modesty, his wit, and his very marked individuality. But the lean, blanketed figure haunted me, and I felt as if he must be on the brink of the grave. This was in August, I think, and in the following month the play was produced for the first time in New York. Stevenson, though in the city, was too ill to go to the theatre, but the box I sent him was occupied by his family, who gave me hearty congratulations. The play proved to be a financial triumph, making an enormous success in all the cities. Later in the year came other Richmonds into the field with new versions of the story. And an old stager, Daniel Bandmann, early in 1888, brought out his own pretentiously absurd one, which ended with an apotheosis of the repentant Dr. I saw, *incognito*, the first performance of this at Niblo's. The play had no merit whatever, and was coldly received by a very thin house. But certain papers, the next morning, were sufficiently friendly to cause Mansfield uneasiness, and it was known that Bandmann had corresponded with Stevenson, who was passing the winter in the Adirondacks. I reminded Mansfield, as I had often done before, of a promise made me by him, to the effect that in case of a great success he would pay Stevenson royalties. "Now is your time to give him an earnest of your good faith," I said, and Mansfield, accordingly, made him a remittance on account. Then, still uneasy, he suggested that I should visit Stevenson, read him my play, and obtain his signature to a formal announcement of it as "the authorized version." To this plan I assented very willingly, and

started without delay for Saranac, where I arrived early one gray March morning. I put up at the hotel, and then went directly to the Stevenson cottage, which was very near. Mrs. Stevenson welcomed me warmly, "But I hope you have n't a cold," she said. "No," I answered. "Good!" she continued; "then you may go in. Louis never sees any one who has a cold. His mother has been three days in quarantine." Upon my reassurance, I was shown to Stevenson's chamber. He was sitting up in bed, smoking cigarettes as usual, and at work on a page of manuscript. He explained that this was a portion of a story (it proved, afterwards, to be "The Wrong Box") which he was then writing with Lloyd Osbourne. "I never write long at a time," he added; "and when I stop work, I amuse myself with this," — pointing to a flageolet which lay on the bed beside him. I told him why I came. "Yes," he said, "I have heard from Bandmann, but have not answered his last letter. What is his play like?" I described it in detail, and he laughed heartily. "Mrs. Stevenson liked yours, you know." "Well, then," I said, "perhaps you would be willing to hear it. Here is the manuscript in my hand." "Of course I would like to hear it, and the sooner, the better." I then sat down at the bedside, and read the play from beginning to end at a single sitting which lasted nearly two hours. He listened most attentively, so far as I can recollect, interrupting me but once, at the end of the third act, which closes with the transformation scene in Lanyon's office — much the strongest thing in the whole play.

The scene is described in the story, and my work upon it had consisted in extending the very brief dialogue, and in turning narrative into action. "Good!" said Stevenson. "You have done precisely what that scene needed for stage effect. It is very strong." I went on with the fourth and last act, at the end telling him frankly that I had never in my life found anything more trying than this little reading. "Yes," he said, laughing. "I saw you were very nervous, and I should have been so, too, in such circumstances. I might not have liked it, you know. But I do like it, all through. Now, let us go to luncheon."

His chamber was on the ground-floor adjoining the parlor of the cottage where luncheon was served. In a few moments he appeared, fully dressed, and took his place at the table. We sat a long time over the meal, which was made merry by his brilliant talk of books and men, methods of work, etc., etc. We began by discussing stage effect, *à propos* of the "Jekyll and Hyde" and of a dramatic attempt of his own, called "The Hanging Judge," which had been sent me to read. Speaking of Browning's work in this kind I said that, in my opinion, the dramatic poems would not act because of their want of action and their verbose, involved dialogue. "Take 'Luria,' for instance —" "Oh," said Stevenson, "I love 'Luria'; it is to my mind the best single bit of Browning." He expressed a strong admiration for George Meredith, particularly for "The Egoist," "Rhoda Fleming," and "Evan Harrington," but not "Diana of the Crossways." Then he told me how Meredith, after his wife's deser-

tion, passed hours alone upon the downs, tossing up and catching a cannon-ball, to work off steam, as it were. . . . He said that Swinburne sometimes seemed afflicted with "literary diabetes" . . . that there was material for a fine play in the life of Marcus Aurelius, — also in that of George III with the touching incident of his death. We talked of Dumas, and he advised me to read "*Olympe de Clèves*," which I did not know. Then we discussed Scott and Thackeray and Dickens for a long time with a general note of admiration. I had just been re-reading "Henry Esmond," and said that in spite of its wonderful qualities, I could n't put it above the other stories, as critics often do, because of the long campaigns in Book II, for which the main interest seems, to some extent, sacrificed. "Yes," he said, "I agree with you. The attempt to put Webb upon a pedestal is a failure." Of George Eliot he remarked: "She has a light hand at being tedious!" Then he passed on to a pet idea of his, viz., that of collecting into one small volume certain "masterpieces" of English narrative. "I have already made some selections for it," he continued. "And what do you think I chose first, as the finest thing of all?" I guessed in vain, even after his hint that the book was by one of my own countrymen. Then he told me that it was Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." And "after this we must have Wandering Willie's tale from 'Redgauntlet,' the opening chapter of 'Great Expectations,' Borrow's 'Journey into Finisterre,' one of Napier's battle-scenes, something from Washington Irving, the scene perhaps from which

I took hints for 'Treasure Island.'" "And what from Thackeray?" I asked. "Something, of course, but I have not decided upon it yet." He praised the work of Quiller Couch, then known only as "Q"; also Edward Knight's "Cruise of the Falcon," and in the course of this talk I was struck by his use of slang expressions which were unfamiliar to me. One book he called "gaudy good"; and of one living writer, he said, "That fellow can write like Billy" — meaning extremely well. But I do not recall to whom these phrases referred. "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and "The Unsocial Socialist" he placed on the list of his favorite modern books. I asked about his own way of working. "Four hours a day are enough," he said. "One ought never to write after drinking, and it is better, I believe, to write without smoking, — but I can't. Almost all my stories have been written with a break in the middle of two months, or so. In this way I wrote 'Olalla,' 'Markheim,' and 'The Treasure of Franchard.' 'Jekyll and Hyde' was written very slowly, and much material was discarded. In 'Treasure Island' I stuck fast at Chapter XV, and, after waiting a long while, finished it in a hurry." "How about 'Will o' the Mill'?" I enquired. "Ah, that was one of my earliest things, and went with great difficulty. I had not learned to write then." He broke off abruptly in his talk and went back to his room. I stayed to talk for a few moments with his wife, and presently we heard his flageolet. "You will come to dinner, won't you?" said Mrs. Stevenson. "Louis will not get up, — he never dines with us, — but you can see

him in his room afterward." I returned at the dinner-hour, and sat down with Mrs. Stevenson and Osbourne. But before dinner was over, Stevenson had dressed and joined us.

He was in the gayest of moods, and we sat long after dinner, longer, perhaps, than he intended, because we became involved in working out an ending to "Edwin Drood," the unfinished novel of Dickens. I had expressed intense admiration for the story and Stevenson echoed me. "It is great," said he. "Let us talk about the probable end of it." "I will do so only on one condition," I said; "we must admit, at once, that Edwin is really murdered." "Of course he is," said Stevenson. "Now begin!" We then worked over the Chinese puzzle for a full hour, both having made, as it proved, a careful study of the finished portion. I remember that we agreed, substantially, at last; wrangling over the cathedral clock for a long while, however. He took the ground that its injuries had something to do with Edwin's disappearance, while I laid them entirely to the storm. This was really my last talk with him. I left Saranac on the following day with my errand most pleasantly and satisfactorily performed. He wrote an endorsement of my version for use in the programme, and Bandmann soon retired from the field. I saw Stevenson for a moment that morning, as he lay in bed, among his manuscripts. "You will stay on here for a time," I said. "Yes," he replied, "but only for a time. It is a sunless place, and I must try something else. I could not bear another winter here. Good-bye!" These were the last words I ever heard

him speak. After my return several letters passed between us, and the correspondence was a friendly one. Mansfield still performs the play as often as once a week, and is reported to have made from $70,000 to $80,000 out of it. This is probably an understatement.

The rough notes of the Stevenson interviews were jotted down at Saranac, and are accurate, so far as they go. After he went to the South Sea Islands, he sent me a pamphlet containing his attack upon the wicked Missionary Hyde, — one of the finest pieces of invective in the English language, — and in the year 1893 came his last letter to me, which I now copy here:

VAILIMA, SAMOA,
April 17th, 1893.

T. RUSSELL SULLIVAN, Esq.

Dear Sullivan, — This is quite a private request. Please let me know, with perfect frankness and if it may be by return of post, the truth about the failure of "The Wrecker" in the States. If it would not be asking too much, you might ask the bookseller with whom you usually deal. I have reasons for believing the frost to have been extreme, and reasons for wishing to make quite sure as to its extent and severity. Please understand I would rather this was not talked of.

I see your stories every now and again with pleasure; but I think you might add to your letter some more personal details and particularly how you have sped with Mansfield. It is scarce worth while mentioning that since my skirmish with that gentleman I have heard no more talk of royalties.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Unlike his other letters to me, this is not holograph, but only signed by him. I copy it partly because it is the last, and partly because of a rumor that has reached

us (which this seems in some small measure to confirm) concerning his fear that success was waning with him.

I have a small photograph of Stevenson (taken in his study at Bournemouth) which his wife gave me the day after the first New York performance of "Jekyll and Hyde"; also several delightful letters. His first letter from Skerryvore, concerning the proposed play, I gave to my friend Theodore Dwight for his autograph-collection.

January 12. Calling this afternoon upon Mrs. Fields, met Mrs. Fairchild with whom, of course, I talked of Stevenson. She had received a letter from his mother, dated at Samoa on the very day of his death. The letter describes him as in the best of health and spirits, full of interest in his new novel which was half done and promised well.

January 24. Have finished a tale entitled "The Madonna that is Childless," based upon my experiences of last spring in Tuscany. It is somewhat longer than my later short stories, but will do, I hope. . . . Walter Gay has received the cross of the Legion of Honor.

January 25. To-day has come from Samoa an interesting little pamphlet, printed for private circulation only, and sent me by Lloyd Osbourne. It is "A Letter to Mr. Stevenson's Friends" with notes by Osbourne and others concerning Stevenson's last days, his death and burial. On the title-page are these words from "Will o' the Mill": —

> I have been waiting for you these many years. Give me your hand and welcome.

It appears from this touching document that on the night before Death gave him his hand, Stevenson composed and read to his family the following prayer:

> We beseech thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavours against evil — suffer us awhile longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends, be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts — eager to labour — eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion — and if the day be marked for sorrow — strong to endure it.
>
> We thank Thee and praise Thee; and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation.

What wonderful last words are these!

January 30. The new Public Library in Copley Square is open to the world at large for the first time to-day, — alas, without Dwight, who resigned his post of Librarian last year. No successor has yet been named, and the management remains in the hands of the Board of Trustees. I went in among the visiting thousands, who swarmed up the yellow marble staircase into the beautiful Bates Hall. Joe Smith was busy at the decoration of his corridor and alcove, but the work of Abbey, Sargent, and Puvis de Chavannes is not yet in place.

February 6. The Library Trustees have appointed

Herbert Putnam to the vacant place of Librarian. He is the son of the New York publisher, and has served in a similar position at Minneapolis.

February 15. Met at luncheon to-day Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, who for some years has lived in London, whither he returns very shortly. His Boston visit is due to the sale of a serial story, "The Seats of the Mighty," which opens in the March *Atlantic Monthly*. Parker is a handsome fellow of forty or so, most agreeable. He is just engaged to an American, Miss Vantine, of New York. His work I know but by one small example, a short story called "The Going of the White Swan," published in the last *Scribner*, and certainly well done. After luncheon went with him and Grant to a reception at the house of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, — one of her "Fridays" upon which she bestows so much pains.

February 22. The Carnival Ball, in costume, at the new Copley Hall, where this week the Saturday Morning Club have given "The Winter's Tale," with all the parts played by women, to an audience of women only. Some of their decorations, which reproduced a theatre of Shakespeare's time, remained in place for the ball, and many of the dresses were Elizabethan. I wore the outfit procured by me in Cairo six years ago, — caftan, robe, tarboosh, etc., complete. The scene, very gay and brilliant, was much enlivened by a certain White Mask (no other masks were worn) who excited curiosity on all sides. She departed late without revealing her identity.

February 29. Last night, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery

Sears gave a musical party at which the Kneisel Quartette played, and Plançon, of the Metropolitan Opera, now performing here, sang superbly. Melba and Nordica were in the audience, which was brilliant and much bejeweled. The house, much the best in town for a display of this kind, made a wonderful setting.

March 3. A musical Sabbath! In the afternoon, Beethoven by the Kneisel Quartette at Henry Higginson's, — the best of all possible things in its kind. In the evening, with Joe Sargent and his wife to hear the "Stabat Mater" and "Samson and Dalila" (Saint-Saëns) finely given by the Metropolitan Opera Company before an audience of six thousand souls. Nordica, Scalchi, Plançon, Tamagno were in the casts. Thence I passed on to the Apthorps', where were all the *prime donne* and *tutti frutti* assembled to hear Ancona, the Florentine, who made a hit yesterday in "Rigoletto." "And so to bed."

March 4. The Nameless Club (Edward Robinson, Czar) is a band of twenty-five *âmes d'élite*, writers, painters, musicians, etc., which meets fortnightly at Joe Smith's studio to hear the talk of one member upon some chosen subject and follow up the talk with a general discussion. This is the revival of a club which flourished successfully a few years ago, and seems now to have taken deeper root. To-night the Czar himself talked about the conditions of early Greek art and the probable causes of their development. He might have discoursed two hours instead of one without putting us to sleep, for he handled the subject in the liveliest and most interesting way. . . . This afternoon I

passed my little theatre article into the Lion's Mouth of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

March 30. Breakfasted to-day with Mrs. Fields, meeting Jefferson, the actor, for the first time. He talked delightfully of his art in general and of the "paradox of acting" in particular, saying that his motto is "A cool head and a warm heart." He has grown quite deaf, and shows his age unmistakably, but his spirits are still quite young, and he laughs with the queer merry chuckle so familiar to all who know his Rip Van Winkle. He left us early for his afternoon performance, saying that he hopes to play Rip for many years to come. Amen! . . . Other actors of more or less distinction have been much in evidence lately. Within a week I have met at supper Miss Olga Nethersole and Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree of London. The former I have not seen act, and know the Trees only through "Captain Swift," a poor, conventional play which seems unworthy of them; for their one "Hamlet" performance in Boston was extravagantly admired.

April 12. All over the new Public Library, from roof to cellar, with Dr. Bowditch, one of its Trustees! Viewing all in the light of "material," I find that I have a most interesting subject. The Holy Grail pictures, by Abbey, which are going up, prove to be superbly decorative, and almost demand an article devoted to them exclusively. John Sargent has arrived, and will begin work immediately upon his great corridor, while Chavannes writes from Paris reporting his own progress.

April 13. I have just finished reading the letters of Maria Edgeworth, and feel, in closing the book, as if I had parted from an old friend. A wonderfully alert mind and cheery, lovable disposition! The picture called up of the drawing-room at Edgeworthstown with the family conversation going on, while Maria works away at her table in the corner, is a moral lesson in itself. . . . My reading, owing in part to my blind year, has been more desultory and scrappy this winter than usual even. I have plunged into novels and biography, with much Trollope, whose unflagging cleverness I grow to like more and more, the brilliant Marbot, Scott's letters, and, of course, many examples of current latter-day fiction, — Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella," Hall Caine's "Manxman," the modern fairy-tale of Du Maurier, "Trilby," which has been the selling-book of the year. Its authorized dramatic version by Potter was produced in Boston the other day for the first time on any stage, with a success that shows it will make the tour of the world. I was somewhat surprised to hear John Sargent, the painter, say that, though induced by his friendship for Du Maurier to begin the book, he had never been able to read beyond the opening chapters. He thinks there is a kind of literary snobbishness in the three musketeers of the brush, who walk through Paris immaculately glorious, and says that Du Maurier never could see a fault in a duke. The story's success has been much greater over here than in England. Trilby is an utter impossibility, but I find a charm in her overcoming that, though Little Billie's gush grows maudlin and

tiresome. . . . From these I turn to Shakespeare and Dante, who are with me always.

April 18. Mrs. Bell this afternoon gave me a great pleasure by singing, for me alone, words of Landor, Shelley, and her sister, Mrs. Pratt, to music of her own composition. "My voice is gone," she said, "but Shelley's 'opiate flowers' remain." And as she sat at the piano in the twilight, I could think only of St. Cecilia at her organ. . . . The first novel of her niece, Mrs. Prince, just published here, has made a hit, and is to be reprinted at once in London.

April 24. Lunched at Miss Sally Loring's, meeting for the first time Rudyard Kipling, the brilliant writer of the Indian stories who created "Soldiers Three." A dark, keen-eyed, athletic little man of thirty or so, with no trace of affectation, full of life and spirit, talking much and presenting his thoughts in a vivid, original way. A dinner at the Tavern Club for him to-night, when he spoke well and recited verses still unpublished, — the "Song of the Banjo." Mr. Norton presided, and speeches were made by Judge Holmes, Chaplin, Grant, and Stimson. A brilliant night, "making epoch," as the foreigners say.

April 25. The architects, McKim, Mead and White, gave a reception this evening in their beautiful Public Library to Abbey and Sargent, the painters, whose decorative work was unveiled for the first time. There were two hundred guests, men and women, forty of whom came over from New York for the night. It was a splendid affair of brilliant jewels and costumes which can never be repeated, for the building now becomes

the People's Palace, making further fashionable exclusion there impossible. An orchestra played on the landing of the marble staircase, up and down which the pretty women strolled in all their glory of satin, lace, and diamonds. It happened to be a very warm night, and through the open windows of the court the fountain flashed and sparkled, throwing its tallest jet almost to the roof. The Abbey and Sargent pictures overwhelmed us all. Five of the former's Holy Grail series are finished, covering half the wall-space. They are brilliant dramatic scenes, well composed, glowing with color. Sargent chose for his subject "The World's Religions," and has put up one niched end of the Hall leading to the Special Libraries, a confusion of pagan symbolisms in arch and lunette, with a frieze of prophets below. In the centre of the lunette the children of Israel, in a strong group, plead for help under the rod of Egypt and the Assyrian yoke. Assyria raises his sword to strike them down, but the hand of God arrests his arm. To right and left are pagan attributes and idols; above, the seraph's crimson wings. To Moloch and Astarte the vaulted arch is given, with Nut, the Vault of Heaven Goddess above and behind them, dominating all. The scheme is tremendously ambitious, and to be understood must be studied carefully. It is a powerful and most original work, which will hold its own with any decorative masterpiece of modern times. The prophets are superb figures, wonderfully painted, with great folds of drapery, white, black, and brown. Moses stands in the centre, worked out in high relief, holding the tablets.

The group on the left despairs; that on the right looks toward the light with outstretched arms, and these figures are incomparable. After the reception, some of us were invited to a supper at the Algonquin Club, toastmaster, Judge Howland of New York, who brought out speeches from Sargent, Governor Russell, and Henry Higginson. Bed at 3.30 A.M. . . . Walter Gay arrived from Paris yesterday for a brief visit, and went to the reception.

May 2. A long letter from Salvini, *père*, in which he tells me of a special performance in Rome (for the benefit of the Dramatic Association [1]) at the Teatro Argentina. The play "Saul of Alfieri," always one of Salvini's greatest rôles.

May 6. A call from Alexander Salvini this afternoon and . . . to-night his Hamlet for the first time in Boston, and his seventh performance of the part. The treatment, very interesting, showed at times distinct traces of his father's genius. He attempted no new departures in the way of reading or "business," trying, as he said, "to act the part honestly." There were no dull moments, and all the difficult lighter scenes were splendidly played. At certain points his emotion seemed to run away with him, and he was always a romantic Hamlet rather than an intellectual one. But much of it was very direct and fine.

June 3. With Richard Hodgson, by appointment, to Arlington Heights for a séance with Mrs. Piper, the world-renowned. Conforming to H.'s custom, I was introduced as "Mr. Smith." She is a slender, middle-

[1] Society for the Relief of Poor Actors. See Feb. 20, 1892.

aged woman, prepossessing in appearance, with thick brown hair, deep-set, blue eyes, and a very pale complexion. Her speech and manner were quite unaffected in their gentleness. She would have seemed entirely conventional but for a scarcely perceptible lack of refinement, indicated rather than expressed. The room was not darkened, though the morning light and heat were tempered by the closed blinds. We sat down, waiting in silence for a very few moments, Mrs. Piper in a rocking-chair with her cheek resting on her left hand. Suddenly she put up both hands to her head as if in pain, then gasped, trembled, and threw her arms out rigidly as if in a convulsive fit. Hodgson went to her, caught her arms, giving me one to hold, and supported her head. She struggled hard for a minute or two, then dropped forward, with her head in her left hand, the right hand and arm being entirely free. H. asked me to hold her head, and I did so, sitting in a low chair in front of her through half the séance. H. addressed a question to her which was immediately answered in a harsh, gruff voice, — the voice of her controlling familiar, Dr. Phinuit, the French physician who is supposed to possess her. The same voice then greeted me in French; I answered cordially in the same tongue, which was then employed no more, the voice dropping back into a form of broken English. Some conversation with me followed, while Hodgson put a pencil into Mrs. Piper's right hand, now moving convulsively on a small work-table at her side. Under the hand he placed a blank-book on which the pencil proceeded to write rapidly and at times violently.

During my talk with the familiar, Phinuit, the spirits of various dead hovered about the pencil, answering in writing the questions which Hodgson put them. In all this, I found nothing supernatural, but only "actions that a man might play," as Hamlet says; and if a man, why not a woman? — fits to the contrary notwithstanding. Presently, Phinuit stopped talking, and I was summoned toward the little table by the spirit of George Pellew. "How are you, George!" I said. Whereupon the pencil wrote, "Sullivan, old chap, how are you!" This use of my name, which Mrs. Piper was supposed not to know, made the first approach to proof of occult influence. It should have impressed me, perhaps, more than it did. But though there followed written questions about my work and statements of the writer's frequent presence in my rooms, "George" proved quite unable to recall accurately our last meeting in life. I took Hodgson's place, and while he supported Mrs. Piper's head, I moved nearer to the right hand and laid mine upon it. Other spirits came thick and fast, but they all seemed to me to fail miserably when put to any test; and so far from being impressed, I began to have a feeling of dissatisfaction and, finally, of positive disgust. At last Hodgson said: "Phinuit, it is time for us to go!" Then the "Doctor" growled and groaned, the convulsions began again, and slowly Mrs. Piper came to herself with a dazed expression. "Hodgson, is this you? You have changed your place! Have I been dreaming?" etc., etc. We went away in a hurry to catch our train, leaving the medium in her chair, apparently but half

awake. In our journey back to town, Hodgson asked me no questions, and I refrained from expressing my opinion. I feel sure that he is thoroughly honest and in earnest, that he is pursuing his investigations of these "phenomena" as well as he knows how. But judging from this interview, I can only marvel at his credulity. I cannot bring myself, in the first place, to believe in the trance, so suddenly developed and so suddenly dispelled at the medium's pleasure, and without faith in that, all the rest is less than nothing. The startling use of my name and the evident knowledge of me and my profession were less convincing to me than were the gropings of an ordinary human intelligence to appeal to my emotions, with what purported to be the language of dead relatives and friends. All these pencil manifestations clung to the meagre hints I permitted myself to give, and when they departed from such hints were pathetically inaccurate and ineffective. The signs of "thought-transference" were wholly wanting, and in Spiritualism I do not believe. Of course one such interview is not sufficient to demonstrate the value of a theory, but I have had enough, and am content to leave the demonstration to others.

June 7. To-night, Dick Hodgson came in to talk over the Piper sitting. I told him frankly my impression of fraud in the trance itself, by which the rest is easily to be accounted for. He declares the trance genuine beyond a doubt. It has been tested over and over again by the best of judges. He once administered ammonia to the sleeper without causing her to flinch

in the slightest degree. He, however, admitted that nothing was reached during my sitting of any occult value or significance.

June 15–18. A pleasant visit at Ned Robinson's Manchester house, other guests being Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Cabot. Robinson has been extremely busy with a subscription of $1500, for the purpose of completing Sargent's great scheme for the Library decoration. It is not an easy task to procure money for an artistic purpose with a drag-net in times like these. But R. has accomplished it, practically alone.

June 22–25. At Frank Blake's, for the celebration of his wedding anniversary on the 24th. A quiet Sunday in which I read the final volume of Goncourt's journal. In spite of the strong fascination of these books, they have their arid side; something is wanting in the man beside the capacity for loving, which he frankly admits that he has never possessed, — for "falling in love" that is, as we understand it, in distinction from brotherly affection and sexual passion. His life is strangely narrow and provincial in many ways. After this, I took down the play of "*Henriette Maréchal*," of which so much is said in all the volumes, and read that, marveling at the stir over its first performance and the subsequent discussion of its merits. The French have a clever way of fanning a coal into a flame by prefaces and tirades, otherwise this dull and disagreeable piece of dramatic (so-called) realism would have been forgotten long ago. I remember seeing at the Odéon, in '89, the "*Germinie Lacerteux*" of the Goncourts, played superbly with Réjane in the title rôle.

In spite of the acting, I thought it tiresome and undramatic to the last degree. But "*Germinie*" seems now an inspired work by the side of "*Henriette.*" It is by their journal that the Goncourts will survive. . . . The wedding celebration comes off finely with good weather, fireworks and Chinese lanterns in profusion.

June 25. Passed this night at Nahant to say farewell to "Senator Lodge and Lady" who go abroad for six months, next week. We sat up till the small hours over "Shakespeare and the musical glasses" and many other things in heaven and earth. They read me some interesting verses by the oldest boy, George Cabot Lodge, who has just graduated and who has determined to make writing his profession. He is a student, splendidly equipped already; and he desires to take, next year, some special course in Europe, — perhaps at the Sorbonne. His pet enthusiasm is modern French poetry. "I want to meet Heredia," he said when he bade me good-bye. "*O altitudines!*"

July 8. Mr. and Mrs. John L. Gardner reached home this afternoon after a year in Europe. Dwight and I dined with them to-night at the Somerset Club, and heard many interesting tales of their adventures. Mrs. Gardner described in great detail the receptions of Heredia and Bourget at the French Academy, and also her interview with the Pope, — a private one. She has the power of presenting such scenes very vividly with individual feminine touches that are delightful. On her way to Rome she waited over in Paris while Worth put all his art into the dress designed for the Papal interview, in case it should come off. A cos-

tume of black, magnificent, but very simply made. Upon her arrival in Rome she expressed her wish to Schönberg, the Pope's Chamberlain. After many days he asked her if she were willing to make a formal visit upon Cardinal Rampolla and Cagiano of the Vatican household. She agreed, and made the visits, asking them to *appuyer la demande*. Accordingly, there came, a day or two later, a formal invitation to proceed to the Vatican on a morning devoted to an audience. She wore the famous gown, a veil, no gloves, but at the request of Rampolla her wonderful necklace of pearls. There was no intimation that the interview would be private, and she found herself one of eighteen in the antechamber. Then appeared Schönberg, who said: "I have news for you; His Holiness grants you a private audience." She was taken by surprise, and asked: "What must I do? How am I to behave?" "You have only to follow me when the time comes," he answered; "the doors of the Pope's apartment will be thrown open and closed behind you. You will find yourself alone with His Holiness, and may behave as you like." When this had taken place, she stood within the closed doors at the end of a long room lighted by one large window. Far off, at the opposite end, under the window, sat the Pope in the lowest armchair she had ever seen. She hesitated a moment. "*Viens, mon enfant!*" said he, very gently. And she went on, kneeling instinctively at his feet. He asked her many questions about America. "And you are not a Catholic. What is your faith?" "Anglican," she replied. Schönberg had warned her that the signal for her departure would

be Leo's blessing, and that she must ask no favors unless he gave her the cue. Their talk went on for what seemed to her a long time. Then, after much admiration of the pearls, he said: "Have you any favor to ask?" "Yes," she answered, "I want to be present at your private mass in your own chapel." "Ah, we will see if that can be arranged." Then, summoning an attendant, he consulted him, and finally said: "Come next Sunday morning." After this, he gave her his blessing, and the audience was over. It had lasted twenty-five minutes. The mass in the private chapel proved very impressive. Only nine attended it, and the Pope's method of celebrating it she described as spontaneous. All was as if done for the first time. When it was ended, he gave each in turn his blessing; blessing also the rosaries, crosses, etc., which they carried. Mrs. Gardner owns a very beautiful illuminated missal, once Mary Stuart's. The Pope had heard of this, and at the private audience said: "The next time you come to Rome, bring the missal with you and show it to me yourself."

July 11. The town is overrun with "Christian Endeavorers" from all parts of the country who have descended upon us like the Huns, to the number of 60,000. This, for an annual convention which it seems is their fourteenth. Two huge circus-tents are pitched upon the Common, and the streets swarm with the badge-decked strangers of all ages and sexes, — a decent, orderly throng, but of a dreariness and narrowness of expression that is truly disheartening. It gives one a cold shiver to reflect that the great American

people, *en masse*, is like that. This is the force that makes our cities and small towns hideous with tasteless buildings, that has not the faintest consciousness of its own ignorance, and, lacking the incentive to learn, blunders along its self-satisfied dead level of commonplace. Its groove is on a higher level, to be sure, than that of the English rank and file, — it lacks their brutality, — and it escapes the sordid earthiness of the French peasant. Would it had a little more of French *esprit!* It has *none*, and thinks chiefly of money-getting, not to improve the mind, but for bodily comfort, — always in the groove. These sight-seers had their pathetic side. Many of them had only heard of the sea. One saw a lobster for the first time with fear and wonder. And they all, with one accord, rushed into the old city graveyards to pore over the headstones, and carry away pencil impressions of the names and dates. Not a spear of grass is left in the Granary and King's Chapel burial-grounds, — nothing like them exists in the woolly West, and they have for these pilgrims an extraordinary fascination.

July 16. The wave has swept by us, and the Endeavorers are gone. While they were here, I shut myself up with my work, — and to-day finished the tale which has hung fire so long.[1] The scene, North Devon, drawn from my experience of it last summer with Waldo Lincoln and his family.

July 17–18. At the Robinsons', in Manchester-by-the-Sea, for the 250th anniversary of the town foundation. The whole place very gay with flags, garlands,

[1] "The Phantom Governess," *Ars et Vita*, 1898.

and the decorations of Ross Turner and Joe Smith, the painters. We have had much rain of late, but the morning of Thursday the 18th proved happily fine, and the celebration went off merrily. Its best feature was the landing of Winthrop from the good ship Arbella, and his reception on the shore by the Indian chief, Masconomo, and his braves. The tribe was extremely well represented by a party of townspeople, the ship's company by summer residents, R. H. Dana figuring as Winthrop. The Arbella herself, constructed on old lines, was very effective. The Puritans put off from her in boats, landed, smoked the pipe of peace, and were entertained by Indian rites and dances. All this at 9 A.M. Then followed an oration by Lieutenant-Governor Wolcott, a banquet in the Town Hall, a procession and floral parade, illuminations and fireworks. The whole township was in the streets, obviously given up to enjoyment, but taking its pleasure with the true New England undemonstrative austerity. "I like you, but — I would rather die than tell you so!" is still the spirit prevailing along our stern and rockbound coast.

July 25. A few unpublished facts concerning some ancient Roman silver plate, recently discovered: Last autumn a farmer, working on the slope of Vesuvius just outside of the Pompeian walls, unearthed a Roman villa in good preservation. He had taken the precaution to obtain a Government *permesso* in order to retain ownership of his discoveries, and this was readily granted because of the remoteness of the site from Pompeii. Sometime during the winter, our fellow-

citizen, Edward Warren, who is one of the *cognoscenti*, paid the villa a visit, and, while there, was approached by the farmer, who cautiously displayed a small but very beautiful piece of ornamental silver. Warren asked if it were for sale. "Oh, yes, but only with the rest of the lot and under certain conditions; there are forty-five pieces in all." Further conversation revealed to Warren that, a day or two after the original discovery, the farmer found outside the villa wall the body of a man lying upon a sack into which he had packed the plate snatched from the table. Death had suddenly overwhelmed him, and falling upon his treasure, he had helped to preserve it from time's injuries. It was all said to be intact and in good order. The price asked was equivalent to $80,000. The conditions (enforced from a fear that the Government might revoke its *permesso*) were that Warren should meet the farmer at a hotel in Marseilles on a certain day, there to look at the property and decide for or against the purchase. This Warren did; the farmer turned up in Marseilles at the moment and produced the plate, which surpassed expectation, some of the pieces being very large and beautiful, and all in splendid condition. Warren obtained the refusal of the treasure, and came immediately to Boston, where he laid the matter before the Trustees of the Art Museum, who considered the question of purchase for several days. The price did not discourage them, but in spite of the extraordinary circumstances which made this opportunity unique in the world's history, the Trustees could not conscientiously say that they cared much for "Roman

work." Warren begged and implored them to buy it —in vain. He was at last obliged to cable that the matter was "off." Three days later the farmer offered the plate to Rothschild, who immediately paid the price and gave the treasure to the Louvre. All this happened a month ago. The attitude of the Trustees is now singular and vainglorious. They chuckle over the fact that the Louvre has accepted what THEY did not want!!!

July 27. The Paris *Illustration* and *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* publish full accounts of the Pompeian silver just acquired by the Louvre, with illustrations, showing the design and workmanship to be of surpassing interest and beauty. Our Trustees have now pulled themselves together, and have given Mr. Warren authority to purchase in case the Italian should make further discoveries on the same site, as is not unlikely. This is rather like bolting the stable door after the theft of the Derby winner.

August 2–12. At Dublin, with Joe Smith, who has a house there on the lake shore in the shadow of Monadnock Mountain. A charming visit! On the night of our arrival a Venetian *festa* on the lake, very gay with flower-laden boats and lanterns. Smith, *padre*, contributed a capital gondola of his own construction which won an honorable mention from the judges. Joe is hard at work upon his exterior decorative frieze for the new Horticultural Hall in Philadelphia, and I carried up the opening of a new story, with which my mornings were occupied. Our life was delightfully quiet and informal. We bathed in the

lake, strolled in the woods, took tea with the few neighbors, and forgot that there was an *habit noir* in existence. On August 10 we drove to Keene, twelve miles away, where my father, in the thirties, was the first Unitarian minister. The church, built for him, was destroyed last year, and the pretty town is much disfigured by the railroad and many tasteless modern buildings, but its fine elms and certain picturesque old houses remain. I saw it all for the first time, and tried to form some conception of my father's life there, but could not even learn my way to his house. . . . Abbott Thayer and Brush, the painters, have studios at Dublin with important work in progress.

October 5. To-night I saw Irving (now Sir Henry Irving) in Tennyson's "Becket" which I failed to see when it was first produced here, two years ago. The play has fine passages, and holds attention well, though it can hardly be called great from either the poetic or dramatic point of view. The method by which Fair Rosamond's life is spared seems a weak concession to the gallery, and her final scenes in the garb of a nun go for nothing. The scenery was magnificent and the acting good upon the whole, though Irving himself imitated humanity abominably. His diction is so absurd that one involuntarily laughs at it, and his whole style is mannered and artificial. He never draws a natural breath, and it is impossible to forget, even for an instant, that he is acting or attempting to do so.

October 7. Poor Will Chase died very quietly this afternoon. In him I lose a devoted friend whose tender

thoughtfulness never flagged, and was often proved to me in an extraordinary way. When I sailed for Gibraltar in February, 1894, for instance, sick and blind, I found a bunch of violets at my plate on every morning of the long voyage, and a cheery letter from him was handed to me daily. Upon arrival came a cable message from the Papyrus Club of which he was the President. These friendly attentions are but a few of the many he has paid me, and he showed the same sort of sympathy to all his friends. His loss will thus be deeply felt, far and wide.

October 10. I am named as one of the executors in Chase's will, my co-executors being George Leverett, his cousin, and Joe Russell, his most intimate friend. This last act of kindness (the fees, of course, are a legacy to me) was not an unexpected one. In February last, he called to ask if I would consent to serve in this capacity. He was then in good health, apparently, and I suggested that as the younger of the two he would probably be the survivor. But he shook his head with a smile, and said that one could never tell. He explained his reasons for choosing me, the matter of the fee being one, and, of course, I accepted the office with the hope that the day of its coming might be far distant. Now it is here, and I am launched headforemost into business. This afternoon the funeral, in Brookline, at St. Paul's Church, which was crowded to the doors. Four of us, on the way to the grave at Forest Hills Cemetery, passed the entire time in reviewing special acts of Will's kindness which were known to us. Countless must be those we do not know.

He has long suffered agonies of mind and body, masking them with generosity, never uttering a syllable of complaint, facing death like a hero. So he is gone at forty-one, and only his example lives, — long, I hope. . . . To-night I dined quietly at Miss Sally Loring's with Dwight. They are to be married very soon, and pass a year in Europe. So, in this whirl of life, Love and Death go hand in hand.

October 12. My first grapple with the executorship. We met in Chase's office, and our session lasted five hours. I sat there with my own cares at my back, gravely considering the disposition of vast sums, and feeling as if I had drifted into one of the Arabian nights by some subtle process of necromancy. Fortune has turned her wheel strangely this time.

October 25. Dined at Aldrich's house and alone with him, his family being all away. After dinner we went up to his new workshop on the fourth floor and looked through his valuable collection of manuscripts and letters. Then, after swearing me to secrecy, he took from its hiding-place an interesting document, — Lowell's epitaph by himself, written in the author's hand on a drawing of a headstone, and beginning: —

> "Here lies that part of J. R. L.
> Which hampered him from doing well."

Lowell gave Aldrich this, but the circumstances of the gift were peculiar, and A. only discovered its possession after Lowell's death. He means, some day, to write out the story, publishing the epitaph in facsimile, but, until he is ready to do this, naturally desires to keep

the whole matter a profound secret. So I tell it only to myself, in invisible ink, as it were, upon this page. I observed that the outlined headstone was in general character very like the one actually placed on Lowell's grave in Mount Auburn. I was touched, as well as pleased, by this bit of confidence on Aldrich's part. He will never know how much his right hand of fellowship means to me.

November 17. Sandro Salvini has called again to inquire my recollection of certain stage-business in his father's Othello. Having seen that performance more than fifty times, I was able to answer confidently. And I then lent him Edward Tuckerman Mason's book which describes the interpretation technically in minute detail. From this and our talk about it, I saw that Salvini, the younger, means practically to reproduce the Othello of Salvini, *padre*. And I was reminded of the time when "papa" came to study the ghost in "Hamlet" from my copy of Carcano's translation. The new Othello will probably first see the footlights in New Orleans. . . . Dined at George James's to-night with Arlo Bates, who has reached the distinction of lecturing at the Lowell Institute. His course, now in progress on the "Study of Literature," has drawn huge houses and is both instructive and entertaining.

December 7. A Papyrus meeting where I read some verses in memory of poor Will Chase. At the November meeting, a month ago, similar verses (very good) were read by Arthur Macy, and there was a fine address in his honor by Henry Rogers.

December 12. Mrs. Chase has asked me to edit a small memorial volume of the tributes to her husband, and I gladly undertake this labor of love. The documents are many and varied. My task will be simply to select the best.

December 18. I have never been reconciled to Stevenson's "South Sea Odyssey" as Colvin calls it, and these letters [1] strengthen my feeling. To me they are intensely sad, all through. He is adrift from friends and books, busying himself with Samoan politics, working, overworking, upon those mistaken letters to the *New York Sun*. For "Kidnapped," we get "David Balfour" or "Catriona"; for "Treasure Island," the "Wrecker"; and "The Ebb Tide," superb as it is, deals only with blackguards. On my first reading of this, by the way, I perceived a queer little flaw in it about Huish and his vitriol bottle (which H. seems to have carried round the world). Colvin evidently saw it, too, for the author writes: "You are quite right about the bottle and the great Huish; I must try to make it clear." His melancholy inquiry to me about the "Wrecker's" failure to sell appears to have been unfounded. For a few months later he notes that it has sold remarkably well. But there is underlying despondency through the last years of his life. His health was failing, not gaining. Somehow, these years were all wrong, and I feel that he ought to be alive at this moment, and that he might have been, but for this false move Samoaward.

December 26. To-night, Paderewski, as a Christmas

[1] *Vailima Letters.*

present, gave Mrs. Montgomery Sears a recital with his own piano in her superb music-room. He played for nearly two hours as I have never heard him play before, — Brahms, Handel, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt! About sixty of us were asked in to hear him. Supper was served after the recital; we sat late over it, and the night was merry.

1896

January 4. Lodge has made an important speech in the Senate regarding the Venezuelan trouble and Monroe Doctrine. I like the calm, clear tone of it much and so wrote him. To-day comes his answer under date of the 2d, in which he says that he has received that morning ninety-two letters from all parts of the country asking for the speech, and adds: "I feel very strongly on the subject, but I tried to be temperate, as well as firm, and also tell the story so that people would understand it. State Street and the Harvard faculty were very fierce last week and wrote me letters of dire intent. I think it is dawning on them there are two sides to this question, and that, as a gentleman in Louisville wrote me, 'ninety-nine in every hundred are on the American side.'"

January 15. A good old Boston name becomes extinct in the death of Martin Brimmer which occurred yesterday. A warm-hearted, public-spirited man of wide cultivation and that sound judgment in artistic questions which is so much needed in a land ruled by commerce. He dies at sixty-six, leaving no successor.

January 20. To-night a club dinner and opening of the Portrait Show at the Tavern, postponed from the 15th because of Mr. Brimmer's death. F. S. Sturgis presided, and announced the awards which were decreed by three painters, Tarbell, Wendel, and Gaugengigl. Nearly one hundred pictures were sent in, the

greater part being by men who knew nothing of the painter's art. The result is supremely funny, and some of the portraits are more than clever in suggesting the sitter's characteristics. The gold medal of honor was given to Matthew Luce for a truly marvelous portrayal of Curtis Guild as an American statesman. Other medals were given for dignity, composition, color, etc. There were three traveling scholarships "with permission to leave the country for three months at the painter's expense." Three men were awarded "six months and $100 fine." For my pastel of Edw. Robinson, in marble as the Hermes of Praxiteles, I received "a perpetual traveling scholarship, preceded by solitary confinement at Lakewood, New Jersey." The night was far from solemn, and the great hall of the club adorned by these strange masterpieces was a brilliant and amusing sight.

January 27. The public (with certain restrictions) had been admitted to the Tavern Portrait Show which proves to be a *succès fou*, so that we are forced to keep it open for another week. The laughable efforts of the untrained hands are happily relieved by some admirable work from the real painters in the way of caricature. The best of these are Arthur Carey as a "Mother Carey's Chicken" (by Coolidge and Bigelow), Bigelow as the Japanese God of Longevity (by Coolidge), and Douglas Thomas, "A Rising Young Architect" (by Harleston Parker). Men and women to the number of two hundred have overrun the clubhouse each afternoon, catalogue in hand, to study the droll things by the hour together. It is surprising to see that even the

crudest attempt has somehow caught the sitter's likeness sufficiently well to make the subject recognizable. In setting up a show that would draw the town we certainly builded better than we knew.

February 1. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has acquired, by a $20,000 subscription in memory of Martin Brimmer, a very important work of Delacroix — the "*Mise au Tombeau*" of the year 1848. Throughout the preceding year he made repeated mention of it in his wonderful journal, with notes upon the color-scheme and other doubts and difficulties of the work which was painted to order for four thousand francs. In the last forty-five years it has changed hands often, and always at an advance, the last price paid before our purchase being ninety thousand francs. There are no ghosts, or he would certainly appear to our Trustees in grateful recognition. It is a superb picture, worthy to hang beside the Dante and the Don Juan, but I wish the subject were anything else. Titian's Entombment of the Salle Carrée so shines above all others in my memory that, looking at this, I cannot help making an odious comparison, — I seem to distinguish the effort to avoid servile imitation of the old master, which has led to an effect that is almost theatrical. The dead Christ is a harrowing figure, while Titian's is only solemn and beautiful. But the kneeling figure, draped in red and holding the crown of thorns, in the Frenchman's foreground is most impressive; and his sombre landscape is very fine, though I think there is somewhat too much of it. The crosses against the sky recall Tintoretto's Crucifixion in San Cassiano at

Venice. But poor Delacroix never went to Italy, and probably never saw so much as a reproduction of that picture. There were no photographs in the melancholy forties. This specimen of a great painter's work is a glorious addition to our French room, which, with its examples of Millet, Corot, Couture, and Regnault's "*Prix de Rome*," was already worth a long journey. *Petit à petit, l'oiseau fait son nid!*

February 10. At the Boston Theatre to-night the first performance on any stage of the "Scarlet Letter," grand opera, by Walter Damrosch, on the theme of Hawthorne's romance, turned into a dramatic poem by George Parsons Lathrop. A large, representative, and most enthusiastic house, calling out libretto-maker and composer, showering upon the latter floral tributes and articles of "bigotry and virtue." The personal triumph of Damrosch was undoubtedly genuine. The critical world, however, seems to doubt the staying power of the music which is most ambitious, suggesting Wagner, but lacking his overwhelming dramatic force. All agree, however, in thinking that the young composer has made, in his first opera, a noble effort upon big lines. Beyond that, it would be unfair to say more, perhaps, after a single hearing. I sat with Lathrop, sharing his emotions, and the night to me was one of extraordinary interest.

February 24 (*Washington*). I drove from the station through the clean, broad streets straight to the Lodges' house at 1765 Massachusetts Avenue. It is eight years since I have seen Washington. In 1888, just before the great blizzard, I visited Lodge at his former house in

Jefferson Place. He was then in the House, now I find him a Senator, one of the Foreign Relations Committee, whereof John Sherman is Chairman. Mrs. Lodge was at tea with Lodge's sister, Mrs. James, and we were presently joined by Mr. Smalley, the London *Times* correspondent. A quiet dinner with the family, after which Lodge and I talked and smoked into the wee hours. He read me some later work of his son George, who is studying at the Sorbonne, and said that two of the boy's sonnets have been accepted by *Scribner's* and *Harper's*.

February 25. To the Senate early with Mrs. Lodge and Mrs. James, where we heard grace, so to speak, from the blind chaplain, and then, finding the morning hour dull, went all over the new, unfinished Congressional Library with General Casey, who has the work in charge. It is a building larger than the Boston Public Library, and of proportionate marble splendors. Like ours, it is to be decorated by some of the foremost artists in the country, — Vedder, Abbott Thayer, Walker, Pratt, etc., but only a few of the decorations are now in place. It is manifestly unfair to pass judgment upon halls still filled with scaffolding. I only know that they are big and splendid, — too splendid, perhaps. The exterior façades of cumbrous renaissance are fine, but there is an ugly dome which seems to have no *raison d'être*. In one of the rooms, I glanced up at the ceiling, overspread with gaudy, allegorical figures, atrocious in color and drawing: General Casey saw my look, and said: "Ah, that man was forced upon me!" So it is obvious that jobbery has crept in. Yet

there will be much of good in the work of the thoroughbred men. . . . Visits in the afternoon, and in the evening with Mrs. Lodge to a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in which the new German *prima donna*, Ternina, took part. Two seats off sat Mrs. Grover Cleveland, whom I had never before seen, though her face is, of course, familiar to me from photographs. Their prettiness does her injustice. To-night, she was radiantly handsome.

February 26. This morning to call upon Charlie Stoddard, who keeps bachelor's hall in a picturesque house at 300 M Street. Luckily, I found him at home and we had a long talk over old times, Dwight's marriage, etc. At two, I went down to the Senate, finding the Senators' Gallery very crowded, but encountering there Mrs. Don Cameron who made a place for me next hers in the front row. I listened to a long and amusing debate, wherein Senator Teller of Colorado took the lead, attacking the sound-money Republicans. He was ably answered by Senator Sherman. . . . At dinner to-night we had the Thibet traveler, Rockhill, and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, and Senator Jones of Nevada. The latter, a wonderful *raconteur*, was in fine vein. Rockhill was brought up in France, where he once served in the army. Then he was in China for years, and, now, is First Assistant Secretary of State. A man of forty-eight, perhaps, who carries himself like a soldier, with an air of distinction, and much to say, which is said well. His wife, very charming and agreeable, is a native of Baltimore. When the guests were gone, H. C. L. and I sat up as

usual until the night was at odds with morning. . . . I have not written of this house, which is most comfortable, with a splendid library added by Lodge when he bought the estate a few years ago. The room is on a broad scale, with a fine, capacious fireplace and a gallery across its farther side. A wall-space makes the middle of this gallery, and there hangs a beautiful Madonna with attendant Saints, the great canvas stretching from floor to ceiling. Lodge bought the picture twenty-five years ago in Milan. It was then attributed to Perugino, but is probably not his, though of his time or a little later. The other walls are lined with books and fine engravings. The library is called the most attractive room in Washington.

February 27. To-day I left my most charming hostess and best of hosts by a morning train for New York, where in the afternoon I found Joe Sargent awaiting me at the Hoffman. We dined merrily at the Hotel Martin; Duse is acting this week, but it proved to be an off night, so we inspected Hammerstein's Olympia where two theatres and a concert-hall glitter under one vast roof.

March 4. The storm increases, with howling wind and driving snow. . . . A fine portrait exhibit has opened in Copley Hall — a loan collection of old and new masters, several hundred examples in all. Passed an hour there this afternoon profitably with Clayton Johns. The Governor [1] is sinking fast, and can hardly live through the day.

[1] Frederic T. Greenhalge, Governor of Massachusetts, died March 5, 1896.

March 5. Woke this morning at half-past three. The wind blew furiously, and the sky was full of scudding clouds. In a few minutes the dismal tolling of the church-bells announced the Governor's death. At breakfast-time the sun shone, but the paper confirmed the news. Roger Wolcott thus steps into the chief magistrate's shoes without his title. He is still Lieutenant-Governor. The paper records the fact that only five Massachusetts Governors have died in office. The third of these was my great-grandfather, James Sullivan, who died December 10, 1808, and lies in the old Bellingham tomb under the Athenæum walls.

March 10. Dined to-night with Mrs. John L. Gardner, one of a *partie carrée* which included Miss Lily Codman and Joe Smith. Our hostess showed us her newest treasure which came only this morning, a portrait of Rembrandt, by himself, in a green velvet doublet with gold chain, a hat and feather. It is a younger Rembrandt than we know — a masterpiece. The picture has been for many years in the gallery of Stowe House. The owner, dying, left instructions that if it did not bring a stated price within his time-limit, it should pass to the National Gallery. Mrs. Gardner, hearing of this, cabled the money two days before the time expired, and henceforth the Rembrandt will hang in her drawing-room, cheek by jowl with her Van Eyck, her Van der Meer, her Botticelli, her Lippo Lippi, her Lucas Cranach — fine examples all. Her other purchases of this year include a man's portrait by Moroni, a beautiful seated figure of Mrs. Moodie, the actress, by Romney, and an old man, in a brilliant

red robe, of Tintoretto. So, day by day, the wonderful little Musée Gardner gains in value.

March 14. This morning came a letter from Waldo Lincoln, dated Florence. He and his whole family seem to have lost their hearts to Italy, and are journeying very leisurely and intelligently. They have paid a visit to Lucca, where I passed so much time with Joe Smith, at the Croce di Malta, in the spring of '94. They report its amiable landlord, Francesco Pollastri, well and jolly, as of old. Likewise his trained pointer, Pasquale, *chi è molto savio e intelligente.* Enchanting little walled city! It seems to me, as I look back upon it, one of the world's wonders. It is not in the grand tour, and the great concourse of hurrying modern travel, sweeping by it, knows nothing of its fine cathedral with a western front of daring originality, still unspoiled by restoration. There sleeps the lovely Ilaria del Carretto in her monumental marble. May she lie long undisturbed, save by the *âmes d'élite* who really care and know!

April 4. A man's journal should be a many-sided prism. But, looking back over this, as I do occasionally, —

"I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought," —

and my prism seems, at best, to be triangular. No single day is reproduced with even an approach to fidelity, but only detached atoms of a life that seems here to be all playtime. Yet play and work really go hand in hand in it. Just now my study-hours are much taken up with Italian and Spanish. I have been

reviewing the "*Divina Commedia*" throughout, marking the passages I care for most, thus making a Dante within a Dante for my own future satisfaction. I am spurred on in these studies by my cousin, Richard Sullivan, who now, at seventy-six, is almost totally blind, and bears this sad infirmity of age with saint-like patience. I pass many an evening in his company, to read him a canto of Dante and a chapter or two of "Don Quixote." His enjoyment and appreciation of the great books, above all his unfailing cheerfulness under the terrible affliction of which I have learned a little, make my task light, indeed. Certain cantos of Dante he knows by heart. Other favorite ones he calls for over and over again. Among these is the eleventh of the "*Purgatorio*," which I read to him last night. And all day long these lines have made an undertone of music to the discordant rattle of the street below me: —

> "*Non è il mondan romore altro ch' un fiato*
> *Di vento, ch' or vien quinci ed or vien quindi,*
> *E muta nome, perchè muta lato.*"

I note that it is the beautiful paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer beginning this canto which R. S. likes especially. A man's thoughts at seventy-six must deal inevitably more or less with the life to come. How much more than less when he is not only blind, but a childless widower! And sometimes, in this man's presence, I am overcome by a strange solemnity, as if I were talking lightly with one who is more than half a being of another world.

April 5. Festa di Pasqua! I breakfasted to-day with

Edward Robinson and his wife in honor of Signora Duse who plays a short engagement here this week. My acquaintance of three years ago is thus pleasantly renewed. She is now in much better health and spirits, — indeed, very charming and agreeable, when her pathetic little attack of shyness at meeting strangers has once worn off. French was our communicative medium, and she talked of everything but the stage, — of books and pictures, the sights she had seen, and her impressions of American life. "Your country frightened me the first time," she said; "it is such a big, noisy place. *Mais, la seconde fois, on s'apprivoise!*" I told her that I possessed her portrait in a Braun photograph of the chalk drawing by Roussoff, and she described the artist, her neighbor in Venice, a Russian no longer young, who is apparently more of a dilettante than a professional painter. Pretty Mrs. Fiske Warren was present, and when Duse discovered that she had studied with Coquelin, her face brightened at once, and upstairs in the drawing-room these two chattered for a long time together of the stage. "Don't study too much!" she urged, "but do as your own feeling prompts you." To which Mrs. Warren replied that if one were called Duse, such advice would be of the best. When I took leave of her with "*au revoir,*" she asked mischievously, "*D'ici à trois ans?*" We were all ensnared by her sweet smile, her quick intelligence, and the same blending of reserved power with refinement which makes her acting remarkable.

April 7. Dined to-night with Mrs. Gardner, going afterward with her to see the Duse as Magda. Duse's

interpretation is far more subtle than Bernhardt's, and in looks and general bearing she realizes the part to perfection. Her voice is still harsh and shrill at times, but its deeper notes are musical, and her pathos has the stamp of truth. Her last act, full of fine original touches, was superbly conceived and played, and it moved the audience profoundly. She is a Desclée, not a Ristori, — modern to the last degree, unfitted by nature and presence for the great classic rôles, — but in her somewhat limited range of so-called emotional parts, she is incomparable.

April 16. An acquaintance stopped me, the other day, to praise "The Lost Rembrandt" extravagantly. A gleam of warmth coming unexpectedly in rainy days, like these of mine, is helpful rather than harmful. "Redouble your efforts when you are praised!" once said my brother Henry; and so I always feel eager to do. This tale was written nine years ago, and it seems still to have a very loyal following — numerically small, alas! In the present case my admirer took the edge off his compliment, by asking me to tell him exactly what I meant by the story. Obscurity of intention is, perhaps, its most serious fault; yet too obvious allegory must certainly be a bore, except in the hand of a master. "The Lost Rembrandt" started with the printed note found by me in Burger, when I went to The Hague in 1884. I saw there the theme of a story which should draw attention anew to the picture's mysterious disappearance, stimulating interest by an extension and deepening of the mystery. After considering the subject for almost three years, I plunged in,

to be at once assailed by two or three underlying motives, all of which were slowly worked into the manuscript during the month I took to write it. One of these was the haunting solemnity of the place to a lonely, imaginative traveler, — the Ego of the tale. Next, came a purpose, steadily increasing in force, — that, namely, of expressing the sudden nearness of death to one who has reached middle age. As children we all make death's acquaintance, but the arch-terror is still remote, — so remote as hardly to be applicable to ourselves. Mynheer Grafman is thus the shadow of death, stealing up behind the hero's shoulder. A supplementary motive develops with Adriana, who is Youth, unconscious of death's horror as a child, yet saddened by some knowledge of life and a growing conviction that its high hopes and ideals are too often unattainable. I tried to give Grafman's supernatural presence a touch of human pathos, in his effort to conceal from her the bitter, revolting end. At one time I thought of calling the story "Death and His Daughter," but dropped that title because it seemed to reveal too much in advance. This is what I have told my admiring acquaintance, and as my Ego declares, "There is no more to tell." After the story was written and published, I found in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" a footnote to the effect that the lost picture was discovered some years ago, and afterward partially destroyed by fire. If that is the fact, I probably saw the fragment at Amsterdam, in 1884, without realizing that it was part of the pendant to the "Lesson in Anatomy." Had I realized it, my story would never

have been written. Appalling loss to the world, which has not yet discovered "The Lost Rembrandt" in my perversion!

April 22. The little memorial volume to Will Chase, edited by me, is now published, and happily gives satisfaction to the family and friends. It serves to show how full his life was of varied interests, of public and private labors, cheerfully undertaken and well-performed.

April 30. I take up the paper this morning to read the death of my good friend, Miss Mary Felton, whom I have known intimately for thirty years. It was but a few days ago that I had a long talk with her, and I did not even know that she was seriously ill. Of late she has passed all her summers in Venice, and was to have sailed for Genoa this week. Instead of that, she has embarked without warning upon the final voyage. Hosts of friends will find her loss incalculable. The daughter of the Greek scholar, whose "child-like joy of life" Longfellow immortalized in the sweetest and most touching of his sonnets, she inherited her father's tastes, his keen sense of humor, his matchless geniality and charm. She was the most delightful of companions, kindly, original, fine, — a brilliant wonder of a woman. To think of her dead is to think of the sun eclipsed. One more fearful shadow falls upon us, —

"And summer is not summer, nor can be."

In to-night's *Transcript* appears the following, signed *C.* It was written by Charles Fiske: —

Mary S. Felton

Her death leaves a deep void in the hearts of her friends. It can never be filled. The space which she has occupied will always remain for her, and sacred to her memory. There may be other friendships and affections, but they can never be like hers. She had a peculiar method of her own, which is inimitable. Her nature, strong, generous and impulsive, with the finest and most delicate feeling, sought only the purest, highest and best.

Four pictures from the varied panorama of her rich life stand out in special prominence. The first, her girlhood and school life, in Cambridge, in the hospitable and cultured home of her father, the distinguished professor, and afterwards president of Harvard College, with her hosts of friends of both sexes, on whom she made a deep and life-long impression.

And then came the war, in which she took so deep an interest; when her feeling of horror at wrong and oppression and her love of country became so strong as to be only able to find vent in her continued and arduous labors in the hospitals at the front.

Then again we see her bending over the sick-bed of her dear one, in terrible anguish, and using every sisterly exertion of body and mind to save her from death, but all in vain.

And the last is on her return to her native land to establish her home here among us, yet sharing a portion of each year with her cherished associations in the Old World.

All these are permeated with the beautiful silken thread of her existence; and we see the same qualities in each.

She seemed happy here, always surrounded, as she was, with the best books and her choicest friends; seeking her pleasure in the best music and the highest in art; at the same time with her heart open to hear any cry for help from her fellow-creatures.

This is the epitome of her life. It can truly be said that Boston has lost a staunch and loyal daughter, and Venice a most ardent lover. With these qualities there can be no death, only the higher form of life.

May 2. To-day, the funeral at Appleton Chapel, in Cambridge. A crowded church and a very simple, touching service. And on this day she meant to sail for Genoa! So, at fifty-six, passes away this strong, vivid personality, always alert, merry, youthful, — never to be forgotten. She was ten years my senior, and seemed more like a near relative than a friend. Her name — Mary Sullivan Felton — intensified this feeling. She was named for my father's cousin, Richard Sullivan's sister, who was a girl friend of her mother, Miss Whitney, but died at the age of twelve. An affectionate tribute from the woman to the friendship of her childhood. "*Qual triste commedia è la vita!*" as says Salvini in a letter received from him this morning. This, *à propos* of the death of his American friend, Alfred Conning Clark, the news having just reached him. How Death takes up his permanent abode with all of us, as we turn downward from the "*mezzo cammin*"!

May 4. To-day, a cloud overcomes our pleasant bachelor apartment-house at No. 10 Charles Street. Our good, thoughtful care-takers, "the Medusæ," as Dwight called them, who have been in service here for seventeen years, are now discharged by our proprietor and his agent because they have grown old. The faithful souls who depart are broken-hearted, and we who remain are unhappy and uncomfortable, in charge of younger, inexperienced hands which may or may not work satisfactorily. The whole place is thus disquieted by a high-handed proceeding, to the last degree unnecessary, as it seems to me.

May 8. These four lines were printed in the *Boston Transcript*, last night: —

Mary Felton

Not to the Dario, or Golden Greece, light hearted,
Wended she forth on her accustomed way;
But in high regions, with the blest, departed,
Keeps she, with wondering joy, high-holiday.

A. M. H.

Arlington Heights, May 2.

These memorials, like all such things, are valuable as suggestions. In this case, every friend of Mary Felton must supplement the printed words with countless precious memories. There was no one like her, — in that they all begin and end.

May 9–10. In Groton, where I passed these two days with Herbert Timmins and his wife, going up with Miss Lily Codman who was also their guest. We drove through the quiet country roads, saw the now famous Groton School and the farmhouse built by my great-grandparent, the Governor, a hundred years ago. But on the second day the heat became unbearable — 94° it was in the shade — and we kept under cover. This dash into summer brought out the apple-blossoms, and the hillside orchards were resplendent before their time, recalling the almond-clad slopes that overhang Naples in the month of March. I talked with T. of his good uncle, Martin Brimmer, and he told me amusing tales of his ranch-life in Utah and Colorado. Mrs. Timmins showed me her interesting collection of autographs comprising many letters written to and by her grandfather, Prescott, the historian. Their beautiful house is in a very retired spot, three miles from the village, and with the twilight came the whip-poor-wills, to perch directly under the windows, piping their soothing, melancholy note by the hour together.

May 13. John Morse's "Life" of Doctor Holmes, just published, proves thoroughly delightful. The witty, genial *medico* is presented very fully and clearly, and the graver side of him is not slighted. The greater part of the second volume is given to letters, — Lowell, Motley, and others being the correspondents, — and these are interesting as well as characteristic. The first volume reads like a chronicle of the best things in old-time Boston, where we all played on the Common, and the Long Path looked really long. Many of the Doctor's good jests are now given to the world for the first time. The "Life" opens with some of his views upon biography. This, for instance, from the "Mortal Antipathy": —

There are but two biographers who can tell the story of a man's or a woman's life. One is the person himself or herself; the other is the Recording Angel. The autobiographer cannot be trusted to tell the whole truth, though he may tell nothing but the truth, and the Recording Angel never lets his book go out of his own hands.

Here is a note to the Doctor's sister, in his best style:

March 9, 1841.

My dear Ann: — Last evening between eight and nine there appeared at No. 8 Montgomery Place a little individual who may be hereafter addressed as

Holmes, Esq.

or

The Hon. ——— Holmes, M.C.

or

His Excellency ——— Holmes, President, etc. etc., but who for the present is content with scratching his face and sucking his right forefinger.

This is the present Oliver Wendell Holmes, our Chief Justice.

May 19. At the Boston Museum, last night, Alexander Salvini played "Othello" (produced in Chicago, three weeks ago) for the first time here. This was his seventh performance of the part, and it proved in certain respects a startling one. All the minutiæ of his father's impersonation as to "business," position, pose, turn of the head or hand were copied with extraordinary accuracy, so that "papa," had he been present, might have fancied that he was seeing himself in a looking-glass. It was like an etching of a famous picture, or rather like one of the Arundel reproductions, working out the scheme of the original in paler colors. Here and there, especially in the great third act, effort was painfully evident. There were loose ends in the composition, and both the "Farewell" and the furious dash upon Iago left much to be desired. Yet, on the whole, the copy was by no means weak — in fact, it was very good, indeed. Constantly, I saw the father in the son with keen interest and pleasure. The Senate speech, the difficult fourth-act scene with the Venetian envoys, and the entire last act were really fine. He used the lower tones of his voice throughout with splendid effect, and avoided rant with admirable skill. The audience was stirred to genuine emotion, and after many recalls insisted upon a speech at the close. He spoke well and modestly, stating that it had seemed impossible for him to attack the part upon other lines, and that he hoped in time to strengthen these by constant application. After the play, I went

to supper with him and his wife. He had been very nervous, he said, and was thankful that things were no worse. I was happy that I could say in return: *Buon padre, buon figlio!* A copy, absolutely faithful, like this, is, so far as I know, unique in the history of the stage. Our critic, Clapp, who, while admitting the father's genius, disliked his conception of Othello, questions its value. But it must always give peculiar pleasure to any spectator who knew the great original well and cared for it. C. calls the audience of last night one of friendly tolerance. It was friendly, certainly, but, at times, roused to enthusiasm of the heartiest kind. Apthorp, in the *Transcript*, comes much nearer the truth, when he hints that not since the days of the elder Salvini has there been a triumph more sincere. He declares the new Othello to be one of great promise — the Othello of an actor of genius. And the other critics, one and all, are more than respectful. I have written his father an account of it all, in the hope of being the first to congratulate him upon having so worthy a successor. . . . To the annual meeting of the Dante Society at the house of the President, Professor Norton, in Cambridge. Although I have belonged to the Society for several years, I have never before been present at a meeting. This was largely attended by members of both sexes, and I found the proceedings extremely interesting. The aim of the organization is to extend the study of Dante by publications based upon original research and otherwise, and the Secretary's report showed how well the work progresses. The Society has already given (through the liberality

of Mrs. Gardner, who advanced a large sum for the printing) a monumental book to the world, — the Fay Concordance, — which has a continuous sale at home and abroad. A work on the study of Dante in America by Professor Koch, of Cornell, is promised for this year; also a paper on the various portraits, the death-mask, etc., with full illustrations. This by Professor Carpenter, of Columbia, who showed some interesting photographs (from Florentine MSS.) of portrait-drawings. Mr. Norton was in his best vein, which is always witty as well as profound. The meeting was held in his library, where the evidences of his toil lay scattered about, and as we sat in the dim light under his wonderful Tintoretto portraits I thought how much honest labor in the best of causes, the promotion of scholarship, had gone on within those four walls, and prayed for a long continuance of it. I was surrounded by scholars, many of whom, though still young, have already done work destined to survive them. The tone of things was very stimulating, and a reminder that half-knowledge of great subjects will not do.

May 30. Two additional hearings of Alexander Salvini's Othello confirm my high opinion of its artistic value. When the third act is fully in hand, the performance will be a great one. He is, himself, conscious of a weakness here, and means to rehearse these scenes with his father, this summer, in Florence. I saw last night his Hamlet for the first time this season. It has gained much since its production a year ago. All the earlier part of the play is now quite perfect. He

strikes a fine note in his scenes with the ghost, is dignified and princely with Polonius and the courtiers. The play-scene is strong yet restrained, thoroughly admirable. But he is over-sentimental as well as too fierce with Ophelia. And this same tendency to make Hamlet a Romeo somewhat mars other scenes. He is far too romantic and Italian at times, with a touch of artificiality which brings the performance as a whole distinctly below the point reached in Othello. Yet it is an interesting one, all the same. I have advised him to read the closing chapter of "Actors and the Art of Acting" by George Henry Lewes, wherein is a description of the elder Salvini's Hamlet. His scene with Ophelia was, as Lewes truly says, "a revelation." Nor was it the only one in an interpretation which still surpasses all others in my own remembrance, "*com' aquila vola.*"

June 20. This afternoon of insufferable heat I was one of many present at the dedication and unveiling of Dan French's beautiful monument to Boyle O'Reilly. A tent was stretched over the little square in which it stands at the entrance to the Fenway, and at one end, close under the stone, which was hidden by American flags, stood a platform for the committee of citizens, whose gift the memorial is, and their distinguished guests, — the Vice-President, the Governor, the Mayor, etc., etc. The introductory ceremonies were brief, and the bust was unveiled by Blanid (named from Dr. Joyce's epic), Boyle's youngest daughter. I saw this done, getting a distant view of the bronze sufficient to show me that it is a strong, unconventional

thing, and then fled from the crowd and heat of the day. . . . Up to Harvard with Dr. Bradford to pass Sunday with Paul Thorndike and his wife (Rachel Sherman, the general's daughter) who have a cottage on the Fiske Warren farm. Little Sherman Thorndike drove to the station with his father to meet us, and shouted "Hurrah for McKinley!" — McK. having been nominated for President, this week, at the Republican Convention in St. Louis. Miss Sherman was also a guest, and near by, in another cottage, lives the third sister, Mrs. Thackara. They are all charming women, and our Sunday (June 21st) was delightful in spite of intense heat, broken up in the afternoon by a wind-storm and much thunder and lightning.

June 22. Back to town this morning, finding it parched, dusty, and still intolerably hot. Just before dinner walked out to the O'Reilly memorial and had my first good look at it. The bust is very lifelike, yet the front view was disappointing. Something has crept into the expression which, to me, is not Boyle's. But when the face is seen in profile this strange look passes out of it, and the likeness is striking and most agreeable. The heroic group behind is superb. Poetic in conception, clear, refined, vigorous in execution, it fulfills its purpose nobly, and will always be one of our civic glories. Jeffrey Roche's verses to Boyle, read at the dedication after my flight, are printed to-day in all the papers. They are simple in form and very stirring. So our dear friend and comrade is worthily commemorated and lives among us evermore. For him the trivial affairs of earth are passed, yet I hope it is granted him

to look back, to see and know that our affection holds until we, too, are swept away to the eternal things.

July 8–14. At Smith Point in Dublin, where I made a long visit last year. Now, Joe is playing truant in Venice and is much missed along these placid shores. I have seen all the neighbors in the "Quartier Latin," as this simpler side of Dublin Lake is called. Have discussed politics and books with Mr. Higginson (T. W.), who is slowly recovering from a long illness. While I was with him came a copy of the *Nation* containing a long account of Mrs. Stowe who died last week — an "editorial" summing-up of her life and works. H. amused me by saying that this was written by him ten years ago, at the editor's request, when the lady's death seemed near at hand. Pigeonholed for a decade, all its forgotten phrases now come trooping in like ghosts. . . . Raphael Pumpelly is occupying his house on the spur of Monadnock this year. He came in one night for tea and an evening of his wonderful story-telling. He spins yarns of personal adventure in all the globe's quarters, as no one else can. We made a circle around him in the twilight, and kept him at it for hours. . . . Brush, the painter, is hard at work in a little shanty of a studio at the water's edge. Abbott Thayer is also here, but not well; he seems to have dropped painting for the moment to capture porcupines, of which uncouth Monadnock natives he has a group of thirteen confined in a compound near his house. The youngest specimen is very tame, and wanders up and down stairs at will like a pet dog. Dublin seems more than ever the ideal retreat from the noise

and dust of the town. Its air is deliciously pure and exhilarating, and the clear little lake, ruffled incessantly by refreshing breezes, with its bathing and boating, is a perpetual source of enjoyment.

July 16. News comes that William E. Russell, formerly our Governor, was found dead in his bed this morning at a camp on the Bay of Chaleur, where he had gone for a few days' fishing. This death recalls John Andrew's, which occurred last year in precisely the same way. Russell, dying at thirty-nine, is a great loss, and the news throws the whole community into mourning. Strong, active, and nobly ambitious, he stood always for the best things politically, and seemed to have a brilliant future in this world's affairs. In private life he was simple, unaffected, genial. Our last talk was a month or two ago at the home of his brother Joe, my co-executor in the Chase estate. We dined there together, and I met the Governor's wife for the first time. "How they would shine at the White House!" I thought, as the party broke up. Young as he was, Russell had often been mentioned as a possible candidate for the Presidency. And his election, some day, seemed a foregone conclusion.

July 20. To-day Russell's funeral in Cambridge, with extraordinary honors, including a lying-in-state at the City Hall. The President came with many others high in office. The day was dark and gloomy, as though Nature contributed her own pall to emphasize the general sorrow.

July 25–26. These pleasant days at East Point, Nahant, with the Lodges. Both the Senator and his

wife are in fine spirits. The former, for his vigorous action in support of the Gold Platform at the St. Louis Convention, has been received with acclamation everywhere of late. Especially, at the Ratification Meeting in Boston, and at the Harvard Commencement Dinner where his speech was the success of the day. He is now full of preparation for the Presidential campaign which the *New York Sun* calls one of self-preservation wherein all sane Republicans and Democrats must drop old party issues and espouse the common cause. George Lodge has come back from his year of study in Paris full of ideas and schemes for literary work. He is but twenty-two, yet splendidly equipped. A capital sonnet of his appears in the current *Scribner's*, and he showed me other verses in manuscript of equal merit. There is certainly no young man in "these parts" of greater promise. And he is a fine fellow, eager to do good work, with his head unturned. It is delightful to see how proud of him his father is.

July 30. My friend and confrère, Fred Stimson, has distinguished himself lately by two interesting novels, "Pirate Gold," which ran as a serial in the *Atlantic* and came out in book form a month or two ago, and "King Noanett," the more ambitious and important of the two, just published. This latter deals with the early settlement of Massachusetts Bay and is a remarkable book. Its hero, Miles Courtenay, an Irish royalist-soldier-poet, proves to be a full-length portrait of Boyle O'Reilly, admirably done. The closing situation in which he gives up his life for his friend is strong, dramatic, and very touching. The story opens in

Devonshire picturesquely, and it abounds in fine descriptive passages showing great skill at reproduction of the period. But it is somewhat overloaded with historic detail, and had it been fifty pages shorter would have been more certain of winning a great popular success. This may come, as it is, for the hero's character is of real interest, a complete and vivid personality.

August 21. Back in the wilderness of Boston's deserted streets where the solitude is not ungrateful. Here Mrs. Gardner surprises me to show me her latest purchase — a Titian. The picture is large and important — the subject, "Europa and the Bull," rivaling the great Veronese of the Ducal Palace, splendid in color and composition. It comes to her from a private gallery in England. . . .

September 10. This morning in a fierce storm of rain and wind by train to the Cape, *en route* for Tuckernuck Island, there to be the guest of Sturgis Bigelow. But on arriving at Wood's Hole (or Holl) find the Nantucket steamer storm-bound. And so am forced to put up indefinitely at the little Breakwater Inn — a somewhat gloomy prospect. But my landlady, the Marchesa Carcano, — the American wife of a titled Milanese, — makes me very comfortable, and I have only to look out at the seething waters of Buzzard's Bay, and wait. . . . In the afternoon the wind changes and the sea goes down under a glimmering sunset. To-morrow will be fine.

September 11 (*Wood's Hole*). A visit to the U.S. Fishing Commission Building next door to the Break-

water. As the fish are hatched only in winter and spring, work is now suspended. But the fine aquaria (like those of Naples on a small scale) remain. . . . At ten, by the steamer to Nantucket touching at Martha's Vineyard. The sea entirely calm, but, off Cape Pogue, a large schooner sticks fast on a reef and the ships at Vineyard Haven are more or less dismantled. At one o'clock the queer, grass-grown town of Nantucket, which fell asleep forever at the end of the whaling days. It seems now to live only for the summer visitors who swarm in two or three big caravansaries, without the walls, so to speak. The town itself, set on a hill, looms up picturesquely from the water under an old church spire that suggests the tower of St. Malo. The huge island is but a heap of sand, changing its shape with every wind and tide, surrounded by shoals, which, eternally shifting, make navigation perilous at all times; especially in winter, when the shallow water, transformed into a field of ice, cuts off communication with the mainland, sometimes for weeks together. At the Nantucket pier find Brooks, Bigelow's native skipper, with a naphtha launch; and we put out across the green water of the shoals for Tuckernuck, which, fifty years ago, formed the southwesterly portion of Nantucket. But it is now an island four or five miles in length, inhabited by the coast-guard and a few fishermen. Bigelow, the only intruder, has a hundred acres with a summer hermitage on a grand scale. The house is on a high bluff, or sand dune, overlooking the water, with meadowland stretching inward to the south. The Gulf Stream, making in here, gives this

place a mild climate of its own, to which the pleasant, traditional *dolce far niente* life conforms. As there are only male servants, pajamas, or less, are the only wear. From the bluff under the house stretches out toward the sunset a long, low point of golden-brown sand like a gigantic lizard. Its outline is never twice the same. The sea wears through it, and some returning tide fills up the channel. Yet, year by year, the water gains upon the sand, and ultimately the entire island will be submerged.

September 12–14. At Tuckernuck, living independently in the open air, playing golf and tennis, bathing in the magnificent surf without hampering garments, to dry in the sun like a seal, afterward, on the warm sand. George Lodge, our new poet, is here, and tells me of his life in Paris, last year, of his researches in the Bibliothèque Nationale and his studies at the Sorbonne. His regular course there was in old French, but incidentally he read the "*Divina Commedia*" with Scartazzini's elaborate notes, pursuing many of the references back to their source. He was particularly impressed by the episode of Sordello in the "*Purgatorio*," and looked up the authorities for further light upon him. This investigation, he declares, made Browning's monumentally obscure poem interesting if not intelligible. We talk of these things and many others far into the night, and suddenly discover that our host is an advocate of the Baconian theory concerning the authorship of Shakespeare. This discovery comes from the chance mention of a new book announced by the arch-heretic, Edwin Reed. Thereupon

Lodge and I, who are good Shakespeareans, grow satirical, and I promise to contribute Reed's book to the excellent library which is the chief treasure of this Utopian *manoir*.

October 5. An interesting afternoon with Ned Robinson in the Art Museum, where he and I unpacked its most recent purchase, viz., twenty cases or so of antiques in bronze and marble, bought through Edward Warren. It was a new sensation, almost like that of original discovery, to unwind the cotton bandages and bring these precious things to light. They proved all to be of remarkable interest and beauty, — particularly a lovely female head in bronze, the size of life (Greek, but found in Egypt). And another in marble, a perfect Aphrodite(?) of the best Greek time with hardly a scratch upon it. We set these treasures up in a small basement room for inspection by the Trustees, taking three hours of unqualified enjoyment for this pleasant task.

October 13. The Boston Art Commission has decided to reject the great Bacchante group of Macmonnies generously offered by McKim (the architect of the Public Library) as a decoration for the fountain in the central court of the building. This, in spite of the fact that the French Government bought a replica of the group for the gallery of the Luxembourg, — in spite, too, of its prompt acceptance by the Library Trustees. Considering that the Commission has never taken the pains to see the group, the discourtesy of this proceeding passes belief. Their verdict of inappropriateness was based entirely upon photographs and a

reduction of the bronze eighteen inches high. The wording of their refusal is hopelessly provincial, and the tone of the press in commenting favorably upon their course is equally so. McKim and Saint-Gaudens, our foremost sculptor, wrote strong letters recommending the group — in vain. The depressing little incident seems to drop us back a century or two toward the dark ages.

October 15. A delightfully characteristic anecdote of Vedder, the painter, told me by Burlingame, who is in town for a few days. One night at the Century Club, V. began to talk of Providence in his dreamy, reflective way. "I believe, of course, that there is a God," he said: "but somehow, I doubt his direct interference with the affairs of the universe. He does not seem to run this world with much intelligence." Then, after a pause, he murmured: "However, he's learning — he's learning!"

October 16. A small number of us gathered at the Tavern Club to-night in honor of Barrie, the Scotch novelist, who has come to the United States for a hurried visit. His work has sold enormously on both sides of the water, and his latest novel, " Sentimental Tommy," now running serially in *Scribner's Magazine*, is said to be a masterpiece. Burlingame, who has known Barrie long, came with him to the club, and urged me to read the story, calling it a work of positive genius. The author proves to be a self-contained little man of thirty-five, with a strong face which is far too pale, and has a worn look. Mirth seems left out of his organism and he is very reticent. I had

scarcely a word with him, until we walked back to his hotel together, when, warming up a little, he talked freely and pleasantly of his life in London and the friends we have in common. He had passed the day in Concord, and could hardly say enough about its charm and its associations.

October 28. I have spoken out in meeting, regarding the Art Commission's extraordinary rejection of the Macmonnies group by means of a letter to the *Boston Transcript*, printed on the 24th. I tried to make its tone temperate, and closed with a suggestion that the original should be set up in place for reconsideration. Many friends and acquaintances have taken pains to express their approval. McKim is naturally pleased, and writes to tell me so. But the Commission remains stubborn, we are told. . . .

October 31. We have started a petition to the Art Commissioners on the lines laid down in my *Transcript* letter. It is said that a similar appeal is to come from New York, signed by McKim, Saint-Gaudens, and Dan French — strong names, all. As Sim Tappertit says: "Something will come of this. I hope it may n't be human gore!"

November 1. The eight panels by Puvis de Chavannes, completing his decoration of the Public Library staircase, are now in position. They prove to be very characteristic of the painter, sustaining and strengthening the effect of the larger composition in the upper corridor, — "*Les Muses Inspiratrices.*" This new work is not only highly imaginative, but treated broadly and simply as the *ottimo artista* always deals

with his subject. And the Siena marble, which formerly dominated everything, now sinks into its proper place as a mere framework for these creations of a strong, original mind. The style of Chavannes has always its limitations, its eccentricities, its weaknesses. But with all possible allowance for defects, it has great individual power and beauty. This last work is wholly worthy of him, not to be dismissed with a single word or look. There is a soaring inspiration in it which brings one back to its manifold suggestiveness again and again.

November 3. Moved by many prayers, the Art Commission yields and will reconsider the Macmonnies group *in situ*. This, with a certain reluctance, which makes a reversal of their decision more than doubtful. But, whatever follows, a great point has been gained in the cause of justice and official courtesy.

November 15. An amusing day. This Sunday morning, McKim's gift, the rejected Bacchante, was set up in the Library court with the fountain playing about it, and the solemn Art Commission with its experts in tow assembled there for deliberate inspection. When, about noon, the august conclave retired into secret session, a hundred or more invited guests were turned loose into the court for their private satisfaction, discussion, and argument. The scene had its comic side, although a strong, virulent minority, finding the group inappropriate as well as indecent, conducted itself with portentous earnestness. The majority, however, including many intelligent women, thought it singularly fine and beautiful, and frankly hoped it would remain.

One important fact was made clear at once. So far as scale goes, the group is in perfect harmony with the surrounding arcade. In this particular, at least, it stands as if in obedience to the laws of predestination. After the adjournment of this animated grand jury, I lunched at Ned Robinson's with McKim, Saint-Gaudens, French, and Putnam, the Librarian. Robinson, who is Secretary of the Commission, would not, of course, reveal its secrets, but instructed us "to hope." Saint-Gaudens and French, who were among the experts, told us of their own testimony. McKim had naturally avoided the Commissioners and, retiring to an upper window, had looked down upon us all as we stood in the court. The suppressed excitement of the crowd, he said, surprised and pleased him. "The fine thing about Boston," he remarked, "is that when a matter of this sort comes up, it proves always to be a burning question. The crowd was like a French one in its movement and gesticulation." We sat over the table two hours, and there was much profitable talk upon Library matters and other artistic problems. McKim expressed the strongest admiration for the Chavannes panels. "His wonderful landscapes," said he, "have broadened our effect and dignified it. Not McKim, Mead and White, but Puvis de Chavannes, may truly be called architect of the staircase-hall." I was, as I have been before, deeply impressed by the modest strength of French and Saint-Gaudens, the two sculptors. Saint-Gaudens gave us his views of the appropriate decoration for Bates Hall, which must be undertaken some day. He thinks it should be given to

one strong man for a procession of the great, — one noble figure, succeeding another, from classic times to the Renaissance, in a continuous line, against a wide, open landscape. Some time was given to the proposed reconstruction of Copley Square which the city will soon consider. Then the New York men hurried away to their train, and our party broke up, after the most interesting symposium that I have known for many a day. Saint-Gaudens stated that his great Shaw Monument for Boston Common is at the foundry and will be dedicated on the 27th of next May, — the anniversary of Shaw's departure at the head of his black regiment.

November 18. The Bacchante remains with us. A meeting of the Art Commission yesterday afternoon to decide its fate, resulted in a vote of four to one for it. *Pro:* Quincy, the Mayor, Prince, Endicott, Walker. *Con:* Cummings. The ten experts, consulted on Sunday, stood eight to two in favor of the group, and the public sentiment for and against, so far as one can judge, is in about the same ratio.

November 24. A pleasant Tavern Club dinner to Rudolph Lehmann, the graduate of Cambridge, England, who has come out to coach the Harvard University Crew. Henry Higginson presided, and there were good speeches by the guests, Judge Holmes, Chaplin, Dr. Everett, and others. While these were in progress, the young Prince Luigi, of Savoy, who has come into port on the Cristoforo Colombo, was introduced. Everett had been called up, and, though taken by surprise, hailed the stranger in a stanza of Tasso's

"*Gerusalemme.*" This effective grasp of the situation was loudly applauded, and the Prince replied cordially in Italian. After dinner, music until a late hour.

December 13. The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Thursday Evening Club, and my first appearance there as a regular member. The club, founded in October, 1846, by Dr. John Collins Warren, is composed of one hundred men, mainly scientific, literary, and professional. This meeting, memorial and reminiscent, took place at the house of the secretary, the founder's grandson, who bears the same name. The president, Justin Winsor, read a letter from the oldest living member, and called up in turn Dr. H. P. Bowditch, the secretary, Dr. William Everett, and Dr. Edwin Abbot, who reviewed the club's history in a very entertaining manner. Dr. Everett again distinguished himself by a witty speech, dealing chiefly with recollections of his father, Edward Everett, a former president of the club. All, naturally, had much to say of the ether discovery, made at the Massachusetts General Hospital a few days before the club's first meeting.

December 14. The end of the absurd Bacchante controversy is not yet. The angry insurgents are preparing a formidable petition demanding removal of the statue. And I again enter the field with a counter-petition sustaining the Art Commission, and begging the Trustees to disregard interference. Both cats have their backs well up, and the fur is likely to fly before spring comes. I have several volunteers who are carrying my paper about, and we hope to overwhelm the howling dervishes by our numbers, if not

by rational arguments. Against the group are arrayed President Eliot, H. U., Professor Norton, Robert Grant, Barrett Wendell, and others, who regard it as "a menace to the Commonwealth." Their allies, the sensational clergy, go a few steps further, and declare that this begins a righteous crusade against the intolerable indecencies of the antique in the Art Museum. Verily, impropriety makes strange bedfellows!

December 15. A raw, gusty disagreeable day, ending in gloom, for on picking up the evening paper I read the cabled announcement of poor Sandro Salvini's death, which occurred at nine o'clock this morning in his father's villa near Trespiano, just outside the walls of Florence. There, in that same house, began my long friendship with him, in the pleasant summer of 1884, when I made my first visit to Italy as the elder Salvini's guest. Sandro was then only twenty-two years old, but he had already learned English, and after a brilliant American début had played Romeo all over the United States to the Juliet of Margaret Mather. He had gone home for his vacation, and during my few days in Florence I was constantly with him. His genial, sympathetic ways attracted me at once, and we soon became intimate friends. He had very much of his father's temperament, a combination of force and gentleness, with an Italian courtesy that was never at fault. When the two were together they behaved like boys let out of school, and I remember a game of billiards which they played one rainy morning at the villa, Sandro's stake being, that, if beaten, he should crawl under the table, on all-fours, from end to

end. He was beaten in no time, and paid his penalty. Our friendship has continued unbroken through all the twelve years that have followed, and in his Boston engagements he has made his headquarters here. He used to throw himself down in one of my chairs, saying: "I love these rooms; let me stay here, and rest." They are filled with the souvenirs he gave me, — a splendid piece of Turkish embroidery, a bow and arrows made and signed by the Apache chief, Geronimo, an original poem in manuscript, addressed to me, the quill pen used by his father at his last American performance, — Othello, — in the Park Theatre, Boston, March 29, 1890. And I have long worn upon my watch-chain an old Venetian sequin which Sandro picked up for me in one of his tours. I do not know yet of what mysterious organic disease he died, but I am confident that it had its origin in overwork. For his noble ambition to do the best artistically never granted him sufficient rest. His talent, unlike his father's, developed slowly, but no one who saw his wonderful performance of Othello, last May, could doubt for an instant that the final triumph was practically won. Financially, his great success was just beginning. Everything was within his grasp, and in another five years he would have made his fortune, while his reputation would have been world-wide. His last performances were given in Boston, and after the final representation of Hamlet, I went to his dressing-room and talked with him for half an hour. He looked pale and worn out. "He is very tired," said old Masini, the Italian dresser who served father and son faith-

fully for many years, and worshiped Sandro, as all the stage-hands did, for his modesty, his geniality, his absolute devotion to his art. I bade him good-bye then, but on the day he left town he called here, and found me, — so that our last cheery parting was in these rooms, where I write this, but dimly realizing that he can never enter them again. So passes away before his prime a great dramatic artist, a dear friend. Another death recorded which will leave its mark of sorrow on me all my days. I remember that, when we stood together before the family tomb at San Miniato, he said: "That is where I am to go." If I ever stand there again, it will be to read his name, cut in the marble wall. Poor, dear Sandrone!

December 18. Now, this morning, comes the saddest of letters from Salvini, dated December 3. All hope of saving Sandro was gone, and the poor fellow himself had lost heart, comprehending, no doubt, what the end must be. Sandro had received a letter from me, for which he sent affectionate messages. In it I spoke of his Boston friends, and said that at the Tavern Club all the men asked about him constantly. He cried at reading this, but longed to hear from me again, and his father begs me to write, but with precaution, concealing my knowledge of his condition. And now . . . It took me long to read the letter, I broke down at every line of it. Poor kind friend, crushed by this grief, the last of many dreadful blows! No wonder that he calls this world a "*mondaccio*"!

December 23. To-night the annual masque at the Tavern Club went with much spirit before an unusu-

ally large audience of members. The book by Arlo Bates and myself was on a Spanish theme, — the well-known tale of Don Juan, with variations. Roland Whitridge played the Don, Joe Millet Leporello, and I the Commander's Statue, which came in at dessert, with all lights down and appropriate *diablerie*, well managed. For the play within the play, I reduced an old drama, the "Eufemia" of Lope de Rueda (1544), from five acts to one, omitting some characters and the underplot. This, finely played by Baker, Guild, Robinson, Apthorp, and others, held attention well, after dinner, in the hall. A comic bull-fight with Joe Smith as *toreador* followed, and then came the final scene of the masque, wherein Don Juan was forced into marriage with Doña Elvira, his first victim. The success of this repaid us for the fatigue of preparation, rehearsals, etc., and the performers went home happy.

December 25. I am reminded this morning that for many years poor Sandro has sent me a merry Christmas by telegraph, no matter how far away he might be — whether in Denver, San Francisco, or New Orleans. To-day I wrote his father again to send him my printed article, which some one of his Anglo-Italian neighbors will translate for his benefit, I hope.

1897

January 28. I have been elected a member of The Wednesday Evening Club of 1777, a little association of thirty men, which holds a weekly informal meeting for purposes of good-fellowship. This, the oldest club in town, consisted originally of nine, — then of sixteen members, — four lawyers, four doctors, four clergymen, and four merchants. The number has been increased of late years to thirty, as aforesaid, by a general class of fourteen literary, artistic, financial, etc., in which I am now enrolled.

February 4. I have turned in to the Public Library Trustees all my documents supporting the Macmonnies group, and the petition bearing 248 signatures. Between this and springtime final action will be taken in the matter. The insurgents have grown somewhat calmer. Yet, if the group remains, a new storm of wrath will arise and wear itself out once more.

February 9. To Washington, by the night express, for a short visit at the Lodges'. On the train fell in with Augustus R. Wright, of Portland, who gave me an interesting account of the building of the new theatre in that city by subscription. He headed the list with a contribution of $1,000, and solicited others himself. In this way the sum of more than $100,000 was raised, and the theatre, a model of completeness, is now nearly finished. Unhappily, the design is to rent it outright to some well-known manager, who

will make its standard precisely what he pleases. Portland is too small a community to undertake an endowed theatre. But if its 45,000 inhabitants can devote so large a sum to such a purpose, we might reasonably take a long step in advance and have both theatre and qualified company for plays of recognized merit. We need but an energetic man like Mr. Wright to pass the hat from door to door.

February 11 (*Washington*). Mrs. Lodge took me to breakfast, informally, with Henry Adams, the historian, in his *palazzo* of the architect Richardson on Lafayette Square, facing the White House. Here he keeps for his intimate friends open house, and before the meal was over we were joined by Rockhill, the agreeable Assistant Secretary of State, who retires with the closing administration. . . . In the evening Phillips and Charles Warren Stoddard dined with us. And, afterward, the Senator took me to President Cleveland's last state reception. I saw the White House for the first time, and in its gala dress, so to speak, blazing with lights and with guests to the number of five thousand thronging its corridors. We entered by the southern door directly into the Red Room, and avoiding the crush, which was terrific, were passed on into the Blue Room where stood the President, Mrs. Cleveland, and the long line of "Cabinet Ladies." A quick succession of convulsive handshakes and our audience was over. We seemed to be projected like cannon-balls into the gaudy vastness of the East Room, where I was suddenly overcome by memories of Lincoln, and could think of nothing but a

lying-in-state. The room is fine in its proportions, but it was made over at a bad time, forty years or so ago, in an extravagant and tasteless jumble of styles that spoil it. Later, we went on into the hall and state dining-room, only to be caught in an eddy of the crowd. But we escaped with a short delay, and were in the house scarcely half an hour. Others were less fortunate. We heard of torn skirts and coat-tails, of hysterics and fainting fits, due to confusion in the arrangements, and on all sides were murmurs of indignation at the want of skill shown in handling the patient multitude.

February 12. To the great Congressional Library, which is now finished. There is a vast entrance-hall, a towering rotunda, endless corridors leading from one decorated pavilion to another, and the book-space seems infinite. The whole Boston Library could be stowed away in a corner of this, yet the effect of it all is confused and disappointing. The splendor is overdone, the architectural efforts, far from impressive, lead one to sigh at the waste of good material. Some of the decorative work is impossible. Walker, Vedder, Simmons, and Benson shine out above the rest with schemes that are really interesting. The first has been particularly successful in a paralleled corridor devoted to Lyric Poetry. After passing my morning here, lunched with Lodge in the Senators' restaurant.

February 13. Another visit to the Library with Mrs. Harry White, who found it inexpressibly theatrical and vulgar. With her the general effect overshadowed the fine details like the sculptures of Warren and Pratt and Walker's beautiful corridor. So we came away after a

short hour among the marbles. . . . In the afternoon to Charlie Stoddard's, and finding him dressed for a walk, we strolled together in the afternoon miles out of town. Stoddard has been cheered of late by some literary success with the magazines, and also by Mme. Blanc's long article upon him — "*Un Loti Américain*" — in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He talked of Cairo, the Nile, and the East generally in his wonderfully vivid way. As we turned back, the sun declining fired the Capitol dome and a convent tower near it, so that we both cried "Rome!" instinctively.

February 14. In the lovely, bright afternoon Mrs. Lodge drove me to Rock Creek Cemetery, where I saw for the first time the great bronze statue of Saint-Gaudens placed by Henry Adams above the grave of his wife. The sole instructions to the sculptor were to embody Rest, Peace, and Knowledge. This has been done in a seated female figure of heroic size, very simply draped, bearing in her face a look of mournful resignation. She sits before a stone exedra, cut off by trees from the rest of the cemetery, with no inscription of any kind to mark the spot. This has been called the best work of our greatest sculptor, and the impression made by it is one of profound solemnity and beauty, entirely free from any touch of morbid feeling. One sits before it long, and turns away reluctantly. . . . In the evening, the Lodges gave a dinner to Mr. Olney, the outgoing Secretary of State, and his successor, Senator Sherman. An interesting night in which all, including the women, discussed freely the burning political questions of the hour.

February 15. With Mrs. Lodge, saw the opening of the Supreme Court at the Capitol, and heard several arguments and decisions. . . . In the evening, another political dinner at Senator Cameron's. Among the guests were Senator Gray, of Delaware, and my old acquaintance Senator Jones, of Nevada, the *raconteur*, who gave us two sets of tales from his pack, one at the table for the benefit of the ladies, the other in the smoking-room — for men only.

February 22 (*Boston*). To-night at the Tavern Club an interesting performance of an original drama in blank verse by Barrett Wendell, founded on an episode in the life of Sir Walter Ralegh. Title and cast as follows: —

Ralegh in Guiana
A Chronicle History, in Two Scenes.
by
Barrett Wendell

Sir Walter Ralegh	Barrett Wendell
Young Ralegh	Jacob Wendell, Jr.
Captain Keymis	A. A. Carey
Captain Polwhele	Philip L. Hale
Don Antonio de Berres	L. F. Deland
Boatswain	C. A. Clough
Gentlemen	F. Dumaresq A. Hemenway

Scene: The Cabin of Ralegh's ship, the *Destiny*, off the mouth of the Orinoco, in the winter of 1617–18.

The play, admirable as a piece of literary workmanship, held attention well, and was closely followed by the large audience, which included Professor Norton, Aldrich, and other distinguished guests. It was finely set in a scene designed by Howard Walker. Of

the actors Carey did especially well in a trying, difficult part. The text had strong lines which linger in the memory, and though the story was hardly dramatic enough for the great, unwashed public, its success, with the club, was undoubted. Few nights at the Tavern have been better worth while.

February 26. A merry dinner of twelve to-night at Edward Robinson's, commemorating the birthday of both host and hostess together with their wedding anniversary. Joe Smith was Master of Ceremonies, Arlo Bates read an epic in eleven books, mercifully brief, and I a prose epithalamium in one chapter.

March 7. Lunched with the Aldriches, meeting my old friend Gilder, the *Century* editor. No other guests. G. much interested in the house and its many literary and artistic treasures, which he had never before seen. After luncheon we went up to the den where we smoked and talked for half the afternoon. Aldrich is getting out a final edition of his works in eight volumes, and showed us the proofs, index, etc. From this he omits, heroically, some of his slighter work in prose and verse. The fewer volumes, the better, he declares, in the great hereafter.

March 22. At Sanders Theatre, to-night, by invitation of the Department of English, H. U., occurred a repetition of Barrett Wendell's "Ralegh in Guiana," with the original Tavern Club cast, except for Hale, whose place I took. The fine Elizabethan stage-setting, used two years ago for Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," was rearranged, with great elaboration of detail as to properties, supernumeraries, etc. The stage

was strewn with rushes, the gallants, pages, and the court assembled, the trumpeter blew his blast, the Prologue (in the person of George Baker) saluted the company and made his metrical announcement in due form. All this crowded the theatre with all the fine flower of Boston and Cambridge, making the place like a ball-room. There was immense enthusiasm for play and author, and friendly hands applauded the actors. With the exception of Deland we were but weak, amateurish things at best; yet there are degrees in badness, and the performance, as a whole, went better than on the night of production, a month ago. The theatre and the audience inspired us, and for the players at least this night was one to be remembered. . . . Burlingame, who was here on Friday, tells me that he has taken the play for *Scribner's Magazine*.

March 23. Henry Clapp, the dramatic critic, it appears, was in the theatre last night, and I find a long review of "Ralegh" in my *Advertiser*, this morning. Some of his judgments are wise and profound. For example:

> The piece proved to be a composition of great merit. Confined in its action within the narrow limits indicated, unillustrated by the presence of any woman, and inevitably somewhat barren of incident, the evening was not without its moments of heaviness. But such moments were neither many nor long. As a whole the drama was interesting both in its text and in its characters. In the personages the spirit of the time was well produced, and excellent clearness and sharp discrimination were shown.

And again: —

> The prime worth of the play was in its text, which had spirit, elegance, force, and distinction, of a sort most refresh-

ing in contrast with the common stuff of the common theatrical stages. The language was kept well within the style and vocabulary of the period.

From the play Clapp, passing to the performance, treads lightly upon delicate ground. After giving the cast, he says: —

None of these gentlemen can be fairly called professional. And the results attained in their acting were on the amateur standard remarkable. Mr. Deland led easily, and his portraiture of the noble Spaniard had a lordly grace, ease, and dignity which were very impressive. Mr. Sullivan's sketch of the graceless blackguard, Polwhele, was, in its own way, almost equally fine. The playing of all the others was careful, refined, void of serious *gaucherie*, and often effective.

For the first time in my life, and undoubtedly for the last, I have been given, as an actor, a line of space by a professional critic. Had this happened twenty-five years ago what dire results might have followed it and me into the ranks of "the profession"! But then, twenty-five years ago, my fierce, ungentlemanly ruffian could not have been "almost equally fine." . . . We were all treated, last night, with the highest consideration by our University hosts, — dining with the Department of English, and going afterward for supper to the house of Professor James. There we were urged to come in costume. But our good Boatswain prevented this, by saying that he was not in the habit of attending suppers *décolleté* and did not wish to attempt it at his age.

April 13. Again in Steinert Hall, for a lecture of another sort by Ferdinand Brunetière of the French Academy, *rédacteur en chef* of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,

who journeyed into our hemisphere to deliver a course of lectures at Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore. His subject this afternoon was French literature of the nineteenth century, — a broad one, far too broad for the hour he devoted to it. The talk was extremely interesting and brilliant and made a *succès fou* with his large and attentive audience. It was a *conférence* delivered in the French manner (in French, of course), and as I listened I was transported in fancy to the little *Salle des Conférences* on the Boulevard des Capucines. The speaker sat behind a small table, leaning forward as he warmed up, and gesticulating with an animation that gave him the air of taking his hearers into his confidence in a familiar, unconventional way. He began with Lamartine, De Musset, Victor Hugo, and George Sand, describing their variations of style, and passing to the methods of Cuvier, Balzac, and Flaubert. He spoke of Dumas *fils* and Augier as the masters of the modern dramatic school, saying that everything of value done in our time betrayed their leadership. The approved method in fiction and the drama was *naturaliste* and *sociologique*, and so it will continue to be, doubtless, into the twentieth century. He took little note of the *symbolistes* and decadents, as I was glad to observe, regarding these as exceptions, proving the rule. Brunetière remains here all the week, lecturing thrice in Cambridge, at Sanders Theatre, on Molière.

April 14. This afternoon to see Mr. and Mrs. Taber (Julia Marlowe) in "Romeo and Juliet." A performance thoroughly satisfactory from the first word

to the last. The stars played their difficult parts with intelligence, feeling, and refinement, and all the stage business was complete without any straining for effect or overdoing. . . . Dined to-night at the Gardners' in honor of M. and Mme. Brunetière and Mme. Blanc. Brunetière is a man of forty-eight, keen, bright-eyed, and gay, of the Midi type, most agreeable in his manners. As it happened, I had little opportunity to talk with him; but, after dinner, was thrown into conversation with his wife, and we discussed Parisian things a long time. She is a handsome woman, *plantureuse* in figure, somewhat younger than her husband. We spoke of the Bourgets and she told me of visiting them at Hyères, where they have a retreat in which much of their time is spent. Something was said of the theatres, and I alluded to Sarcey's weekly *feuilleton* in the *Temps*. But here her point of view became aggressively feminine. She cared nothing for his critical work, and thought him vulgar and *boulevardier*. Evidently the French female mind, like our own, lacks somewhat a sense of humor. Mme. Blanc, the "Théodore Bentzon" of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is an older woman of very placid, gentle manners. This is her third visit to the United States, and she is the critic, *par excellence*, of what seems valuable in American literary work. The dinner was of ten all told, and with these three foreign guests proved "more than common" interesting. . . . John Hay, our new ambassador to England, sailed to-day with Henry Adams and Dr. Sturgis Bigelow. The Whites, who have been reinstated at the Legation, are already gone.

May 29. The great Bacchante controversy was finally closed yesterday afternoon in what I conceive to be the wrong way, by McKim's withdrawal of his gift. This, at the instigation, if not the request, of the Public Library Trustees, who decided that they did not care to face the music. The Philistines be upon us, and they have conquered! So ends this comedy in five acts, the incidents of which might be distributed thus: —

Act I. Presentation of the Macmonnies Group by the Architect of the Library for the fountain of its court, and grateful acceptance of same by the Library Trustees.

Act II. The Boston Art Commission sees a reduction of the group and refuses endorsement of the gift. A petition from the public, asking that the Commission see the group itself and reconsider the matter.

Act III. The group is set up in the Library court. The Art Commission promptly changes its mind and accepts the gift, to the joy of the Trustees and many good citizens.

Act IV. A swarm of wrathful insurgents, arising, calls the group obscene and insignificant, and petitions for its removal. A counter-petition circulated in support of the Art Commission, the Trustees, and the Architect McKim.

(A lapse of four months.)

Act V. The Trustees, losing heart, strive to force the architect to withdraw his gift. At first, he resists, but overcome at last by the cumulative ungraciousness oppressing him, he yields. The Apotheosis of Philistia!

May 31. Under dull skies, showering lightly upon us at short intervals, in a close, oppressive atmosphere,

the beautiful Shaw Monument by Saint-Gaudens was unveiled this morning. The attendant ceremonies, including a parade of veterans from the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment (Colonel Shaw's) and the Seventh Regiment of New York escorting Governor Wolcott and Mayor Quincy, were of great interest. Swaying crowds collected under my window to watch the procession, and, as it marched on, a salute from the parade-ground announced the moment of unveiling. At the Music Hall, later, before a vast audience, the Governor and the Mayor spoke briefly, there was an oration by Professor William James, H.U., and an address by Booker T. Washington, the negro whom Harvard honored with a degree last year. Shaw's tattered regimental flag was brought in by Sergeant Carney who saved it at the fatal assault on Fort Wagner on the 18th of July, 1863. All this stirred the audience profoundly. Colonel Henry Lee, representing the committee of subscribers to whom we owe the monument, spoke tenderly of Shaw and of Governor Andrew. As I listened to him my mind swept back to the anxious war-time of which this day seemed to be a part. The whole ceremonial was made dignified, impressive, and inspiring. As for the monument, that speaks for itself as it always must to succeeding generations. There is inspiration in the work which is strong, fine, original, of marvelous beauty. It is much the best thing that we have acquired in sculpture thus far. In the *Herald* of this morning Aldrich printed a poem of seventy lines or so, worthy of him and of the moment.

June 26–*July* 6. At my brother John's farm in Ashfield for these pleasant days, some of which were intensely hot in the cities. Ashfield contests with the neighboring village of Heath the honor of being the highest town in Massachusetts, and my brother's house overlooks the wonderful valley view toward Buckland to which George William Curtis gave the name of "Little Switzerland." The landscape seems to me more Italian than Swiss. Its lines are very soft and graceful — "composed," as if a painter had designed them. But for its vivid green, the distance at "Farview," as John has named his place, might do for the background of a Raphael or a Leonardo. It is really very like the country between Siena and San Gimignano or the hills near Pistoja.

July 6. Coming down to Boston to-day through stifling heat, I sat in the smoking-car alone with a short-sleeved man of middle age, round and jolly as Punch, who, after discussion of the weather, inquired where I had passed my holiday. "Ashfield?" he repeated: "is n't that where Doctor Sullivan lives?" I admitted the fact, adding that I had the honor to be the doctor's youngest brother. He rose at once to shake hands with me formally, because my brother had saved his life. "My name is Barker," he said; and then proceeded to give me a full account of the dangerous illness in which J. L. S. had attended him. "We think the world of the doctor," he added; "why, the Malden women say they won't have any more babies, because he has given up practice."

July 20. This afternoon up to Dublin, there to pass a

few days on the beautiful point making out into Dublin Lake with Joseph Lindon Smith, the *pittore artista*, and his family. The house has many new features, chief among which is a remarkable open-air theatre constructed by Smith, *padre*, assisted by the friends and neighbors, on the plan of an old one in the grounds of a villa near Genoa. This is a sunken amphitheatre, sheltered by vine-covered trellises, large enough for an audience of one hundred and twenty-five souls. A splendid *pergola* in the Italian manner leads through the garden to the theatre entrance. The stage is closed in by trees, hidden among which are the dressing-rooms and green-room. A beautiful stone fountain overgrown with ferns and mosses, surrounding the statuette of a faun, makes a permanent setting in the background of the sylvan scene. In the proscenium are reproductions of the bambini by Andrea della Robbia on the façade of the Foundling Hospital at Florence. Over the entrance arch is a copy of the Naples bust of Dante. Joe has named the place "*Il Teatro Bambino*," after the Robbias.

July 21. This afternoon, in the theatre, a repetition of the opening performance which took place yesterday. The reading of dedicatory poems by T. W. Higginson and Mrs. H. F. Smith introduced the play, written for the occasion by Henry Copley Greene, in blank verse. Some of his dramatic effects were extremely clever and the whole, for a first attempt, was distinctly creditable. Here is an extract from the bill of the play, which is worth recording: —

Teatro Bambino
Opening Performances in the Sylvan Theatre
"Monadnock Invaded"
A Drama in Three Scenes
by
Henry Copley Greene
Incidental Music by Edward Burlingame Hill
Time, 1862
Place, The Shores of Monadnock Lake.
Characters.

Piscatoo, A Porcupine	Joseph Lindon Smith
Sir John Bolt	Henry B. Hill
Henry Hollingsworth	J. L. Smith
West Wind, an Indian Chief	Richard C. Cabot
Night Hawk, His Son,	Frederic Sterling
Margaret	Miss Emily Hallowell

Nothing could have been happier than the choice of subject. The costumes of the porcupine and the two Indians were original and fine, while Miss Hallowell's acting showed real talent. The play began at five o'clock, and the crowded theatre in the afternoon light made the prettiest of pictures. The audience was most enthusiastic, and all went smoothly with fine spirit, on both sides of the ferns which here replace the footlights.

August 12. Took the morning train to Windsor, Vermont, for a visit to the painter, Henry Walker, who has a country house in the artists' colony three miles up the Connecticut, at Cornish, on the New Hampshire side. My host met me at the Windsor station and drove me through the woodland roads

along the bank of Blow-Me-Down Brook to the higher land where the scattered houses of the colony come in sight, one by one. The village of Cornish is miles away, and the painters and sculptors live on the outskirts of the township in clearings of the pine woods which command wonderful views of Mount Ascutney and the river. The sculptors are Saint-Gaudens and Herbert Adams; the painters, Walker, Platt, Parrish, Brush, Kenyon Cox, Mrs. Houston, and Dewing. Walker's house and studio stand at the brink of a deep, wooded ravine through which a brook dashes down to the river. Opposite, Ascutney stretches an outline like Vesuvius across the southern sky. The prospect is wild and beautiful, each point of view having its own especial charm. Platt, who is Walker's nearest neighbor, thus has quite a different outlook; yet always Ascutney fills a portion of the background.

August 13–18. Memorable, quiet days, wholly delightful. We eat and live in the open air. Walker has two pictures in progress, and in the morning paints on them from his models. At noon, we swim in a deep pool of the brook. In the afternoon and evening we visit the colony or the colony visits us. Saint-Gaudens was the earliest settler, coming here more than ten years ago, and his place is commonly considered the finest, but all are superb, and I refrain from making any odious comparison. The land bought by Saint-Gaudens adjoined a gaunt brick house of the severest New England pattern, built fifty years ago. This has been retained, but it is strangely altered. Surrounding it at the ground level is a heavy balustrade counter-

feiting marble, but really of painted wood. Each of its twelve posts supports an heroic head designed by the sculptor to symbolize one of the calendar months. The twelve faces are identical, but the heads differ in their subordinate signs and emblems. At one end of the house has been thrown out a high Greek portico with Ionic columns, all in wood of dazzling whiteness. The proportions are fine, the lines extremely graceful, but nothing less in accordance with the grim red brick and the rough landscape could well be conceived. An old wooden barn used as a studio has been similarly transformed. That has a wide *loggia* and *pergola* with red Pompeian columns, backed by tinted reproductions of the Parthenon frieze. The combination is bizarre in the extreme. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas l'architecture!* Behind the studio is a swimming-basin with a white border (of real marble, this time) and the garden has other basins, and fountains playing among the flowers. Platt's house is an Italian villa done in wood, with terraces aglow with flowers. Near by is a more pretentious Italian house, in brick from a design of Platt, the property of Miss Lazarus. This, as well as other houses in the colony, has its fine garden with exedras, shelters, etc., contrived for an out-of-door life. Where the picturesqueness has not been overdone, it is most charming, and the comfort of it all without luxurious display is undeniable. One day came a remote invader, Mr. Kennedy, to drive Mrs. Walker and myself to his estate of four hundred acres on the highland above the town of Windsor. A wonderful place, well named Buena Vista, where I

played golf on a course of absolute perfection. So, with fine, cool weather these days sped swiftly into the past. . . . In his barn-studio, at Cornish, Saint-Gaudens modeled the great Lincoln of Chicago. But, latterly, all his work has been done in New York, and he goes into the country to play.

August 24. To Bar Harbor by the night express for a visit at Assaqua (Indian for Oak Hill), the summer abode of Mrs. Charles Homans. On the train fell in with Richard Harding Davis, who talked cleverly of things worldly and artistic, — the coronation of the Czar, the Queen's jubilee, both of which he saw and described vividly; his personal impressions of Anthony Hope, Stephen Crane, and others. Davis has made a hit with his novel, "Soldiers of Fortune," of which he is now preparing a dramatic version for performance in New York this year. The book has reached its fortieth thousand, and it still sells!

October 27. A dinner at the Tavern Club to the savants, Darwin and Foster. Mr. Norton, presiding in his best vein, began with a review of the world's debt to the University of Cambridge, where both men graduated. Then, introducing Darwin, he told a story of an English country-house at which he once made a visit. His hostess, one evening, heard much loud talk and disputation in the servants' hall. It passed off, but the next morning she remembered the circumstance and inquired the cause of her maid, who said: "It was the butler, mum. He was a-telling as how we was all descended from Darwin." Excellent light speeches were made by the chief guests, by Professor

Mendenhall, Professor Shaler, and Professor Sedgwick, who had been asked to meet them, and by H. P. Bowditch and Edward S. Morse, of the club. The members turned out in force for this pleasant opening of the winter season.

November 6. In the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the historian, John Fiske, has an exhaustive article, entitled "Forty Years of Bacon-Shakespeare Folly," in which he reviews all the evidence, for and against, and leaves the halting claimants without a leg to stand on. It was well worth doing, and seems to me admirably well done with a strong, sure hand. May it crush out the silly heresy forever! Fiske's clear mind was just the one to expose the fallacy which has proved so seductive to certain keen scientific men, but never to scholars. I think he makes one slight mistake in belittling Bacon and his acknowledged work for half a page or so. There was really no need of doing that. It is a mere error of judgment, however, in presenting his facts, which "speak out loud and bold" for themselves. And he wields the two-edged sword of ridicule like a paladin.

December 9. Owen Wister (author of "Red Men and White") has startled us all by his last story, "Destiny at Drybone," in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is an episode in the life of his heroic cowboy, Lin McLean, whose adventures (this included) are now put together in a volume. And it is very striking in its originality of situation and in the strength of its treatment, which is quite free from the tinge of melodrama. Really, a great tale! And I write the author to shake

him by the hand with a wish that he may tell many more equally fine. . . . I have had lately a long letter from Salvini in which he speaks of playing in Venice "La Morte Civile" for a benefit performance. He writes in good spirits many pleasant details of daily life and household affairs.

December 11. To-night, at its twenty-fifth anniversary celebration, the Papyrus Club brilliantly demonstrated its right to live, despite the fact that, passing of late through evil days, the club is no longer fashionable, and certain croaking ravens have even gone so far as to suggest that it has outlived its usefulness. Yet within a year this club has given the Boston Public Library $1000 as a fund in memory of one of its members, — Boyle O'Reilly, — a fairly good sign that all interest in its dinners is not extinct. This birthday night's attendance was very large and the enthusiasm spontaneous. H. M. Rogers, the senior ex-president, was in the chair. The principal speeches were his, Hovey's, and Lehmann's. The last named is the English volunteer rowing-coach at Harvard, who was a club guest. Verses were read by Macy, Roche, and others, including myself. And there followed a very amusing paper, by Joseph Smith, on "Knowledge Made Easy," for a wind-up. All went well, and there was no long-winded thing to drag. The time may come to close our doors, but it certainly is not yet.

December 22. The Tavern Club Christmas Masque (this year by a new member, Winthrop Ames) was given to-night before a crowded house. The title was "Olympus Unbound," the chief characters being

Venus, Mars, Mercury, Vulcan, Hercules, Bacchus, and Father Time, the latter taken by the author. There were some novelties in the way of incident, — for example, the release of the New Year in the person of a small, nude boy on the dinner-table, and the flight of Mercury to the upper hall on an invisible wire. Upstairs, after dinner, there was an inner masque, in verse, by Arlo Bates, called "The Golden Age." Its principal part, the High Priest of Apollo, finely played by Edward Robinson, stirred us all. When this was over, Georg Henschel, an old-time member, given back to us for the night, played and sang until the small hours. The success of all this justified the entrance speech of Father Time to the effect that here Christmas rites are observed in the proper spirit.

December 27. Up to Gardiner, Maine, there to be the guest of Harry and Laura Richards for a short winter holiday time. To-night, in the Richards kitchen a "Mother Goose party" to which fifty of the neighbors came in costumes drawn from that prehistoric poet of the young. The dresses were very simple, but some proved most effective in their cleverness. The best, perhaps, was a huge white cat who chased his own tail through the mazes of the dance. A time-honored native fiddler made the music with the help of a boy, an expert of the zither. It was an Arcadian party, beginning promptly at eight and ending at midnight.

December 28. A wonderful day, cloudless and absolutely still, so that, though the thermometer stood below zero, it seemed actually warm in the sun. We

went up early to Hallowell for out-of-door sports. The ground was well covered with snow, and on the frozen river ice-cutters were at work in the cleared spaces. Our goal, the Vaughan place of many acres, stands high above the Kennebec with fine views up and down stream. The house was built by Benjamin Vaughan in 1792, and is characteristic of the time, with stately paneled rooms containing interesting family portraits. Near by is a rocky gorge through which under primeval pines a tributary rivulet dashes down to the Kennebec in a foaming cascade. Here Talleyrand, visiting in the olden time, slipped and half drowned himself in the brook. The brothers, Benjamin and William Vaughan, maintain the traditional hospitality, opening the house to their friends at certain seasons. We played all the morning on toboggans and Norwegian skis. These latter I put on for the first time and after several severe tumbles suddenly learned to use them with confidence. Our party of twenty lunched with fierce appetites and explored the house afterwards, returning to Gardiner in the late afternoon. . . . A merry charade-party in the evening at "Neighbor Bradstreet's."

December 29. The same superb, quiet cold. In the evening a ball at "Oaklands," the ancestral home of all the Gardiners. Its large rooms, thrown open together, gave ample room for the dance to our violin and zither of Monday. We had supper in the great hall under the Copley portrait, one of the best in existence.

December 30. In the afternoon, tobogganing at

Oaklands, down the steep, south side of Mount Tom. Fresh snow fell last night, and the coasters, encrusted with it, looked like snow-men. . . . A quiet evening round the fire. I never come to Gardiner without envying them all their country life, so free from display or pride of purse. They have chosen a house for me which could be had for a song. But to live there, I should need — a wife.

1898

January 1. Back to town yesterday; and to-day out with John Lyman to pass Sunday at F. Blake's. This is a horse of another color, yet a very good horse too, of remarkably easy gait.

January 5. The Wednesday Evening Club met to-night at Arthur Lyman's. The Reverend Mr. Brown, of King's Chapel, recalled a famous retort of General Grant, *à propos* of Senator Charles Sumner, who, as was stated to Grant, had small faith in the Bible. "Of course," said the General, quietly; "he did n't write it." . . . I am deep in the biography of Tennyson, by his son, Hallam. A wonderful book, despite its reserves (which seem at times to veil the subject) and its very irritating method of construction or lack of construction. We get but imperfect glimpses of his home life, where his adoring wife appears to have slaved herself into an invalid for his sake, writing all his letters and standing always between him and the world. To charge him with selfishness on this account would, perhaps, be unjust, yet I cannot help feeling Frank Bartlett to be right in declaring just now at the club that Tennyson breathed an atmosphere of adulation, which, developing very early, enfolded him all his life, like a cloud of incense. The son's reserve makes these things difficult to determine. But we seem to get nearer the man in Locker's account of a Continental journey with him than anywhere else in the book. Very

instructive and interesting, however, is his method of working, which is clearly revealed. The pains he took to perfect his work made his art flawless in the main. Yet sometimes, I think, he carried perfection too far. He tells Hallam, for instance, that

> few educated men really understand the structure of blank verse. I never put two "*s*'*s*" together in any verse of mine. My line is not, as often quoted, —
>
> And freedom broadens *s*lowly down —
>
> but
>
> And freedom slowly broadens down.
>
> (Vol. II, p. 14.)

This is all very well, yet Shakespeare could write blank verse. And, as I write this, two lines of his occur to me.

> The multitudinous *s*eas incarnadine.
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate.

In the first case the sibilation certainly heightens the effect. In the second case it certainly takes nothing from it. Did Tennyson forget his Shakespeare?

I have always wished that Tennyson had declined the peerage, even while I recognize the fact that no American can quite understand all the pros and cons in such a matter. He said, himself, at the time it was offered (the autumn of 1883): —

> By Gladstone's advice I have consented to take the peerage, but for my own part I shall regret my simple name all my life.

Eh bien, moi aussi!

How well I remember that one afternoon in the same autumn, Boyle O'Reilly at the St. Botolph Club called

me aside and pulled from his pocket a bit of yellow paper on which he had written: —

Poet and Lord

God makes a poet: touches soul and sight,
And lips and heart, and sends him forth to sing;
His fellows hearing, own the true birthright,
And crown him daily with the love they bring.

The king a lord makes, by a parchment leaf;
Though heart be withered, and though sight be dim
With dullard brain and soul of disbelief —
Ay, even so; he makes a lord of him.

What, then, of one divinely kissed and sent
To fill the people with ideal words,
Who with his poet's crown is discontent,
And begs a parchment title with the lords?

This: That Tennyson is one of the greatest names in all literature, and that by this simple title the world will know him always.

January 6. Another word concerning Tennyson's dictum about blank verse. I made my two Shakespearean quotations from memory, the second one being from "Othello," Act II, Scene 1. This afternoon it occurred to me that I might look a little further into the matter. I did so, and found in the verse of that same "Othello" scene *eight* other instances of the double "*s*." Then plunging into the first act at random I discovered many more, four of them being in the great address to the Senate. I refuse to regard these as defects or even blemishes in Shakespeare, and am more than convinced of the finical absurdity in Tennyson's rule. It only serves to show how dangerous it is for even a wise man to lay down the law!

January 9. Lunched to-day with the J. L. Gardners, who came home from Europe about Christmas time. Miss Bessie Marbury, of New York, and Joe Smith were among the guests. Amusing tales were told of Boldini, the Italian painter, who has lately come to the United States to pick up commissions. Like many Italians he is absurdly superstitious. The dealers, in whose hands he is, appointed one of their confidential clerks to be at his beck and call, and take charge of him generally. But Boldini says the man has the evil eye and will have nothing to do with him. His dislikes are instantaneous and are expressed without reserve. Sitting at dinner next a very beautiful woman, one of the leaders in New York society, when she asked in what language he preferred to have her speak, the answer was: "Why speak at all?" Later, she suggested that, as a painter, he must prefer a pretty face to a plain one. And, looking straight at her, he retorted: "*Oh, la beauté ne me dit rien!*"

January 10. Pursuing my Shakespearean investigations for the "*s* contact," I find the four great plays, "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello," teeming therewith. Nay, more; Tennyson, himself, notwithstanding his positive assurance to the contrary, followed one "*s*" with another time and time again in his verse. Two instances occur in the final speech of Arthur to the Queen toward the close of "Guinevere." This discovery seems sufficiently interesting to publish. I have worked it up, accordingly, into a short essay for *Scribner's* "Point of View," which I send on to Burlingame.

January 13. A remark made to me, last night, by a young woman, *à propos* of some amateur music at Doctor Wadsworth's, to which we were listening: "It really seems as if we might develop in Boston, some day, a glimmer of talent." Your good Bostonian is nothing if not critical, still speaking "as if he were the pope," — to quote Longfellow's journal for the year 1853. Ah! *mes très chers!* Do something yourselves, or have the grace to keep still, without throwing cold water on the aspirations of your sanguine neighbor!

January 20. To-night, at the house of Lawrence Rotch, I made my first appearance as a lecturer before the Thursday Evening Club, choosing for my subject a comparison of Tennyson's verse with Shakespeare's, thus following out and elaborating my little "Point of View" prepared for *Scribner's Magazine*. I spoke in some trepidation without notes, but said all I had in mind and did not break down. The men were interested, or, at least, did me the honor to assume virtue if they had it not, by continuing the subject in discussion among themselves after my little ordeal was over. My talk was given in accordance with the policy of the new president, Doctor John Collins Warren, who desires to wag the literary end of the club as well as the scientific one. The other speakers were Dr. Dwight on variations in human anatomy, Edward Atkinson on impressions of Russia, and Arlo Bates on the construction of the sonnet.

January 24. An amusing letter from Doctor William Everett on the subject of my talk at the Thursday Evening Club. After giving several Shakespear-

ean examples of the "*s* contact," he cites others from Gray and Goldsmith, from "Childe Harold" and "The Pleasures of Hope." Then he says: —

I know not where Tennyson ranked Gray, Goldsmith, Campbell, or Byron; but surely these are all immensely attractive pieces of verse. I ought to have inserted before all of them the following —

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing ("Il Penseroso")

occurring in the middle of a passage of entrancing harmony.

Then, after quoting eighteen instances from Tennyson's earlier work, he continues: —

And then comes, plainly printed for all to see (vol. I, p. 218) *edition of 1842* : —

When Freedom broadens slowly down.

whatever he may have said he wanted it to be.

After this, he gives me fourteen other Tennysonian examples, adding: —

I suppose My Lord would say these were his juvenile poems. Let us try the "Princess."

And from that he quotes six cases of transgression, closing thus: —

I don't think I care to write any more. If you could conceive the penance it has been to me to wade through this tangle of conceits of metre and sound worse than Herrick or Cowley, bald prosaic philosophy worse than Wordsworth, impossible analogies to natural objects like the song of Polyphemus to Galatea so deliciously satirical in Ovid's "Metamorphoses." Let me crush the would-be dictator by the very first line in Spenser's most exquisite strain.

The joyous birds shrouded in cheerful shade.
("Faëry Queene," II, XII, LXXI.)

Tennyson be blowed!

Yours very faithfully,
WILLIAM EVERETT.

I find that in my edition of 1866 the "broadens slowly" still remains. But in the final edition (after the queer little bee had buzzed into Tennyson's bonnet) the line is printed in its altered form to suit his theory.

January 27. Last night at the house of Montgomery Sears "The Golden Age," by Arlo Bates (first produced at the Tavern Club Christmas celebration of 1897,) was repeated with great splendor of detail and with the female parts played by women. Miss Charlotte Houston, in white and gold, made the loveliest of heroines, and Edward Robinson, with his fine invocation to Apollo, moved the audience much as he did at the club. There was music by the Kneisel Quartette and other members of the Symphony Orchestra. A supper followed the play, prolonging the fun into the morning hours.

February 1. A fierce, clinging snowstorm set in yesterday morning and continued through the night and to-day. We have seen nothing like this and the results thereof since the famous "blizzard" of March, 1888, when I was snowed up in Philadelphia for nearly a week. Now, the wires are down everywhere in New England, and Boston is cut off from the world. Many horses have been killed in certain quarters of the city by live-wire contacts, and hundreds of fine trees have been broken by the weight of the wet snow. Boston Common for scenic splendor is unsurpassed. The white drifts along its paths are eight feet high.

February 2. Stimulated by the "Madonna" announcement for the March *Scribner*, I began on the

27th ult. a new short story, — "Signor Lanzi." And to-day I have written to Charles Scribner's Sons inquiring if they are prepared to publish a new volume of my tales. In that case I should add to the work collected from the magazines two hitherto unprinted pieces, — this incomplete one above-mentioned and "Corraterie," — making a volume of seven stories in all.

February 8. Yesterday, in coming down a staircase, Mrs. John L. Gardner slipped on the last step, and, falling, broke the fibula of one of her legs just above the ankle. This severe accident, of course, means for her practical seclusion from the world for many weeks. But she accepts this in the same high spirits which always characterize her, and is already holding state receptions in bed, like a French *grande dame!*

February 13. An active correspondence with the Scribners seems likely to result in the proposed volume of tales to be called "Ars et Vita and Other Stories." It will be in a new form with illustrations, probably. "Signor Lanzi" progresses, and I hope to have him ready by March 1st, — that is, in time to take his place in the book.

February 16. Last night, in the harbor of Havana, the great American battle-ship, Maine, suddenly blew up, and now lies there a blackened, sunken wreck. Two officers and scores of sailors lost their lives. Intense excitement prevails throughout the country. The alarmists cry "A Spanish plot! To arms!" but the Captain of the Maine urges a suspension of judgment, and our Administration at Washington behaves with a discretion that cannot be too highly praised. A

Government investigation under a Court of Inquiry will begin at once.

February 18. I have signed the contract for "Ars et Vita and Other Stories," so that this, my fifth published work, is now an all but accomplished fact.

February 25. "The Madonna that is Childless" came out to-day in the March *Scribner*, together with my unsigned "Point of View" about Tennyson and the geese in his boat.

February 27. "Signor Lanzi" is finished. The tale proves shorter than the others, but there is no harm in that. The most interesting thing to me about this story is that it describes a real adventure of my own in the old London days of 1871. Often and often I have considered the question of putting it down in written words. Now this has been done with scarce a variation from the plain, unvarnished truth. And it makes a better piece of work than I could have believed possible. Signor Lanzi was my hero's real name.

March 2. Last night a pleasant bit of experience at Cambridge, where I was the guest of the English Club (composed of undergraduates and professors), invited to read them a story. We met in one of the old Holworthy rooms, twenty or so, all told, and wishing to give them something unpublished, I chose "Corraterie" just ready for the printer in its final shape. Before the meeting I dined at the Colonial Club with La Rose, who is President of the English Club, meeting Professor Wendell, Coolidge, and others. And in the afternoon I heard at Sanders Theatre the first conference of M. René Doumic, one of the editorial staff

of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Through the liberality of an undergraduate (Mr. J. H. Hyde, Class of 1898), who is President of the Cercle Français, these talks by distinguished Frenchmen are to take place annually, supported by the income of a fund ($30,000) which Mr. Hyde has given. M. Doumic begins with a course of eight lectures on French Romanticism. He is an interesting "*type*," thirty-eight years old, thin, pale, and sunken-eyed, singularly frail in his appearance. Yet his voice carried well, and he spoke with fire, most energetically, for an hour with no sign of fatigue. He talked of Musset and Nodier, of the 1830 days, the first night of "Hernani," etc., etc., without notes, clearly, critically, and well. The audience filled the theatre and was enthusiastic.

March 4. Barrett Wendell gave a lunch to-day at the Tavern Club to M. Doumic and his brother, who is an architect of distinction. The lecturer is very mincing and gentle in his manners, and a most agreeable talker. He is acute rather than severe in his judgments, never dictatorial. I liked him much. After luncheon with Mr. Hyde, who was of the company, and who seems to be a thoroughly good fellow with no nonsense about him, I accompanied the frères Doumic to the studio of Mrs. Whitman. She is at work upon a large window for the Memorial Hall at Cambridge, and showed us some of the glass, in which the Frenchmen were much interested.

March 30. Neighbor Dwight having called my attention to the fact that Tennyson was hauled over the coals long ago in the London *Spectator* for his "*s's*"

statements, I looked into the matter to-day and find this to be the case. In October last a correspondent, Mr. Ward, wrote that there was a discrepancy between the poet's statements, recorded in the "Life," and his actual usage, — citing various Tennysonian lines in proof. Another correspondent, Mr. Malleson, replied that there was no discrepancy, since the poet plainly referred to contact of sibilant "*s's*" only. Mr. Ward knocked down Mr. Malleson with other quotations from Tennyson, sibilant to the last degree, — an unanswerable argument which remained unanswered. Mr. Ward's somewhat untenable theory is that the present Lord Tennyson inadvertently "misreported" his father. Neither correspondent made the Shakespearean comparison which formed the basis of my address to the Thursday Evening Club and of my subsequent article in *Scribner's Magazine*.

April 27. To-night, at Copley Hall, the mediæval festival of the Art Students' Association. The place was transformed into a huge tent set up in a primeval forest, hung with Gothic tapestries, shields and banners, and crowded with a gay company in costumes of the time. On one side had been put up a canopied dais for *les dames patronesses*, to the number of twenty or more, headed by Mrs. Henry Whitman in the splendid dress of a Lady of Malta. The Tavern Club, *en masse*, represented the returned crusaders, led by Henry Higginson. There were processions, dances, sports, and a Gothic play, "Rosemonde," given in French with Miss Louisa Cushing in the title rôle. This is a tragedy in one act, written for Rachel by one La-

tour Saint-Ybars, and originally played at the Théâtre Français forty years ago. It has a very strong dramatic interest and, after many patient rehearsals, went effectively and well. The other parts were assigned to Mrs. Fiske Warren, Coolidge, Lavalle, Luce, Ward, and myself. The triumphs of amateurs are vain at best, but, with the necessary reservations made, it may be said that Miss Cushing repeated her success in "Athalie" at Sanders Theatre last winter. The whole fête, from first to last, was certainly a brilliant spectacle.

May 13. At the Florentine *festa* last month, in celebration of the "Centenario Toscanelli-Vespucci," Salvini gave a performance of Alfieri's "Saul," at the Teatro Salvini.

May 20. A long letter from Salvini in his most delightful vein, dated May 5. The "Saul" performance netted to the Dramatic Artists' Fund *cinquemilaseicento trenta lire,* — a large sum for Florence. "*Vedrai,*" he says, "*che il tuo vecchio amico è ancora verde nell' arte!*" Then, speaking of another possible benefit performance at Turin, he adds: "*Fin che ho fiato, tiro via!*" He writes fully of his daughter's marriage. "*Elisa mi saltava sulle ginocchia per voler cavalcare, — ora è una sposa.*" Then, referring to these stirring times, he concludes, "*Qui siamo in mezzo a tumulti d'ogni genere per causa del rincaro del pane. E voi altri siete in guerra! Che bei tempi eh? Oh gli uomini!!! Mi domando talvolta, se meglio non era il nascere un Uccello!*"

June 1. Through Clayton Johns I have lately made

the valuable acquaintance of Professor George Harris (Dean of the Andover Theological Seminary) and of his wife. They live in Andover on the college green, at the top of the hill, just over the quiet New England town. We dined with them there, a fortnight ago, and to-day went out again for a long walk through a wonderful pine grove and back by the avenue of elms that stretches across the college grounds. The afternoon was bright, but cool for the time of year, and the sun sank into gray clouds that looked autumnal. After dinner Mrs. Harris sang to us with Miss Lena Little, who was of the party, and then our host and hostess walked with us to the station, a mile away, in the moonlight. A delightful spree for the town mice! Professor Harris has lately published with Houghton, Mifflin & Company, "Inequality and Progress," a capital book, refuting admirably the socialistic theories of the Bellamy school.

June 8. To New York by the day train, putting up for to-night and to-morrow at The Players'. After dinner saw Barrie's "Little Minister" at the Garrick Theatre with Miss Maude Adams in the sympathetic part of Lady Babbie, which she had played in New York throughout the season. The play, very clever and interesting, departs from the novel at many points, — wisely, for the brilliant surprise of its closing scenes is dramatic and well worked out, if at times somewhat too theatrical. The opening acts are heavily weighted with Scotch dialect, but it is a fine, strong play on the whole, justifying its remarkable hold upon the public. Going back to the club I met there Oliver Herford and

the young dramatist, Louis Shipman, whom I have long desired to know. He is devoted to his work, which is full of promise, though he had hard luck with his piece of this year, — a version of "Henry Esmond" produced by Sothern. The evils of writing for a "star" were never better demonstrated than in this case. To suit the actor's views, the play was worked over and over out of recognition; then, at performance, scarcely won a *succès d'estime*. When the others were gone, I smoked a while with Nicholas Fish, who told me of his son who has gone to the front as a sergeant in Roosevelt's "Rough Riders," so called. They are at Tampa awaiting the transports to Cuban soil, eager to begin the fight at Santiago or elsewhere.

June 30. A letter this morning from Salvini, under date of June 16th, in which he describes his festal performances at the Turin exposition. In the Teatro Carignano he played the "*Virginia*" of Alfieri and the "*Morte Civile*" of Giacometti. There was a banquet in his honor, at which De Amicis toasted him, and he was half smothered with wreaths and flowers as in his early days. All this in his seventieth year, with his wonderful voice unimpaired.

July 2–13. At Loom Point, in Dublin, with Joe Smith for my fourth summer visit, escaping thus from fearful heat which has suddenly overcome the town. Each year adds something to the quiet beauty of this place, where we lead the most tranquil of open-air lives. But on the morning of the 4th we are startled by stirring news from Cuba. On the morning of Sunday, the 3d, the whole Spanish fleet, led by Admiral

Cervera, made a desperate sortie from the harbor of Santiago, and after a short tussle with our ships gave in, hopelessly beaten and crippled. We are practically uninjured, while Cervera with thousands of his men are made prisoners. This means, of course, the surrender of Santiago to our land forces, hastening, let us hope, negotiations for peace. . . . On July 12 we gave a "water pantomime" on the lake for the benefit of the Massachusetts Hospital Ship, Bay State. Its novel scheme of Joe's invention proved most successful, artistically and financially. For it we needed smooth water and a fine night (the play was given at sunset) and were fortunate in both.

July 16–25 (*Dublin*). Our numbers are increased by two guests beside myself, Denman Ross and Miss Cecilia Beaux. The latter, whom I now meet for the first time, is the portrait-painter, whose work is famous the world over. She is of French descent, — her father was a Provençal, — which asserts itself constantly in her amiable vivacity, and makes her the most delightful addition to our joyous household. . . . On the 18th, the gods graciously permitting and even aiding us with perfect weather, a play in Joe's pretty Teatro Bambino. A Miracle Play called "*Théophile*," based on a thirteenth-century drama of Rutebœuf, by Harry Greene, who wrote the Monadnock play of last year. Here is the cast: —

Prologue

My Lord Abbot of Citeaux	Thomas Wentworth Higginson
A Herald	Miss Katrine Coolidge

The Play Proper

Eusèbe, Abbot of Citeaux	T. W. Higginson
Salatin, A Sorcerer	Raphael Pumpelly
Satan	T. R. Sullivan
Théophile, A Monk	Richard C. Cabot
The Virgin Mary	Miss Eugenia Frothingham

We trembled a little at rehearsal, for the play, though well written, was in verse and of a serious, not to say solemn, nature. But our fears were groundless, for the audience was attentive throughout and plainly interested. Cabot carried off the honors with his tempted monk, who bore the burden of the action. Judged by amateur standards his was a really fine performance of a difficult, horribly difficult, part. The vines have grown over the trellis and the pergola, and the stage-setting gains in beauty.

July 26. Back to Boston yesterday, parting reluctantly from Dublin life and leaving Miss Beaux at work upon a portrait of "Grandpa" Smith which promises to be admirable. The town is tame and muggy. As Mr. Gleason, chief citizen and high authority in Dublin, declared to me yesterday: "The dog-days have started in good!"

August 1–13. With the painters' colony at Cornish, New Hampshire, the guest of Henry Walker, as at this same season last year. My host is at work upon a large decoration for the new Court of Appeals on the east side of Madison Square in New York. Walker's scheme is a Triumph of Wisdom, so to speak. Her noble figure, very graceful and beautiful, has the central place, and about her are grouped Learning, Hope,

Faith, Humility, Experience, Inspiration, Doubt, and Love. In composition and execution this already shows the characteristics of Walker at his best. It will be a good second to his fine corridor in the Library at Washington. . . . On the 3d of August an amusing river party. The current of the Connecticut is very swift at Cornish, and a small ferryboat plies across it, controlled by a wire stretched from shore to shore, after the manner of the ferry at Rovezzano, above Florence on the Arno. One of our Cornish neighbors hired the ferryboat for the afternoon, assuming all its responsibilities. A merry company took tea on board, and four times we were hailed by groups of passengers to be carried across. No fees were demanded, but the intruders became for the time our guests, sharing our provisions. The surprise of the country-folk and their different ways of accepting our hospitality were very diverting. It was like an adventure in one of Stockton's inconsequent stories. . . . Our other excitements included a terrific thunder-storm, tropically violent, in which we were caught, escaping for shelter to the Bullard farm where we stayed for hours, during which a house near by was struck. There, though no life was lost, the lightning played pranks, burning a hole through the parlor wall, after blackening the gilt picture frames. . . . One day Miss Grace Arnold sang Schumann to us in a marvelous way. Excepting only Brema, the great, she is the best singer of German songs that I remember. . . . Meanwhile, news comes to us that the Spanish wars are done. The protocol of peace was signed at the White House by the Presi-

dent and the French Ambassador, Cambon, on the 12th.

August 25. With Sturgis Bigelow this morning down to Tuckernuck for my third visit on that enchanted island. Leaving infernal heat behind we come into cool breezes, and bless our stars for this delicious tranquillity. The only sound is the rote of the surf on the long yellow beach which forms one boundary of his domain.

August 26–30. Tuckernuck, where we are joined by Joe Smith and Ned Robinson, who fall at once under the island-spell. These chance to be cloudless, perfect days with moonlit nights.

September 23. A little anecdote about Saint-Gaudens and Grover Cleveland, left over in my memory from this year's visit to Cornish: Saint-Gaudens, finding himself in Washington toward the end of Cleveland's reign, took the opportunity to attend a White House reception. He had never met the President, but knew certain members of his family, and the two had exchanged friendly messages. When the sculptor's name was shouted at the door of the Red Room, the President advanced, shook the offered hand, and said impressively, "Well, well, well, well!" Then came the turn of the next arriving guest. Without another word Saint-Gaudens was shot on, with the usual cannon-ball velocity, down the line into the East Room. He has never seen Cleveland since, and so remains to this day ignorant of what the repeated interjection was meant to express.

September 24. With Clayton Johns to Nahant for a

Sunday with the Lodges. Much interesting talk of the political situation and the complicated issues between us and Spain. George Lodge, fresh from the campaign at Puerto Rico, described his adventures there, and showed us his trophies, which include a royal standard of Spain and the municipal banner of Ponce. It was he who hauled up the Stars and Stripes on the roof of the Hôtel de Ville in that city. Lodge told us that Theodore Roosevelt (who has been nominated for the governorship of New York) is to write a series of articles about his Cuban battles for *Scribner's Magazine*. Lodge himself is to do a short history of our latest war for the Harpers.

October 1. Within the last few days I have assisted Edward Robinson in unpacking a new shipment of the Greek treasures bought annually for our Art Museum by the indefatigable Edward Warren. This time, in addition to many fine vases and bronzes, we have some *intagli* of the first order from the collection of the late Count Tischievich, together with a number of gold ornaments from the same source, — among these latter an ear-ring (Victory driving a two-horsed chariot) of incomparable beauty. But most remarkable, perhaps, among these recent acquisitions are the fragments of moulds for drinking-cups from a pottery lately discovered at Arezzo. The figures adorning them are exquisitely drawn and modeled, the best being signed by an artist who, it is believed, was the master-workman of the establishment. The designs, chiefly convivial in their nature, include nymphs and fauns, gods, heroes, hetairæ, etc., which were to re-

appear in relief round the cup-bowl, as shown by a few pieces of the finished ware. The originals are treated with such skill as to look more like cameos than *intagli*.

October 18. First formal meeting of the Tavern Club this season, to-night's dinner being in honor of Wilhelm Gericke, who returns to the conductorship of the Symphony Orchestra. He left us in 1889, but the years have dealt lightly with him, and to the public, who welcomed him back most cordially at the first concert on the evening of the 15th, he seemed unchanged. Mr. Norton presided at the Tavern dinner, and after the guest had been toasted repeatedly, he referred to the work done by Tavern men in the war with Spain, particularly to that of Doctor Burrill and Doctor Bradford, who took charge of our hospital-ship, the Bay State. Then came from Henry Higginson the best speech of the evening which he closed with a touching tribute to Sherman Hoar, who died a week ago of typhoid fever contracted in his visits to the United States camps, where he did splendid work for the Volunteer Aid Association. "Don't forget him!" said Mr. Higginson, as he sat down. "And if his children should ever have occasion to ask a favor of any one here, let him remember who their father was." After dinner the Tavern Club March, composed by Gericke in 1884, was played again, Gericke conducting it with a beautiful baton given him by the club.

November 3. Saw to-night Augustin Daly's company in "Mr. Daly's original version" of "Cyrano de Bergerac," Rostand's brilliant romantic play, which

with Coquelin in the title part took *tout Paris* by storm at the Porte Saint-Martin last December. The drama is remarkable for the freedom and beauty of its verse, and the exceptional strength and interest of the hero, whose career is one of stirring situations, in most cases more than cleverly contrived. No play of recent years has been so highly praised as this, the world over. English translations were therefore inevitable, and many have been published. But the obvious difficulties of reproducing the peculiar quality of the versification are enormous, and all versions, so far, are said to be inadequate. Instead of surmounting the obstacles the translators, one and all, choose the easier method of dodging them in labored prose, or a conglomeration of prose, blank verse, and rhyme. The best is said to be by one Howard Kingsbury, brought out a month ago in New York, with Richard Mansfield as Cyrano, most successfully. This of last night proves to be one of the other versions already in print, worked over by Daly, who cuts Cyrano's part mercilessly, and puts some of the slaughtered lines into the mouth of Roxane, the heroine so-called, played, of course, by the leading lady, Miss Ada Rehan. Given thus before half a house rarely aroused to the point of enthusiasm, the impression produced was tame and feeble. Even in the original, Roxane is uninteresting, and the New York actress never showed to greater disadvantage. All the faults in Rostand's scheme — to wit, an unpleasant straining for theatrical effect, an absurdly weak fourth act, and the slightness of all the lesser parts as compared to Cyrano — came to the surface. The great

situations remained to save the performance from flat failure, barely accomplishing their purpose. It was distinctly a *succès d'estime.*

November 4. The Tavern Club, Mr. Norton presiding, entertained Mr. Dicey, the Oxford professor, who is lecturing on Constitutional Law before the Lowell Institute. There were admirable after-dinner speeches from the President, the chief guest, Professor Ames, of Harvard, Chief Justice Field, Professor Adams Hill, Mr. Justice Holmes, and others. A poem by Judge Robert Grant, and a monologue, illustrating the complications of our state laws, by F. J. Stimson, made the night unusually merry.

November 16. Mrs. Bell and I have had an animated correspondence lately about ———, which she does not like, and to-day has come from her this amusing letter: —

> This is Mr. Emerson's sentence on "reverence" of which I spoke: — "Let a man learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting; let him learn to bear the disappearance of things he was wont to reverence, without *losing his reverence.*"
>
> I always loved what Doctor Holmes said when asked why he went to church. He answered, "There is in the corner of my heart a plant called reverence which I want watered about once a week!"
>
> I *must* make you read a dialogue between two cockneys from Beaumont and Fletcher! —
>
> *First Citizen.* Lord, how fine, the fields be! What sweet living 't is in the country!
>
> *Second Citizen.* Ay! poor souls! God help 'em; they live as contentedly as one of us.
>
> *First Citizen.* My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?

Second Citizen. Ay! poor souls! I was amongst 'em once!

First Citizen. And what kind of creatures are they for love of God?

Second Citizen. Very good people, God help 'em!

There have been times at Mattapoisett when I have had such sympathy with these citizens.

Mrs. Bell's hatred of the country is no new thing. It was she who asked a friend, departing for the woods and fields a few summers ago, to "kick a tree for her!"

November 17. A dinner at George Lyman's in honor of Senator Lodge with Governor-elect Roosevelt as the other chief guest. Naturally, there was much interesting talk upon the political situation, and Roosevelt entertained us with reminiscences of the Cuban campaign and his experiences at San Juan and Guasimas. Among the remaining guests were John T. Morse, Judge Frank Lowell, Sturgis Bigelow, Stephen Weld, and Henry Parkman. A merry company, most of which heard the chimes at midnight.

November 25. Back to town, where I soon learned the sad news of Colonel Henry Lee's sudden death. He passed his Thanksgiving Day with his family, quietly at home in Brookline. After dinner, he took a nap, and woke from it in so feeble a condition that the doctor was summoned. But he soon sank into unconsciousness from which he never rallied, dying at eleven o'clock. So passes away one of my kindest and best of friends. When I entered his employ in September, 1873, he took at once the warmest interest in my welfare, and his friendship survived the break in our daily relations caused by my retirement from State Street in January, 1888. During the last ten years we have

often met, — sometimes even he toiled up my staircase to pay me a visit in spite of his advanced age. (He was eighty-one on the 2d of last September.) It was his habit always to send me a Christmas gift with a cheery note full of affectionate good wishes. And the silver breakfast-service, which I use every day, came from him when we parted company in 1888. Last August Edward Robinson drove me to Mr. Lee's house at Beverly Farms, where we three talked together for a long time. He was in high spirits, and, coming out with us to the carriage, stood by it for some minutes, reluctant to let us drive away. A delightful last impression to keep in my remembrance, for I never saw him afterward. He was particularly fond of my brother Henry, and never failed to speak of him with affection.

November 27. A howling snowstorm, with a furious gale and drifts impassable so that the street-cars and trains are blocked. An unheard-of thing so early in the season! I have been asked to serve as usher at Mr. Lee's funeral in Brookline to-morrow morning, — most fortunately, not to-day.

November 28. The sky cleared in the night, and I made my way out to Brookline in a sleigh, not without difficulty, passing stalled cars and other evidences of the storm's force. Many fine trees in the Common and Public Garden are torn up by the roots, windows are broken and chimneys blown down. The funeral services were held in the parish church on Walnut Street, which was more than half-filled, — a larger attendance than I had expected, with all electric communication cut off. President Eliot, George C. Lee, and

Schuyler Bartlett were among the pallbearers. A long, appreciative review of Mr. Lee's life by the first appears in to-night's *Transcript.*

December 11. Another sudden death! Mr. John Lowell Gardner was stricken with apoplexy yesterday afternoon, and died in the evening. This lovable, public-spirited, generous man is a great loss to the city. He had accumulated a fortune of several millions, upon which he was always ready to draw for the good of others. His shrewd foresight made him a leader in vast business enterprises, but he had a soul above them, and his wide cultivation was shown by the time he gave to finer things in his leisure hours. He had been for years the Treasurer of our Art Museum. He was a thorough man of the world of the best type, a great traveler, genial, witty, sound, — a good hater of show and pretense in all its forms. He dies at sixty-two, leaving a widow, but no children.

December 22. Annual Christmas Masque at the Tavern Club before a great audience. The author, George Pierce Baker, chose a theme of strong dramatic interest, well worked out and admirably played. The main masque was entitled "The Prodigal Son," and the scene was a London tavern of 1598. For the interlude, after dinner, at Baker's request, I translated into English rhyme, an old French farce — "The Pasty and the Tart" — of 1422. In this Arthur Carey especially distinguished himself by a humorous and wonderfully complete study of archaic rascality. The sympathy between actors and audience throughout the evening and the high character of Baker's book again

proved how strong a hold this merry festival has upon every club member. So may it be always, when we are gone, and the work is carried on by new members who, as yet, are not!

December 29. I went, this afternoon, to see "Nathan Hale," a new play by Clyde Fitch, dealing with the picturesque figure of the Revolutionary spy and martyr, whose statue stands in City Hall Park, New York. It seemed to me much the best thing that Fitch has yet done, and is really a strong, interesting play from first to last. Some of the scenes, to be sure, are frankly melodramatic, but these employ original device most effectively. Good melodrama is a rare thing, and this is more than good. It makes a strong appeal to the sympathies of an audience, and its success is undoubted. Since the day of "*Frédéric Lemaître*," eight years ago, Fitch has had varying fortunes and some serious reverses. But he has held his own persistently, and now stands high on the list of American dramatists. This, his very latest work, shows that his fine sense of theatrical proportion is unimpaired.

Among my other new books is George Lodge's first volume of poems, published under the title of one, — "The Song of the Wave," — first printed, a year or two ago, in *Scribner's Magazine*. There are those who complain that his work is obscure and mystical, and toss it aside lightly on that account. I am not of them; for if, with the confidence of youth, he does at times shoot high over the "average" reader's comprehension, there are in the book many fine things which all, who will, may understand. Some of his sonnets, for

instance, are of a kind to haunt the memory. All that he produces has the fine quality of a thinker, showing care and cultivation. He has not rushed into print hastily. I stand too near him to judge him. But I have felt this from the first, and, fortunately, others feel it too. Whatever the fate of this poetic venture may be, it is a sign of promise.

December 31. Came home after the concert to-night, and sat, as usual, over the fire waiting for the chimes. When midnight came, I flung open the window and listened for the bells, but heard nothing: the New Year comes unheralded, the outlook is all dark. There is not a gleam of great promise in it,—on the contrary, I am filled with foreboding. My work hangs fire, and I can only struggle forward with it slowly, blindly.

1899

January 5. To Steinert Hall, this afternoon, for the annual concert of Clayton Johns, which, this year, is a brilliant success, distinguished by a new group of songs. They were sung finely by Miss Gertrude Stein, of New York. Schroeder played a 'cello solo in his best manner. The audience was large and of first quality. I sat with Mrs. Apthorp and came away with Madame after going behind the scenes to congratulate C. J.

1902

Sunday, February 16. Finished this morning the novel upon an American subject, which I have had in my desk so long. It was begun on January 20, 1896; under the title of "The Lap of Luxury." But that is now changed, much for the better, I think, to "The Courage of Conviction." If approved by the Scribners, this will go to press at once, for publication in April or May. It is dedicated — *To L. W. S.*

May 24. After weeks of weary proof-reading "The Courage of Conviction" is published to-day, in fine form.

1903

June 2. A season of anniversaries! Last week the centennial one of Emerson's birth was recognized in Boston, Concord, and Cambridge with memorial addresses from President Eliot, Senator Hoar, William James, Sam Hoar, and others. Yesterday, on the date of Channing's ordination in 1803, his statue by Herbert Adams was unveiled in the Public Garden, after a commemorative service in Arlington Street Church opposite the statue. And last night my wife and I went with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Higginson to the last performance in the good old Boston Museum, which, after sixty-two years of success as a theatre, gives way now to a modern commercial building. The crowded house was called a "representative" one, but many faces that should have been there were absent, and to me it was a night of ghosts, growing more and more solemn as it wore away. The play was a clever, modern one, "Mrs. Dane's Defence," by the London author, Henry Arthur Jones, in which the Empire Theatre Company of New York well sustained its reputation, Miss Margaret Anglin, the very accomplished leading lady of the troupe, being the bright, particular star. At the end the players grouped themselves about the stage for the ceremonial exercises. Miss Anglin read very simply and well a long, rhymed epilogue by Dexter Smith which introduced one by one the thrice-familiar names of old Museum actors —

most of them dead and gone. The audience in a very sympathetic mood greeted the great and small alike with round after round of hearty applause. Then William Seymour, once the Museum's stage-manager, made the closing address, — a review, in brief, of the theatre's history, — compiled for him by me. Here are its last words, spoken with admirable clearness and simplicity: —

> And now that the curtain falls forever upon "the scene wherein we play in," in the name of this dear, time-honored house, that has lived to its good old age without disaster, without a single unsuccessful season, — in the name of the old management and the new one, — in the name of each actor, of each actress who made honor for the Boston Museum (and in the name of Mr. Charles Frohman), I bid you all farewell. In the fleeting world we know all partings bring regret; but mingled here with ours is some cheer, too, since, while we live, the good example of this theatre never can be quite forgotten. As age advances, the best of life is its cluster of old associations, and these here rise so thick and fast around us that some, at least, should prove imperishable. I can wish no better fate to those dear old times and to you all. But I would have the last words spoken upon this stage not mine, nor those of any common mortal. Let Shakespeare's be the last! And so, in the words of Hamlet, —
>
> "I beseech you, remember!"

The stage hands filed in, the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne," and the curtain slowly fell. The audience left the theatre more silently than usual, as I have seen it disperse sometimes after a tragedy. I was overcome with a cloud of memories, half painful, half delightful. The Museum was my first theatre, I knew it well in childhood and boyhood, and frequented it with

so many who, "like this insubstantial pageant faded," too, are dead and gone.

The writing of the address spoken by Seymour was "a joyful trouble" to me. His request came as an honor unsolicited, and though this bit of authorship remains *perdu*, so it is all the better. What associations I have with that theatre, before and behind the curtain! There, long ago, my withered sprigs of theatrical laurel were first won. I have been called out upon that stage which is no more. *Et in Arcadia Ego!* And my words were the last spoken there, except Shakespeare's. There are many possible triumphs which I would not accept in exchange for that.

THE END

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